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PENTHOUSE
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN
MARCH 1980 $2.00*

BACK-TO-SCHOOL ISSUE:

THE FAILURE OF EDUCATION

AUSTRALIA'S WORST COLLEGES

DUMB IS GOOD

INCEST: THE LAST TABOO

1990-TEN VISIONS OF THE FUTURE

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The International Magazine for Australian Men/March 1980

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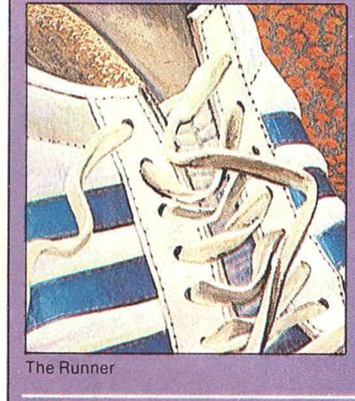

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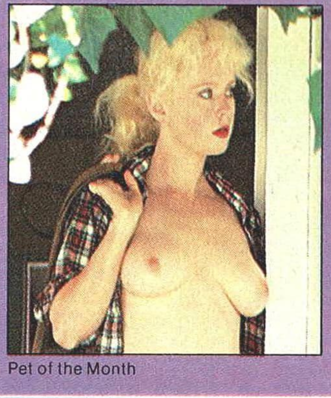

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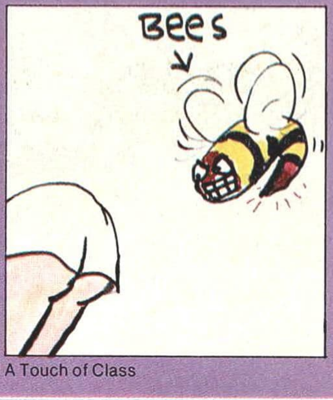

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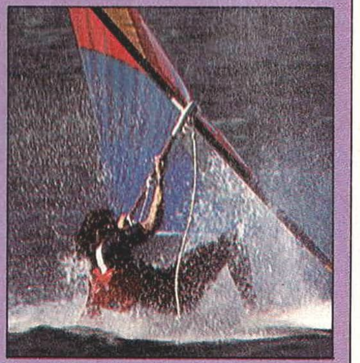

Stand Up and Be Counted

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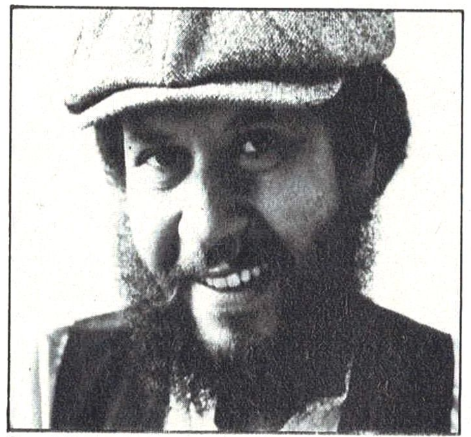

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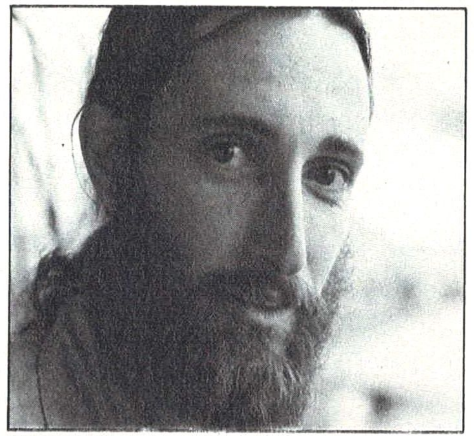

Greg Somers

Liz Lill

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Rod Stewart

Maureen Bisilliat

HOUSECALL

With this issue *Australian Penthouse* is six months old. We enter the second half of our establishment year with every intention of continuing to be a lusty and sometimes noisy, baby. Like all newcomers we've had our ups and downs as we've sought to settle into the Australian way of life, but our main source of pride is that we're pre-eminently Australian. In the six issues to date we have presented 47 major articles produced in Australia, together with five from our overseas parent. And we have presented 13 Australian pictorials, along with seven of the best from overseas. We intend to keep up the averages.

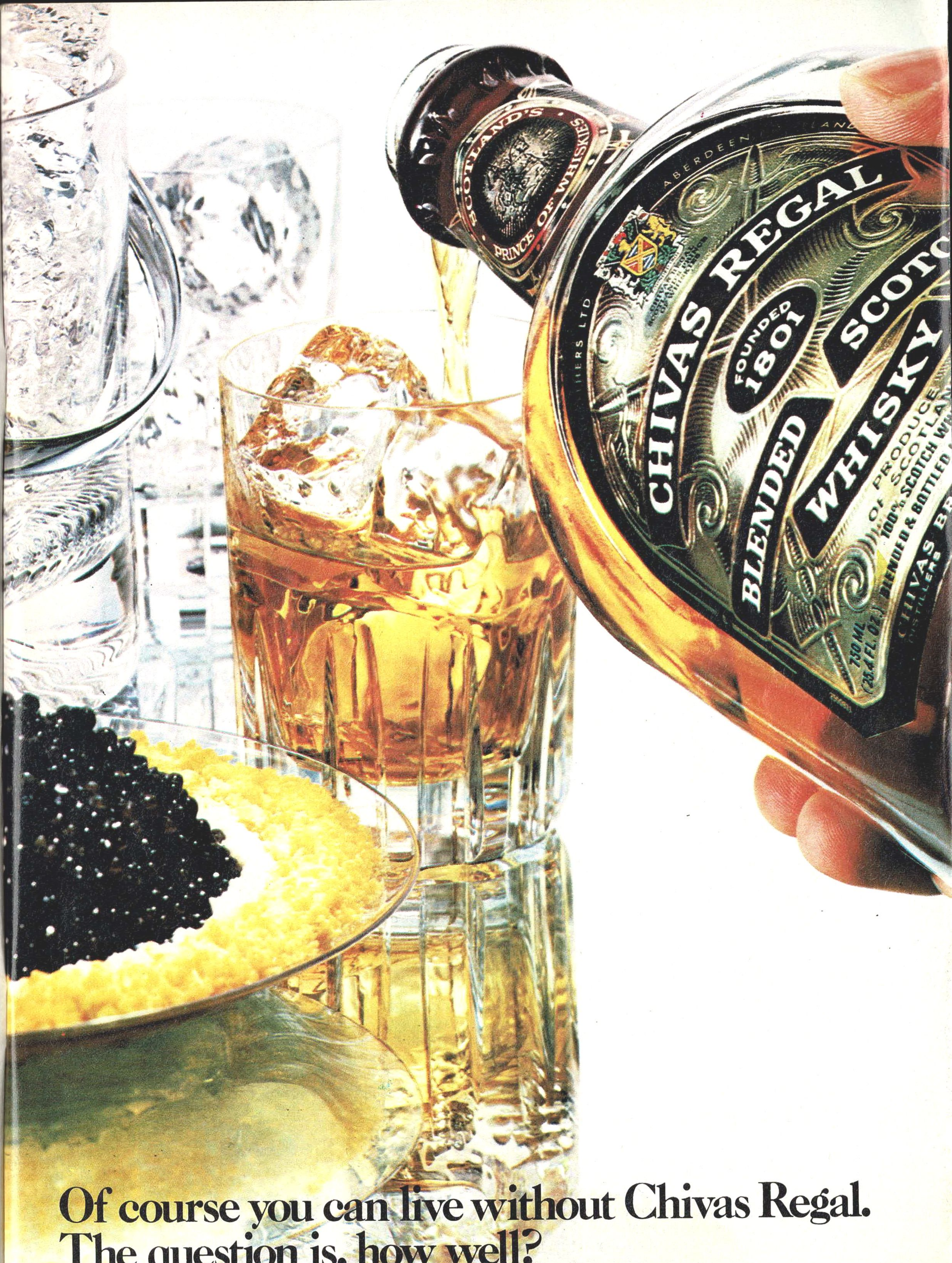
Three articles this month focus on Australian education. **Maxwell Newton**, a regular *Penthouse* contributor, explodes with indignation about the failures of education (Page 44) and many will disagree with him. But not many people who really understand the education system in this nation will take issue with his basic premise: That we have poured millions of dollars into universities and colleges to arm thousands of kids with degrees and titles which are next to worthless when it comes to living in the real world. **Nicholas Harding** produced the illustration. **David Hirst**, making his second *Penthouse* appearance, reports on the newcomers to the education system — Colleges of Advanced Education — and comes to the conclusion that they are a job for the National Disasters Organisation. (Page 138.) To wrap up this education special, we present an essay, Dumb is Good (Page 25) and a little bit of nonsense from cartoonist **Alan Moir** (Page 122) to demonstrate that while we believe the issue is of paramount importance, it shouldn't go without its fun.

In this past six months we have published several commentaries on the Australian way of life. None are more opposed than two offerings in this issue. On Page 154 we tell the story of the remarkable Xingu Indians of Brazil — gentle tribespeople who are at one with their environment, have their own unique lifestyle and are free of what are to us conventional hangups, whether they be sexual, economic or political. The Xingu, known to westerners for little more than 40 years and still mercifully untouched by our morals or diseases, represent the ultimate alternative lifestyle. London-born **Maureen Bisilliat** took the award-winning pictures which capture the innocent beauty of the Xingu, and the words by Brazillian brothers **Claudio and Orlando Villas-Boras** — twice nominated for the Nobel peace prize — gently underscore the Xingu message: that *their* lives are based on more freedoms than ours. The other article this month less than gently presents the other side of the coin: That this country doesn't know where it's going and the leaders who are taking us there don't have the wit to change it anyway. In 1990: Ten Visions of the Future (Page 98) **Max Teichmann**, senior lecturer in politics at Monash University postulates two directions for the nation this decade. The first, and most likely is divisive and filled with unrest; the other is toward a unique society, aware of its problems and united in its resolve to seek equally unique solutions. Bring on the Xingu.

There is a horrible fascination about incest. While discussion about human sexuality has become more frank in recent years, and homosexuality has come out of the closet, incest has been kept firmly off the conversation list. That is now changing. Recent surveys in Australia suggest the problem may be of epidemic proportions and in this issue **Liz Lill** investigates (Page 54). The haunting art is by **Greg Somers**.

Following the audacious killing of Raymond (Chuck) Bennett in a Melbourne courtroom last year, freelance writer **David Richards** researched the violent history of the Victorian Painters and Dockers union and the men behind it (Page 34). Rock writer **Ross Stapleton** filed an intimate profile of the two most talented rock writers and producers in the nation, Harry Vanda and George Young (Page 118), and **Adrian Tame**, who started the nation-wide controversy over the herbicide 2,4,5-T (*Australian Penthouse,* January), interviewed Community Relations Minister Al Grassby (Page 128).

This issue also features one of Australia's favorite daughters, **Karen Pini**. Karen is a *Young Doctors* regular, Oges' foil in the *Paul Hogan Show*, and the NSW Lotto girl. Her pictorial was shot by **Eddie Adams** for *Penthouse* in New York after she was runner-up in the Miss World contest. On the home front we introduce true blonde **Jessica Castles**, photographed by *Penthouse* newcomer **Rod Stewart**, and **Veronica Green**, shot by **Carroll Holloway**, who also makes his first appearance. Our fourth pictorial is of **Judi Gibbs**, photographed by Stan **Malinowski**.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MARCH

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse* — its contents, its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of *Penthouse.* Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Same time next year

Although I have a dynamite sex life, until two days ago I never had a unique experience I felt was worth writing to you about.

I was driving in the mountains after I'd picked up a load of firewood for next winter, and as I drove around a bend, in front of me stood two beautiful girls, hitchhiking. Of course, I stopped and let them in.

They said that they had driven up for a picnic with a couple of boys who had turned out to be real idiots after they got drunk; so they had ditched them and were heading back to town. They seemed very friendly as I sympathised with them over the bad day they were having.

As we talked, I glanced over at them from time to time. They were both about 20. Jill, sitting by the window, was dark and cute. She was a little meaty, but her tits were huge. Kate, sitting right next to me, was blonde. She wasn't as cute as Jill, and her tits weren't as large, but she was so sensuous.

It was a long drive to town, and I suggested that we stop and get some beer at the next country pub.

After leaving the pub, we drove down the road until we came to a scenic viewpoint. We parked and climbed up to a huge rock to drink the beer. The view was great, and the mountains didn't look bad, either. While climbing up to the rock, the girls were giggling a lot and touching me more and more as I helped them both climb to our lofty perch. We opened up the beer and leaned back as we checked out the mountains around us. After quite a few beers we were all pretty wasted.

I was wearing cutoff shorts and a T-shirt, so I took the shirt off to get more sun. Kate said she thought that that was a good idea — she also needed some sun, and with that, she whipped off her shirt. No bra. Her tits, although small, were gorgeous: firm, well-rounded, and pointy little nipples that begged for my tongue. I had never had a threesome before and didn't figure I'd have one now. I thought that I would just get teased and frustrated.

Then Jill said she didn't want to be the odd one out and took off her shirt. I was shocked! She wasn't wearing a bra either. Despite their size, her tits were very firm, with large nipples.

As the breeze picked up, Jill's nipples became erect, and she made a comment that they now looked like Kate's. I said that both of them had beautiful tits that looked good enough to eat. Kate said thanks and mentioned that her nipples were very sensitive. I felt as though I was going to blow my shorts off. As she eyed my crotch, Jill asked if my nipples were sensitive, and before I could answer, she was twirling her finger over my left nipple. Then Kate did the same on my right side. I knew then I wouldn't be frustrated.

I put my arms around both girls, and, as if on cue, they both leaned over and sucked on my nipples. I just leaned back and enjoyed it. Then Jill came up and jammed her tongue down my throat. I thought to myself, "I can't wait until this talented tongue is painting my shaft." I didn't have to wait long because Kate pulled my shorts off and my rod sprang out. I'm not what you would call small, but in the first stroke Kate gulped down all of me and I thought I would shoot my wad right then, but she backed off. Then she started stroking it with her hand on the underside while she slicked her tongue over it.

Jill stopped kissing me and tore off her shorts. I looked down at Kate who was still licking me. Her shorts were off too, and she was fingering herself with her free hand.

Jill was coming again and again from my finger while Kate kept deep-throating me. We were a pile of sweat and moans. Then, very suddenly, Jill pulled away and straddled my face, and asked me to lick her pussy. I didn't need encouragement.

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In between moans, she gasped how exciting it was to see Kate at work, and with that, she jumped off and began alternating strokes with Kate. Then in one quick movement Kate straddled my face, and Jill wrapped her pleasure bags around my aching love muscle. I lasted about four strokes and then a freight train roared down my back, and my joy stick exploded like never before.

Jill sucked my rod hard again. It didn't take long, because she really knew what she was doing, and the sound of Kate moaning and squirming over my face was such a turn-on! Jill then impaled herself on my throbbing muscle, and for what seemed forever, we all rocked back and forth, up and down, in and out, with the girls kissing and fondling each other and my thrusting and licking. Then, in a crescendo of loud moans, we all came in an explosive climax.

The girls both rolled off, and we lay cuddled and out of breath for a while. I had screwed myself out, and needed another beer, so I volunteered to go back to the truck and bring some back. On the way to the truck, I noticed how sore my body was from all the thrusting and squirming on the hard rock. Somehow, though, the soreness just didn't seem so bad.

When I finally climbed back to our lofty perch, I found the girls locked in a 69. They were squirming furiously, and I wanted to join in so bad but my cock stayed limp despite all my tugging and stroking. So I just watched them, and after several orgasms they both rolled over and collapsed.

We drank the beer, put on our clothes and climbed back down to the truck.

On the way back to town, we talked about our experience, and soon the girls told me to drop them at the next corner. When I asked them for their phone numbers they said no but they said they would love to meet on our love perch the same time next year.

Today my body is so sore from the rock that suicide doesn't sound bad. However, I have an important date marked on my calendar for next year that I wouldn't miss for the world. I wonder if I could carry a mattress up that cliff? — *T.T., Ryde, NSW.*

The best yet

I am 25 and divorced. I married at an early age and after my husband and I parted six years ago I vowed to have many affairs before settling down again.

Since then I've had many lovers, but none can compare with the young man I'm presently involved with. He is Australian and only 23. One night a few weeks back I went to bed early to read, leaving my lover to watch TV. As I read I became increasingly horny and began fingering myself.

"Are you a bum man or a tit man?"

After a while I desperately wanted Tom to come and make love to me, but thinking that he wouldn't want to be disturbed I grabbed my vibrator, stripped off and lay back on the bed.

Soon I was lost in my own fantasy; the vibrator pulsating inside my love nest. Shortly afterwards I felt a different kind of sensation and opened my eyes to find Tom licking my body and wow, did he have a hard on!

He took the vibrator from me and started licking my clit, all the time moving the vibrator in and out. Soon I lost all control and came in waves, but that was just the beginning.

Tom told me how he'd watched me masturbate and although I felt a little embarrassed at first, he went on to say how much it had turned him on. Looking at him I believed it.

Tom started to rub his rod over my clit, and then he took the vibrator, gently rubbing it over my anus. I wanted Tom so badly that I was pleading with him. Suddenly he stopped. "I hope you're ready," he said as he eased into me.

It was heaven. We screwed for what seemed hours and then came in one hell of an orgasm. Since then we've experimented with many other aids, including a tickler which brings me off super-quick. — *N.H., Guildford, NSW.*

Practical experience

Because I am a student at a larger-than-average university and do not know exactly what I want to do with my life, I spend much time talking to others about the fields they have chosen to study and how they would suit me. One evening, I was in my boarding house lounge, talking to a girl I had met only the week before in a science class. She told me that her field of study was social work and that she planned to work in planned parenthood when she graduated.

She was so interesting that soon it was three in the morning. I wasn't too concerned because I did not have a class until noon the next day and she did not have any classes at all. Soon we started to get slaphappy, and I began to joke about birth control. She told me that her roommate had gone home because of the death of a friend and that I could come up to her room to see some of the different types of birth control.

When we got there, she got out the birth-control devices. I began to go wild. I put one rubber on my nose and one on each ear. She laughed wildly.

Soon she asked me if I would like to use the rubbers the way they were meant to be used and I couldn't believe this was happening.

I went over to her and slowly removed her blouse to reveal the firmest breasts I had ever seen. I thought I would cream my pants when she began to undo my jeans and slip them down my legs. Next I took down her pants, which were already drenched with her wonderfully sweet love juices. She took off my shirt and then my underwear, exposing me.

She sighed and said that she had never seen one so beautifully proportioned. Her mouth went down on me and she began to deep throat me. I soon came like a gusher. I moved down to her firm breasts and licked her nipples. She writhed in ecstasy and begged me to do the same for her clit. I was thrilled to oblige, and soon she came.

But the good part came later after we had rested. I then moved towards her, and her eyes were burning with desire. I slowly slid in and she moaned in a contented sort of way. I began to rhythmically move in and out, gradually getting faster. Soon I was pounding away and she dug her fingernails into the flesh of my back Wow! This was greater than I had expected. She started to scream as I began to come.

We lay there for quite a while, but never one to let a good thing pass me by, I later got another hard-on, and we went into a 69. Soon we came together. After that we fell asleep. To this day, every time I see an advertisement for planned parenthood, I think of that night. — *Name and address withheld.*

Sand-witches

One sunny day I was walking down the beach when I found myself getting very horny. There were so many beautiful women around that I was about to go into a fit. Never had there been a time when I had seen so many tiny bikinis in one place.

As I walked down the beach, one particular lady caught my eye. She was exceptionally beautiful. Beneath that skimpy swimsuit was a body that looked as if it belonged to Venus, the goddess of love.

She had dark skin, brown hair, and brown eyes. Her pants fitted her so that the only things covered were her luscious mound of pubic hair and the pussy behind it. As my eyes moved up her body, the sight of her hard, erect nipples was enough to drive any man insane.

The whole time I was looking at her she was lying there and running her tongue back and forth across her moist lips. By this time I had a hard-on you could see from a mile away. So I sat down beside her, and without saying a word she started stroking my throbbing penis.

I was a little embarrassed at first, but the feeling of pleasure and the sight of her sexy body soon drove this emotion away. So I followed suit and started stroking her pussy.

By this time there were several other girls standing there, watching us — which I found very exciting. Then, to my surprise, she reached up and undid her top, exposing those big, beautiful tits.

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Immediately, I starting fondling and sucking those massive boobs. While I was occupied, she undid her side ties on her pants and was pulling my bathing suit off. I helped her get it off; then she slowly moved her head down between my legs and started licking the underside of my shaft.

After a minute or two of licking, she took me into her mouth, swirling her tongue around and sucking harder and harder each time she went down on me.

I was enjoying a terrific headjob when I heard a voice say: "Mind if I join you?" I turned around and saw three more beautiful girls, already naked, staring at me. I said: "Of course not."

Then the next thing I knew they were all over me. The first one was still giving me a headjob when one of the others came over and pushed her bush into my face. I grabbed a cheek in each hand and pulled her tight against my face. Then my tongue started going wildly back and forth. Because of her moaning and groaning and madly pumping her hips, I knew she loved it.

When one girl would stop, there was another one awaiting her turn. After I got the girls so hot that they couldn't stand it anymore, I pumped them until they all expressed satisfaction.

I can't think of a better way of spending a day at the beach. — *Name and address withheld.*

The payoff

At the age of 27, I moved to the city and began work in a factory. I had two small children and had left my husband. Since I worked the night shift, I had plenty of opportunities for sexual encounters after midnight, and rarely was I disappointed.

There was one hunk I wanted more than anything, but he hadn't asked me out. Mike was 20 and had a short, very well built body and an ample bulge and a smile that set me on fire.

I worked near the drinking fountain, and he always smiled at me when he got a drink. Teaser that he was, I was so hot some nights after work that I had to rely on my own devices. I would close my eyes and pretend it was Mike.

I finally got my chance, and the adventure was everything I had imagined it would be. Mike was awfully shy in the beginning, but after he got started, there was no stopping him. He led me to his bedroom and laid me on a bare mattress. Mike was hung like a Shetland pony and could last for hours, but he was afraid to get involved with me.

After I had a taste of what he could do, I knew I just had to have more. He treated me very casually, which turned me on more, and I chased him relentlessly. Finally, one night he needed a ride to his van, and I said I would give him a lift.

After driving for many tense miles (he insisted on driving), he touched my knee and I grabbed his thigh, near his hard-on. He kept driving while he unbuttoned my shirt.

My large, brown nipples were hard as rocks, and I got up in the seat on my knees so that Mike could suck my swollen tits.

As he drove and sucked them, he began unbuttoning my jeans. By this time, I had his erect cock in my hands. Mike began fingering me, and I thought I would die of pleasure. I wanted him to stop driving and screw me before I went mad, but he wouldn't. He just kept driving and stroking until I had the most earth-shattering orgasm of my life.

We pulled our clothes back on and drove to his van, but he still didn't give me a screw. The next day I was hotter for his body than before.

Here we are now, three years later, married to each other, and we have a child of our own. All the chasing and game playing really payed off. We have great times in bed and plan to continue having them forever. — *Name and address withheld.*

Manufacturer's hand-over

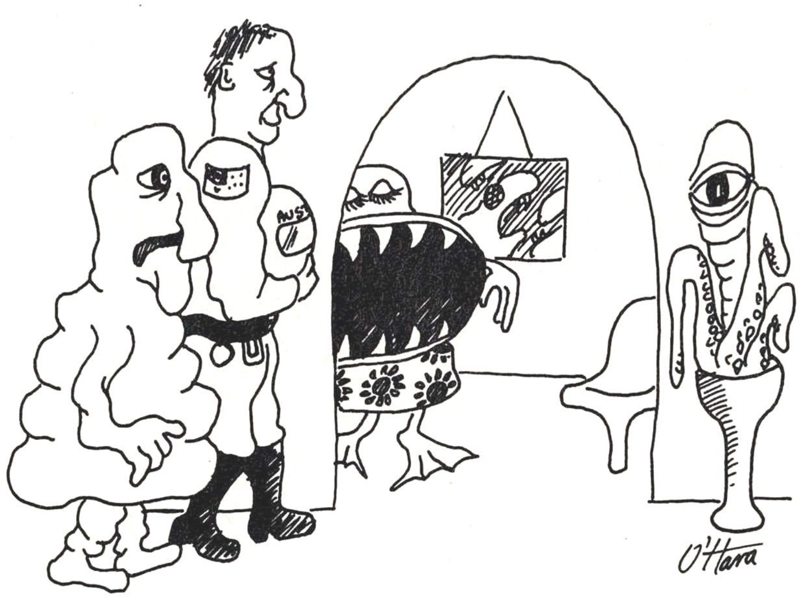
I am a 34-year-old married man and work for a small manufacturing company. Because of office renovations, I recently had to move from my regular desk into my boss's office in our administrative wing. That's where my story starts.

Three of the four women working in our office are quite attractive. Sharon, the youngest at 19, is a chunky little brunette. Maureen is about 23, with curly blonde hair. Jackie must be in her late 30s or early 40s, because she has a son in the Army. Even so, her figure and complexion make her look much younger.

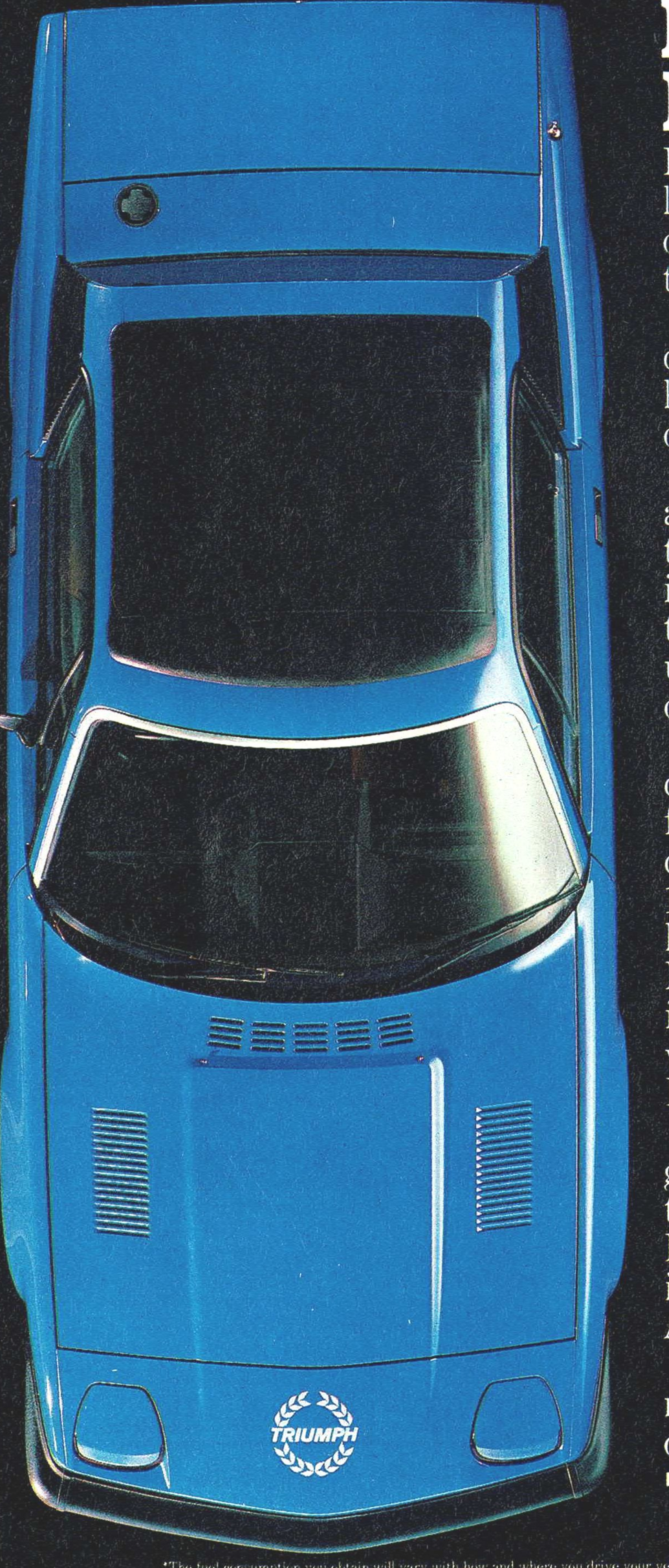
Hardly a day goes by when one of these three isn't displaying a nice cleavage or wearing a skirt or slacks that really shows off her behind. Having these three around all the time was really distracting. I had an almost constant hard-on when I thought about their jiggling tits and firm bottoms. I had even jokingly told them how they distracted me. This went on for about a week until my boss went on holidays.

Two days later things got really interesting. Maureen came to work wearing a longish skirt that buttoned all the way down the front. She had the buttons undone from about the knees down, so that when she stood still her legs were completely hidden, but when she walked, her well-formed calves were clearly visible. Maureen had worn shorter skirts in the past that had shown much more of her legs, but this peekaboo thing really turned me on.

Her blouse only made matters worse. It was cut slightly low, displaying the tops of her creamy-skinned tits nicely as she sat at her typewriter. It was also quite



"Careful what you say, the wife's got a big mouth!"



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snug, so much so that the fabric tugged at the two top buttons and puckered out allowing me to see through the gap between them to the lace bra that cupped her breasts.

It seemed that I had more opportunities than usual to ogle Maureen that day and I began to wonder if she was intentionally giving me a show but dismissed the idea as wishful thinking. Then, during the middle of the afternoon, she brought in some letters she was typing for me, saying she couldn't decipher my handwriting.

Maureen closed the door to my boss's office when she came in. She brought the letters over to my desk and stood next to the chair where I sat to show me where she was having trouble. Her hip pressed lightly against my shoulder as she leaned over the desk, and I could see a firm tit through the puckered material of her blouse.

Her exotic perfume added to the overall effect, giving me a hard-on. Trying to find out if all this temptation was intentional, I rubbed my shoulder against her hip. I figured if she was unaware of the contact, this would cue her and she could gracefully withdraw, but she didn't move.

My mind scrambled for a way to take advantage of the situation. I've never been much of a ladies' man and didn't want to blow the whole deal by grabbing her and yelling "Screw me!" or something equally crude. But figuring it was now or never, I asked her if she knew what she was doing to me. Smiling down at the bulge in my pants, she replied that she did indeed and asked what I was going to do about it.

I reached down through the split in the front of her skirt to grasp a firm calf and told her that I'd think of something. Gradually unbuttoning the front of her skirt with my right hand, I worked my left hand up over her knee. My massaging fingers must have had an effect on her because she began to moan softly. As I reached the middle of her satiny thigh, I was delighted to discover that she was wearing stockings instead of today's all-too-common pantyhose! Noticing my surprise, she murmured that she had worn them in hopes of this encounter, and she added that I wouldn't find any panties blocking my way, either.

Her revelation added to my arousal as I continued unbuttoning her skirt until only the top two buttons held it in place. My hands eased up the front and back of the nearer of her slightly spread legs until my fingertips reached her fuzzy bush.

Palming her round bottom with one hand, I teased her golden pussy curls with the other. She inhaled sharply and leaned her weight against me as I moved my index finger. Turning her toward me and removing my probing finger, I ran my hands around her hips and cupped her high cheeks. This held the front of her skirt open like a parted stage curtain, with Maureen's perfumed pussy in the spotlight.

I tried to lick her from where I sat in my chair, but I couldn't bend my neck enough to reach her. Pushing the chair out of the way, I dropped to my knees on the carpet and started to eat her. Then I really went at it, licking her greedily. While I did this she urged me on, directing my attack with an excited whisper, and when I began to nibble at her, she ran her fingers through my hair and groaned. As she came, she ground her blonde muff against my face while holding my head in her hands. It was only after she had got over her climax that she went and locked the door. I do not know if she did not mind if someone caught me eating her but not her doing it to me, or what. Maybe things just happened more quickly than she had planned.

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She came back to me and asked me to sit on the chair. Kneeling in front of me, she undid my zipper and pulled out my cock.

I'd guess my erection is about average, depending on how excited I am. It must have been enough for Maureen, though, because she didn't seem disappointed sucking on it. It was a real trip for me to watch her. Her eyes are maybe the sexiest things about her — they're pale green and deeper than the waters of dreams.

After giving me inspired head for a few minutes she stood up, parted her skirt as she straddled my lap and guided me into her.

Once or twice I had to make her stop her energetic humping to keep from coming right away. As it was, I shot my wad in about five minutes anyway.

After I came, Maureen stayed on my lap. She kissed me and made me start to get hard again. I wanted a second, more leisurely session, but she said that she'd already been away from her desk for too long and should be getting back.

But again I buried my face between her slippery thighs as she sat perched on the edge of my desk. This second bout seemed to excite her more than the first, and she kept making obscene comments and smearing herself over my face until she came, which took only about two minutes. By then I was hard again, and she jacked me off quickly so that I could "fit back" into my undies. Then she buttoned her skirt and left. She stopped at the door long enough to smile at me.

My boss returned the next day, and a week later I moved back to my old desk. But now, when I go into the office, I feel as if I'm getting speculative looks from Sharon and Jackie. I keep wondering if Maureen told them about our fun and if I'll ever get another try at one of these three lovely ladies! — *A.C., South Australia.*

Bare essentials

One fine, sunny day, I went for a drive along the beach road at the resort where I was having a holiday. I had only been driving for about 10 minutes when I came upon a sign saying "This way to nude bathing beach". I drove into the car park and for a few minutes sat watching all the nakedness, wondering whether I should join in Finally I stripped in the car and hopped out. I automatically went red, but it didn't pop up. I walked toward the water, moving in and out of the people. Little kids were building sand castles, teenagers were going around in pairs, eyeing up each other, and the adults just lay in the sun, trying to get tans. I felt like jumping on the sheilas, so when I started to get a hard-on, I ran to the water.

I dived in and came up for air a few seconds later. I waded out till the water was above my waist and I felt a little more relaxed. So I started swimming parallel to the beach and that's when it happened.

I wasn't too worried where I was going, and I was going fairly slow, when I brought my right arm over and I accidentally grabbed something smooth and soft. I held on gently and it stiffened a bit. I stood up instantly and found that I was holding on to a tit of the most beautiful girl I'd ever seen. I said that I was sorry, and she said not to worry. (It's not every day that I float along and grab some girl's tits.)

I was still holding on to her now firm bosom. Then I let go and said again that I was sorry, but she said, "Why one? How about both?" and slid down into the water, moving closer to me, her tits firm and pointing. So I reached out, took hold, and pulled her even closer. Her hands took hold of my organ and started fondling it and my balls and I soon had an erection. She said quietly in my ear that she would like me to accompany her to the sand dunes, where her things were. I told her that I had to wait until my stiff had deflated, so we swam around for a while before walking up to the beach.

We reached the dunes, and she pointed to where her gear was. When we got there, she said: "Do you want to screw?" Straight off! I hesitated a bit and answered: "Sure, why not?"

We picked up her gear and walked into the dunes, stopping in a flat depression surrounded by a mountain of sand. I helped her spread out the blanket she had, and we lay down on it.

The first thing we did was introduce ourselves to each other. Her name was Pam. I moved slowly till I had my legs spread each side of her neck. She grabbed my cock and massaged it into an erection, and I bent over so it could enter her mouth. She started sucking and licking with her tongue and I moved slowly up and down in her mouth. The faster I went the more I felt myself ready to come and soon I did. I hopped off her and turning around, put my face into her bush. I started licking and sucking, rolling my tongue back and forth over her clit. I speeded up, and then she came.

She lay back and relaxed while I brushed the sand off the blanket. Even while I was busy, she grabbed me and started masturbating me. I felt like coming again. I moved around, and as our lips met, she put her arms around me. I moved down so that my cock pressed against her, and I licked her nipples. They were hard, like rubber, and I nipped at them a couple of times. She put her hands on my organ and directed it to her. She jolted and let out an almighty scream of joy, her hands pressing hard on my bottom as she thrust upward.

I braced myself and started moving up and down while I was sliding in and out. I went faster and faster. She accepted all I gave. I felt like coming again, but I had hardly any come left. Amazingly, I climaxed and she screamed again, and then she came.

I said that it was getting late and that I was exhausted and dry, so we packed up her gear. I told her to meet me in our "orgy valley" at the same time next week, and a week later that randy girl was there! — *Name and address withheld.*

Lake party

I am a student at a college in the ACT and about a year ago our group had an end-of-year rage down at the lake. All of our class were there and one particular lady, Karen, arrived wearing tight blue jeans and a halter neck top.

After a few drinks I thought it time to make my move. I waited until Karen was alone, then I went over and began talking with her.

After some coaxing I persuaded her to join me for a swim. She wandered over to her car to change and reappeared in a flame-red swimsuit which clung to her like a second skin. I couldn't help but get turned on and Karen soon noticed my bulge. I ran into the water to hide it and Karen followed me in.

We swam for about 15 minutes before deciding to head back and as we swam to shore Karen's hand glided across my crotch. I didn't know if this was by design or accident.

After drying off she asked if I would go with her to the hotel to get some more grog. I readily accepted and as we drove toward town I admired her delicious body.

By now the bulge in my shorts was pretty obvious, but I made no attempt to hide it and reached over and touched her thigh.

Her skin was warm and inviting and as I began to massage her leg, Karen pulled in among the pine trees which line the lake.

She reached over and began licking my chest, so I released her large breasts from her swimsuit and rubbed her now erect nipples. I kissed her long and passionately while massaging her tits, and

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she undid my shorts, encircling my cock with her fingers.

I slid my hand between her legs and she willingly spread them apart. She was damp as I fingered her lovely pussy and as I slipped her bathing suit off she arched back. I slid my tongue down to her love tunnel and slowly moved between her thighs and hungrily licked her.

She began to moan and thrust as I flicked my tongue across her.

We moved into a 69 and she eagerly took me into her mouth. She began to buck and arch as my tongue worked on her and I knew she was about to come. My tongue moved faster and faster until she suddenly lifted herself forward, shuddering and trembling in orgasm. She kept coming in rushes, moaning and writhing, but she still wanted more.

I began rubbing her tits while she sucked me, and I soon exploded. My cock was rising again and as I eased into her I held her boobs, rubbing her nipples gently.

Karen pushed back against me, and in a matter of minutes we came, collapsing together, totally exhausted.

Needless to say I saw a lot of Karen over the next few months — *A.S., Chifley, ACT.*

Out on a limb

I knew it was going to be a good time when I went to see my boyfriend, but I never expected that it would take place at a park.

I had to work that morning, and all I could think about was what I was going to do to Steve's luscious body. I kept picturing him with nothing on with his beautiful cock standing erect.

I was really getting hot driving down there because I knew that as soon as I got there I'd be able to get in his pants. As it turned out, though, we only played with each other a little bit in his room, but this got me even hotter.

I could feel myself getting hot and start to tingle every time he rubbed his bulging cock against my mound. I couldn't stand much more.

We decided that we'd better leave and go someplace private since there were some people around.

We stopped and got some beer to quench our thirst, because Steve knows that once I have a few beers in me, I get as horny as hell.

We cruised over to the park and sat in the car for a while, sucking them down. I figured that it ws about time to do some sucking on something else and suggested we go for a walk.

We walked with our arms around each other, feeling each other's arse, and he asked me if I wanted to screw. Of course, being the horny snatch that I am, I said: "Sure."

We walked into a heavily wooded area where we couldn't be seen by anyone, although we were on a regular path, and we came to a tree that had fallen across the path but was suspended about two feet from the ground.

We stood there, embracing and kissing each other and getting more and more ready to make love.

Steve's tongue was so luscious, especially when he ran it down the side of my neck and then down to my nipples, making me tingle all over. He was massaging my tits, making my nipples grow hard, when he asked me to go down on him. Excellent!

Steve never wears underwear, so it was very easy to tell that he had a terrific hard-on.

I unzipped his pants, and drooling at the sight of his beautiful piece of heaven, I slowly, gently, took his knob and swirled my tongue all around it, nipping at it now and then.

Steve was moaning in delight, and I massaged his balls until I thought he was going to explode.

I then pulled away and took his shaft firmly and began stroking. Steve kept playing with my nipples while I kept stroking him until he almost came.

He told me to drop my pants, but I told him we'd have to go into the bushes more, in case someone came along. His only response was to unbutton my pants and pull them down. He sat me down on the suspended trunk and spread my legs and began eating me until I was starting to come.

Then he took one of his beautiful, long fingers and played with me. This made me go crazy.

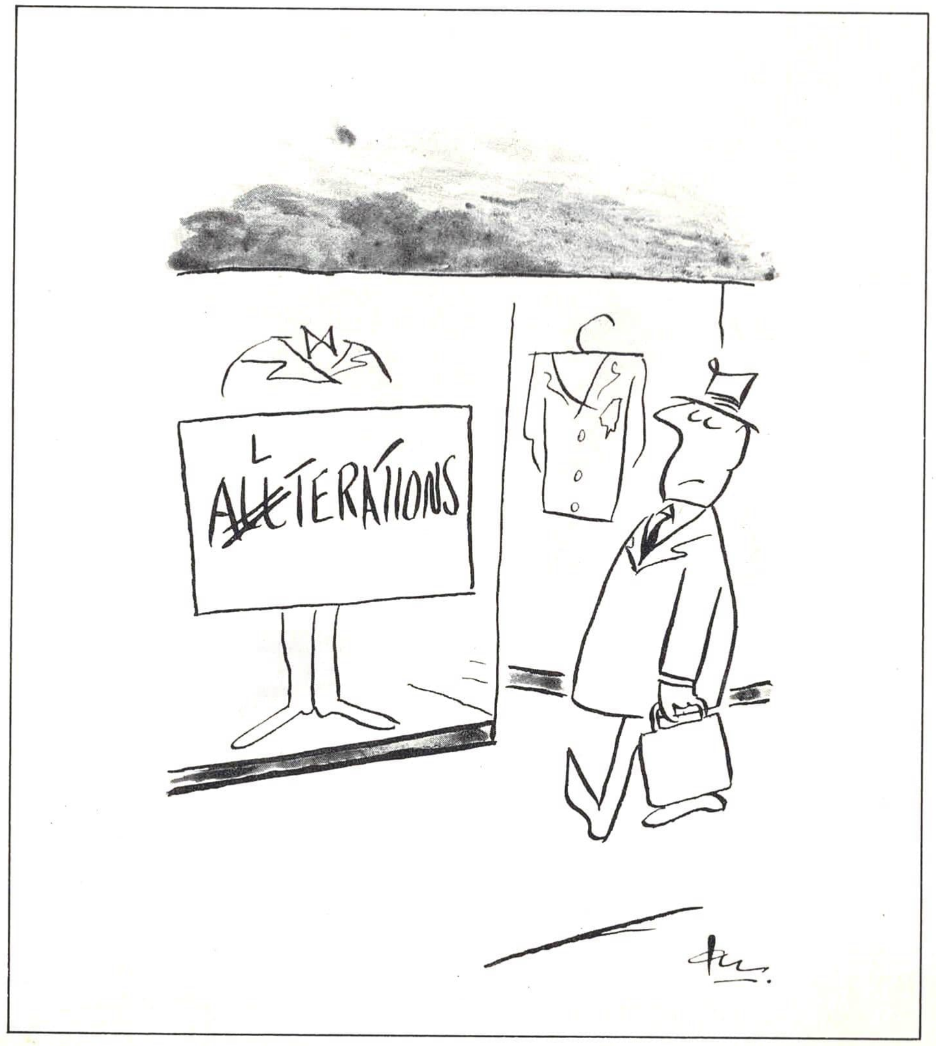
While he was doing this he came up and kissed me. I wanted him so badly, but I didn't really want to lie down on all the sticks and pebbles on the ground; so I stood up and bent over, and he placed his shaft inside me.

He moaned as he pumped me. I was so hot. He felt so excellent that I told him never to stop. I could feel myself closing in on him as I came.

I moaned and told him how excellent it felt, and he screwed me fast and hard until he came.

After we had rested for a while we brushed the leaves from our clothing and got ourselves arranged, and Steve told me what a good day it had been and that we should try to make love again in the great outdoors. Maybe next time we'll make it together on a deserted beach or out on a boat. We both agree that the threat of having someone catch us in the act merely added to the excitement of the moment.

Later that night before I had to go home Steve and I had another good session, but this time we invited one of our best friends, my vibrator. Who says that diamonds are a girl's best friend? — *Name and address withheld.*



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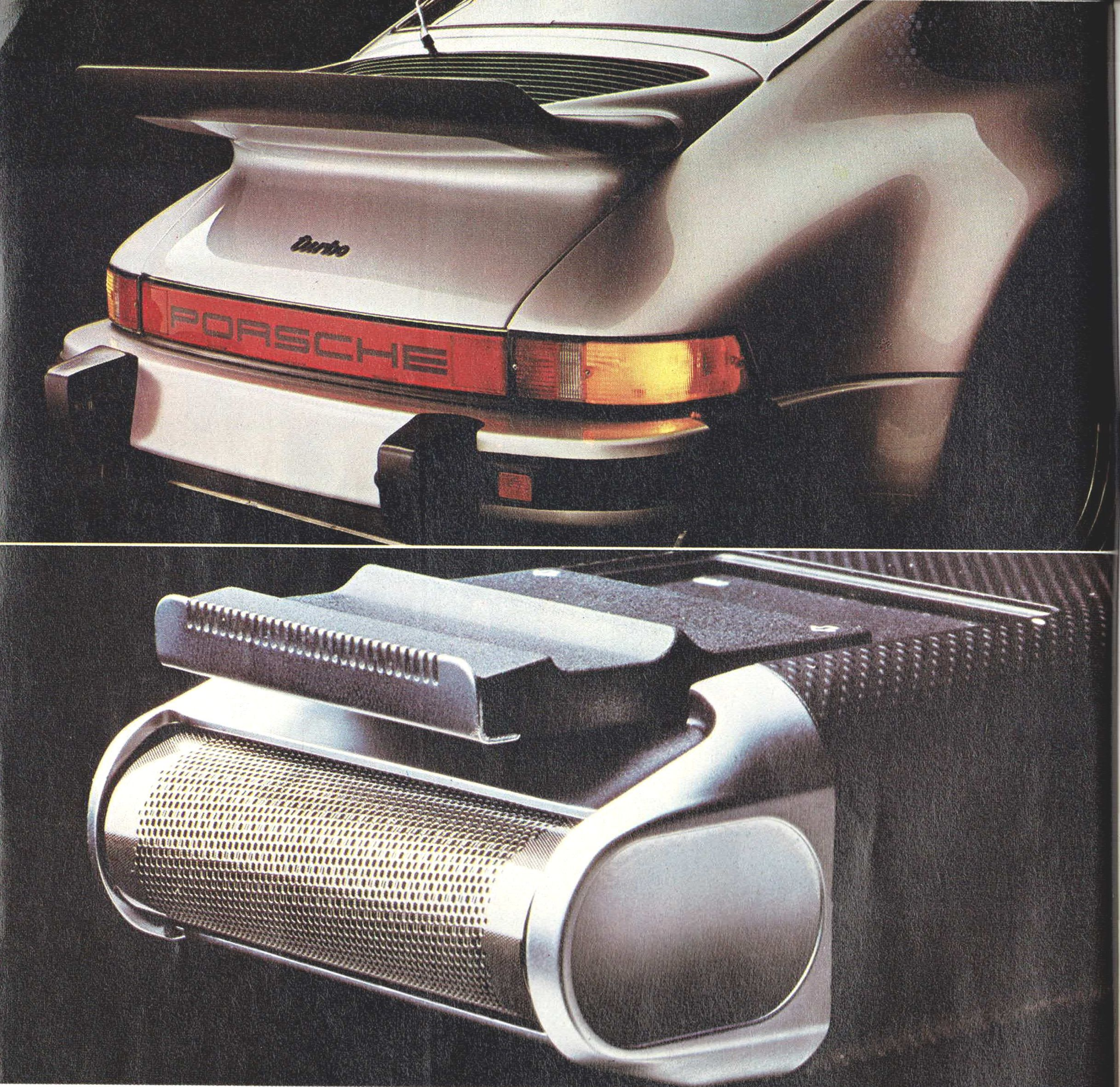

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Restriction call

It is with an appalling sense of *deja-vu* that I have felt compelled to complain to the Federal Government for the fourth time in the past 18 months for comprehensive restrictions on the use of the herbicide, 2,4,5-T (*Australian Penthouse*, January). I have done this because of the steady accumulation of circumstantial evidence linking the use of 2,4,5-T with gross deformities of babies when the mother has been exposed to 2,4,5-T during pregnancy.

I feel that the National Health and Medical Research Council has been very much at fault in this matter. They have said they can find no direct definite evidence to link 2,4,5-T with the health hazards which are suspected. One could only obtain the sort of evidence they are seeking through direct experimenting on pregnant women, and this is, of course, absurd.

I raised the matter again with both Federal and State authorities because quite recently more evidence has come up which throws suspicion on 2,4,5-T. A survey carried out at Monash University suggesting that 2,4,5-T exposure in pregnancy, even in small quantities, might result in hyperactivity and learning difficulties in the child born of that pregnancy.

The other major new development has been an emergence of a substitute for 2,4,5-T in most applications. These new herbicides, the glycine phosoponates, more commonly referred to on labels and in advertisements as glyphosates, are now becoming available under a variety of trade names.

However, they have not yet been registered as blackberry killers. State Governments are taking a leisurely view of this matter and I am told most States will complete registration about next March and NSW in July.

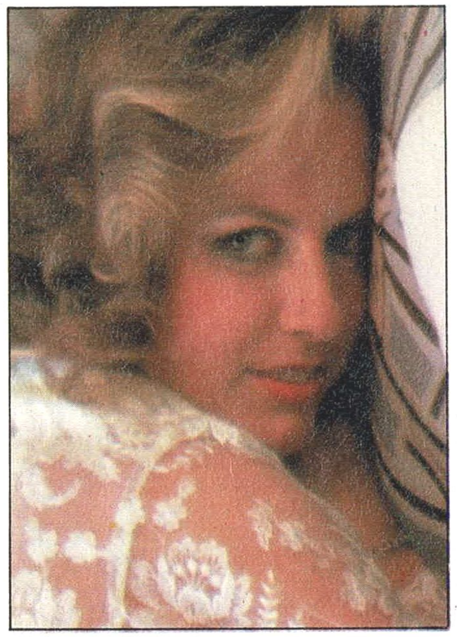
I feel it is not good enough that another blackberry season should pass by this summer with massive spraying with 2,4,5-T, and the inevitability of children eating ripe berries which have been sprayed. Very few councils seem to leave notices or warnings that they have used the spray. I have asked that registration of glycine phosoponate as a blackberry killer be carried out urgently by ministerial regulation and I urge your readers to support this process.

Meanwhile, they could do worse than read fully the list of ingredients of any commercial herbicide before they buy it. *— Senator Colin Mason (NSW), Deputy Parliamentary Leader for the Australian Democrats, Sydney.*

Kelly fan

Congratulations on your choice of Kelly Russell as the January Pet of the Month. Where did you ever find such an angel? Please, can we have more of Miss Russell in the future? *— G.B., Bathurst, NSW.*

Here again, is the lovely Miss Kelly Russell (below).



Concerned company

Your article, Spraying to Kill, by Adrian Tame (*Australian Penthouse*, January) contains a number of points which need correction.

I wish to deal here only with those that directly concern my own company, Nufarm Chemicals, but the number of errors and omissions in this small section of the article suggests that Mr Tame's emotional commitment to the subject is greater than his grasp of factual detail.

1. Nufarm has always been able to determine the level of dioxin in our material, although Mr Tame blindly quoted a claim made some time ago by a college lecturer — and later retracted — that it cannot. In fact, Nufarm's testing methods have been confirmed by both Australian and International tests to be consistently accurate. What was questioned was a new method of testing that was being developed by Nufarm chemists as a back-up test. This has now been accepted as accurate by Dr Trewhella, the lecturer who questioned it, as well as by Government scientific advisers.

All these tests confirm that dioxin in Nufarm's product has consistently been well under the limit — containing less than half of the one part per million considered permissible under the Australian Standard.

2. Nufarm has, at all times, made itself open to complete inspection and investigation by all Government authorities, local authorities and independent experts in the fields of manufacturing technology and environmental studies. The consensus of all these investigators is that Nufarm is a well-run plant that does not, in any way, present a health or environmental hazard.

This was a point, incidentally, made by the magistrate at one of the two court cases referred to. The water discharged was in a very short period and it was explained in court that the 2,4,5-T was in barely detectable levels . . . as low as one tenth of a part per million. Such small trace levels are, in all reality, statistically and medically insignificant with absolutely no risk to health. This is not to denigrate the authorities for bringing the charge — Nufarm fully appreciates the need for them to be over-careful rather than lax — but it does put matters into perspective. The other offence arose from a discharge of gas after an industrial accident not involving 2,4,5-T.

3. Mr Tame seems to assume that the opinions of Mr Evans are more powerful than those of all the scientists on the State Government's consultative council. In fact, Mr Evans put his views to that council which apparently found them less than adequately based. Thus Mr Evans' dismissal of the council's findings as worthless was only a delayed echo of their opinion of his views. Once again, Mr Tame has chosen to quote selectively from someone who supports his view rather than from those better qualified who do not.

I do not wish to go on indefinitely. Suffice to say that almost all the allegations Mr Tame makes against 2,4,5-T have

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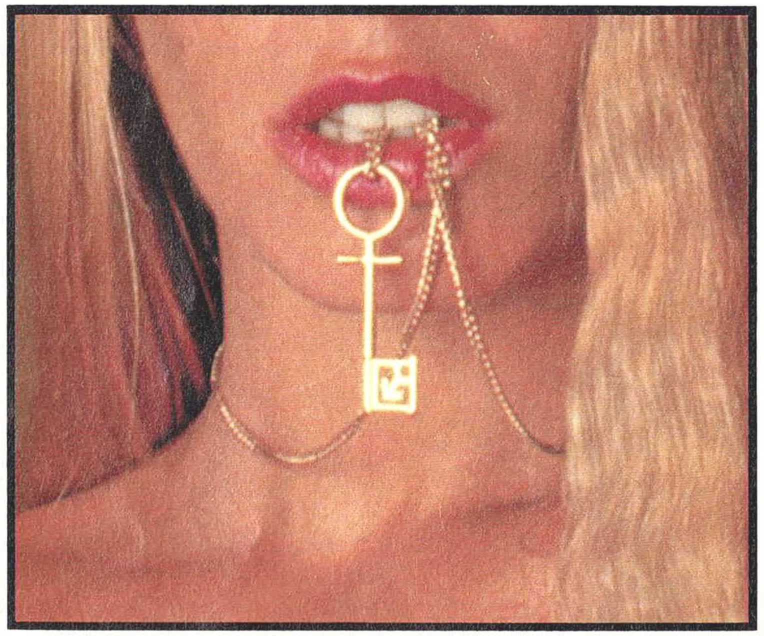

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been examined by independent scientific committees in the US, Britain and Europe and have been dismissed as not factually supportable — 2,4,5-T is still produced and used in those countries.

The public has a right to expect strict and scrupulous monitoring of all chemical products to guard against possible long-term effects. Nobody wants this more than those of us who work in the industry. However, emotional outbursts like Mr Tame's do not help. — *D.J. Rathbone, General Manager, Nufarm Chemicals Pty Ltd, Victoria.*

Grown up

I was both pleased and surprised to see a former primary school classmate appear in your January edition. My, oh my, if only I had known eight or nine years ago that Kerrie Williamson was going to bare all in your magazine I would have surely kept in contact after going on to high school. Kerrie has surely grown up since the second grade. — *Shane Coomber, West Heidelberg, Victoria.*

MOANS & GROANS

After reading your first three magazines it's easy to see why you have surpassed your rival in popularity. But, I do have one complaint. Despite the fact that the photographs of your Pet of the Month have been great, the centrefold leaves a lot to be desired.

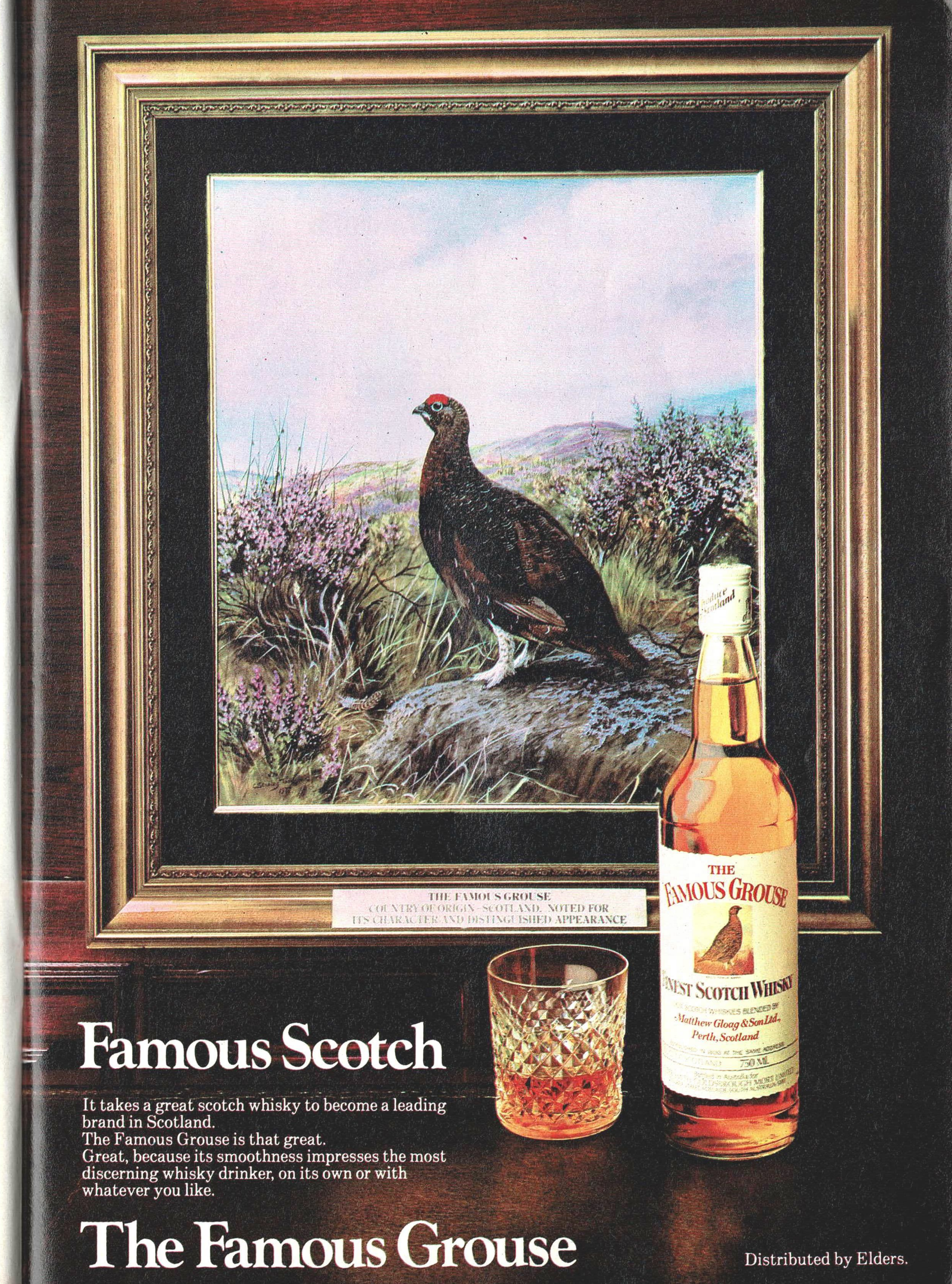
The girls always have their faces turned away from the camera and their eyes shut. The eyes are after all the most sensuous part of a woman, and so they should be, along with her other charms, seen in the centrefold. — *J. Smith, Norlane, Victoria.*

The article Spraying to Kill by Adrian Tame (*Australian Penthouse*, January), was most interesting and enlightening. There is quite a lot of poison used in this area to kill groundsel bush, and I have complained to the local newspaper that it could be entering the local water supply.

However, the article Kangaroo Slaughter by Martin Riordan and David Richards, was one of the most ridiculously misinformed articles I have read, but it is just typical of the general sensationalist, sentimental articles on this subject by the media.

Would you prefer that the culling and harvesting of roos be eliminated entirely so that they can die a slow, lingering death through starvation.

Recently, even the authorities were claiming the roos were in plague proportion and were threatening the livelihood of farmers and graziers and a great road hazard. — *Bob Doring, Beerwah, Queensland.*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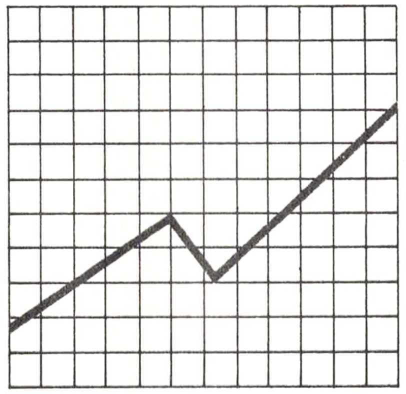
PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

Twenty questions to tell which side of your brain dominates your personality.

ARE YOU LEFT BRAINED OR RIGHT BRAINED?



Ever since humans began thinking philosophical thoughts (that is, ever since they got beyond the stage where their most profound mental activity consisted of asking: "How the hell am I gonna kill this damn woolly mammoth?"), they have focused on questions of duality: good versus evil, body versus soul, emotion versus intellect . . . that sort of thing.

The sages among us have always been convinced that every man has two natures, two distinct modes of consciousness, two independent — and sometimes conflicting — personalities. Now science is discovering that they were right. The human brain is divided into a right hemisphere and a left hemisphere. In recent years researchers have increasingly come to the conclusion that each of these hemispheres is, in effect, an independent brain. Each has its own sphere of influence within our psyches.

When somebody says, "I'm of two minds about that," he may be accurately describing a real physiological process going on inside his cranium, as his two hemispheres — each with its own needs, desires, skills, and talents — seek to interpret the world outside.

In most of us one hemisphere or the other dominates our personalities. One hemisphere exerts its power over the other and moulds us in its image. This psychograph is designed to find out which hemisphere holds sway in your head. You'll find out the distinct characteristics of each "brain" after you answer the questions. We don't want to bias your responses; so we can't outline them here.

Researchers began to probe the eerie duality of the human brain in 1961 after Los Angeles surgeons performed an operation to cure epilepsy in a 48-year-old war veteran (known in the scientific literature only by his initials, "W.J."). The procedure involved severing the corpus callosum, which connects the brain hemispheres. (The corpus callosum contains millions of nerve cells and acts like a cable over which the left and right brains exchange messages. It also sends epileptic impulses from one half of the brain to the other. If it is severed, the intensity of a patient's seizures are greatly diminished.)

The operation did wonders for W.J.'s epilepsy, and he began to live a relatively normal life. Yet weird things began to happen. When he became angry at his wife, he found that one of his hands would reach out to grab her while the other hand tried to protect her. Some days he'd be pulling on his pants with one hand while the other struggled to take them off. Needless to say, this sort of behavior aroused interest among brain researchers. It has now become clear that the left and right brains have minds of their own. Each receives all the information that comes in through our eyes and ears, and each uses that information to act independently of the other. While normal people don't exhibit the bizarre behavior of "split-brain" patients, a startling separateness still exists. Using an electroencephalograph to trace brain waves, psychologists have found that when we write letters, our left brain takes charge while the right hemisphere relaxes and drifts into a trance state. But when we draw pictures, the right brain shifts into gear while the left hemisphere nods off.

After taking this psychograph, you may have an idea of which brain hemisphere dominates your personality. That knowledge and 40 cents will get you a cup of coffee these days. But that knowledge can also give you a clearer view of yourself; that's never a bad investment.

The following are what psychologists call "forced choice" questions. There are only two possible answers to each question, and you must choose one of them even if you don't think either is appropriate. Pick the answer that is *more likely* to apply to your behavior. There are no right or wrong answers. Complete the psychograph quickly. Your first response is likely to be the most honest.

1. Which of the following statements is more characteristic of you?
   (a) I'm a tense person; I worry about getting things right; I'm more nervous than most people
   (b) I'm relaxed and easygoing; you can't fight life, so you may as well roll with the punches

2. Do you get depressed a lot?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

3. Think about the music you like. Would you say that (a) the beat or (b) the melody is more important to you?

4. If you were learning a new skill, which of the following ways of acquiring knowledge would appeal to you more?

(a) reading books and attending lectures on the subject
(b) an "experience oriented" approach consisting of field trips, workshops, lab work, and apprenticeship

5. If you were at university, which of these two courses would you select?
(a) art
(b) math

6. Which of these games would you rather play?
(a) Scrabble
(b) checkers

7. Which statement more accurately describes your behavior?
(a) I'm an impulse buyer; when I want something, I get it even if I can't afford it
(b) I'm a deliberate shopper; I think about something before I buy it. Sometimes I wait so long that what I want is sold out by the time I decide to buy it. I often talk myself out of things I first thought I wanted

8. Are you often unsure of your use of grammar?
(a) yes
(b) no

9. When you learn something new, how does the process usually work?
(a) I flounder around until suddenly a light goes on and I get the knack of it; understanding seems to come all at once, as if a curtain had been lifted
(b) I work gradually, learning one aspect at a time; eventually I begin to understand all the pieces and can put the whole picture together

10. If you had to solve a problem, which would you choose?
(a) a crossword puzzle
(b) a jigsaw puzzle

11. Do you often have hunches?
(a) yes
(b) no

12. If you could do only one or the other, would you rather
(a) read a book
(b) see a movie

13. Do you often have trouble putting your feelings and opinions into words; do you have trouble expressing what you really mean?
(a) yes
(b) no

14. If you have to park a car parallel to the curb, do you
(a) usually get it right the first time
(b) usually have to pull out at least once and try another time

15. If you were taking a trip and someone were giving you directions, would you prefer that he
(a) write down the directions, listing the route numbers, turnoffs, and landmarks in order
(b) show you the route on a map

16. When you're choosing clothes, are you more likely to select
(a) fabrics with a lot of texture, such as leather, suede, thick wools, silk shirts, and corduroy
(b) relatively understated fabrics, such as cottons and normal-weight suits

17. Do you remember faces well?
(a) yes
(b) no

18. Do you remember people's names well?
(a) yes
(b) no

19. With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree?
(a) there are many things science will never be able to explain
(b) there's a natural law that governs everything; therefore, science should eventually be able to explain things that at first appear to be mysteries

20. Are you a better-than-average athlete?
(a) yes
(b) no

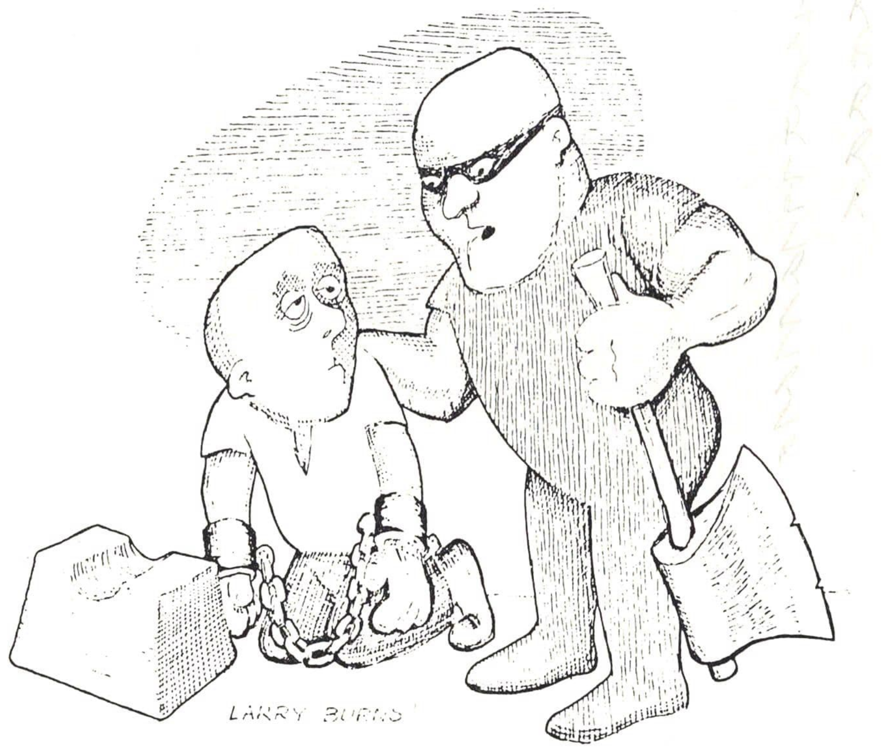
ANSWER KEY

Of the two answers to each question, one is more likely to be chosen by a left-brained person and the other by a right-brained person. Left-brain choices here are indicated by L; right-brain choices by R. Check your answers against this key and then add up your total number of L and R responses.

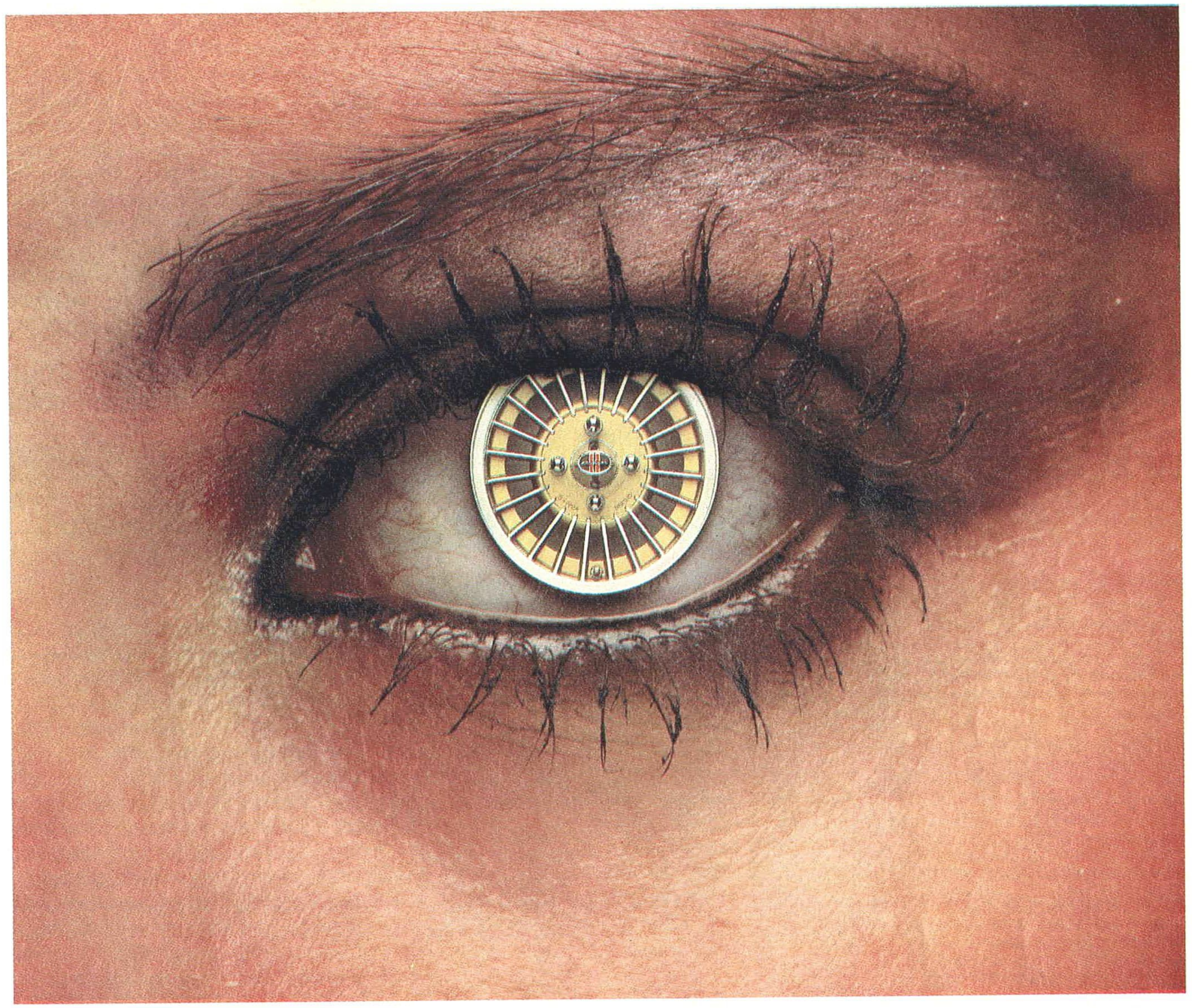
1.	(a) L; (b) R	11.	(a) R; (b) L
2.	(a) R; (b) L	12.	(a) L; (b) R
3.	(a) L; (b) R	13.	(a) R; (b) L
4.	(a) L; (b) R	14.	(a) R; (b) L
5.	(a) R; (b) L	15.	(a) L; (b) R
6.	(a) L; (b) R	16.	(a) R; (b) L
7.	(a) R; (b) L	17.	(a) R; (b) L
8.	(a) R; (b) L	18.	(a) L; (b) R
9.	(a) R; (b) L	19.	(a) R; (b) L
10.	(a) L; (b) R	20.	(a) R; (b) L

INTERPRETING YOUR ANSWERS

This psychograph does not break down into precise scoring categories. Brain research is too new a science to have devised definitive predictive tests. However, large amounts of data have been gathered, and it's this research that enables us to lay out some guidelines and make some educated judgements. You



"I'll be back in a minute — I forgot my glasses."



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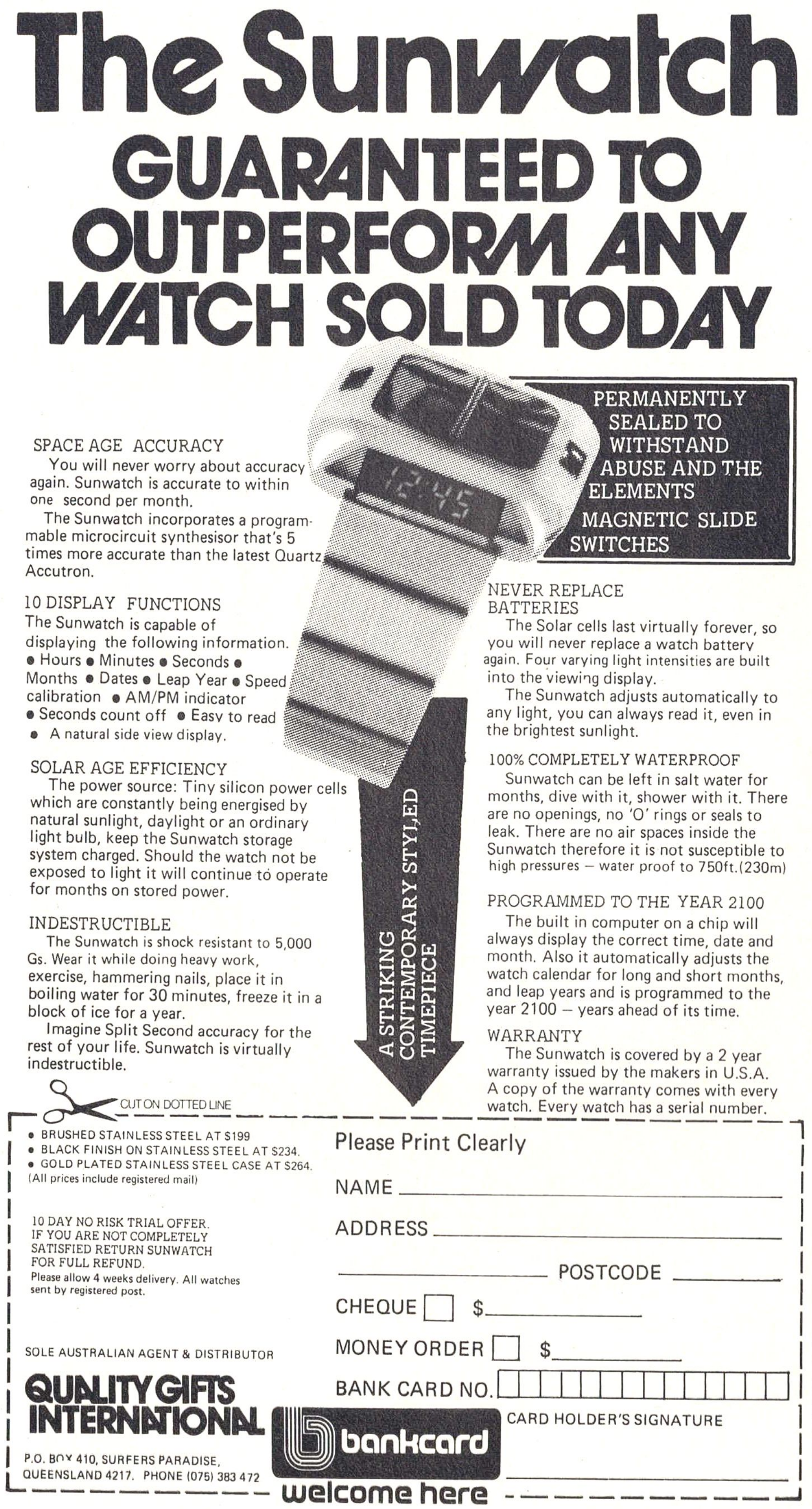

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should therefore think of your answers as indicators of probability.

If you chose 13 or more L answers, it's probable that your brain's left hemisphere exerts the dominant force on your personality. If you chose 13 or more R answers, it's most likely that the right brain dominates. If you ended up with a relative balance between your L and R answers (that is, if you didn't score more than 12 or fewer than 8 in either category), you are in a special group described below in the *balanced brain section.*

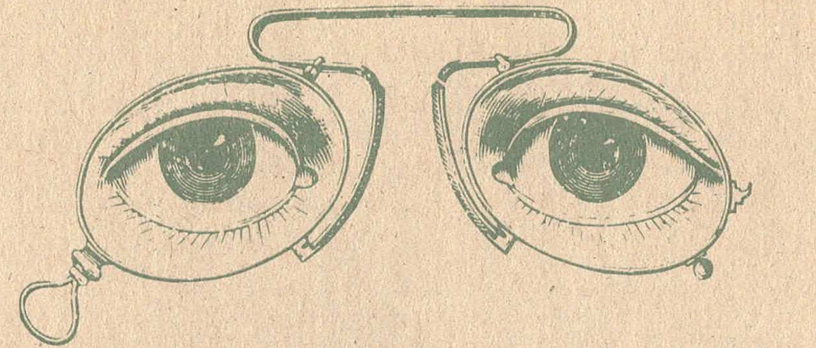
The left brain:
The man who is dominated by his left brain does not long for mystical union with the cosmos; he just wants the facts, ma'am. Because the left brain is almost entirely responsible for all human verbal skills, people in this category tend to be good conversationalists and writers.

Most technocrats — scientists, mathematicians, computer experts — are left brained. So are lawyers. They use the hemisphere's logical ability to assemble bits of disparate information into a coherent whole. Because they combine linguistic and logical abilities so well, men in this category are often brilliant.

The right brain:
Men dominated by their right brains tend to be intuitive and emotional. They take a holistic approach to life: they sense things all at once and don't like to get bogged down in details. They perceive the *gestalt* of things, instinctively absorbing the subtle connections and relationships that make up their sphere of consciousness. There is considerable evidence that creativity is centred in the right brain. So is spacial perception. Consequently, most artists are right-brained people.

Right-brained people also have a deep-seated musical sense. Alexander Luria of Moscow's Burdenko Institute (he's one of the world's most famous brain specialists) once treated a patient — a composer — whose left hemisphere had been incapacitated by a stroke. The man couldn't say a word, but with his unaffected right brain he went on composing as well as before.

The balanced brain:
Between the two extremes described above are people whose personalities blend the characteristics of both brain hemispheres. They are nice folk to be around, since they are not likely to exhibit either the extreme single-mindedness of left-brain types or the terminal mellowness of some right-brainers. Depending upon your career, this balanced stance can be either a help or a hindrance. Since one brain won't let the other dominate, neither brain is likely to achieve the full exercise of its talents. You may never be a great writer, but you may make a hell of an editor. You might not be a great artist, but you might be a smashing success as a gallery owner.



VIEW FROM THE TOP

DUMB IS GOOD

Geniuses are just one-note wizards who flail haplessly outside their field. Academia is a game preserve for such closet nitwits — prodigies in literature, economics, or contract law, but retards when confronted with plumbing repairs, recreational drugs or two-up.

Even the most brilliant minds lose car keys, light the wrong ends of cigarettes, and wander into the wrong bathrooms. *Especially* the brilliant — blinded by thought. Intellect without common sense is useless. Remember — you can only learn something new every day if you start out dumb enough.

God surely loves the poor, for He made so many of them. He must be wild about the stupid. We're all wild about the stupid. If you're so dumb that you move your lips when you sign your name, you're probably likeable, pleasant and always welcome. If you're up to your arse in brains, however, you're probably intimidating, resented, and distrusted, and your company is about as enjoyable to normals as a plague of toads.

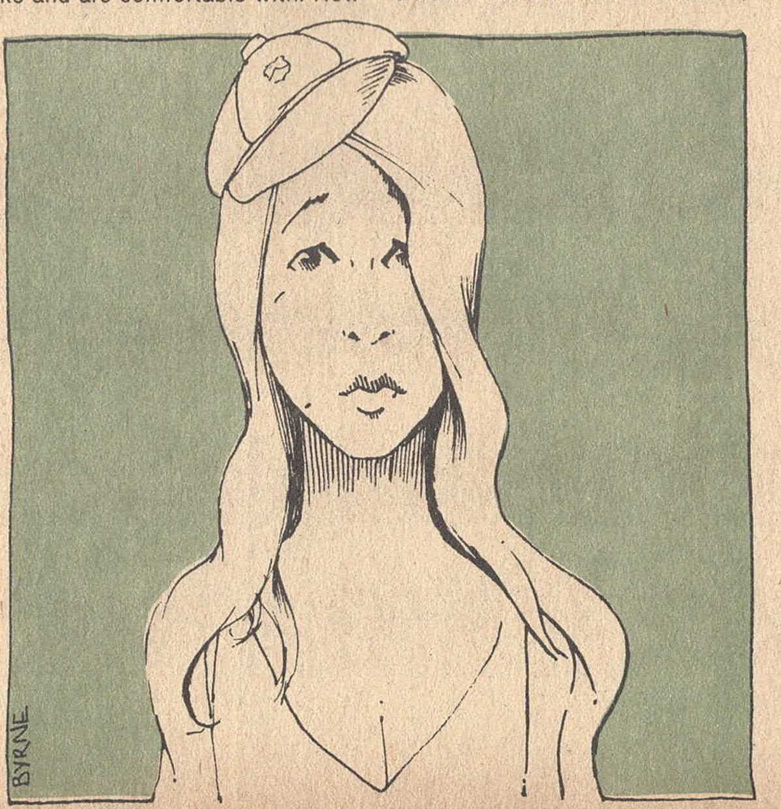
Who's dumb? Beautiful blondes, impetuous kids, grinning yokels, pratfall fools, beef-slab athletes, teeny boppers — in short, the kind of people we like and are comfortable with. How many of us have an affectionate fondness for orthopedic surgeons, corporate lawyers or research chemists?

The stupid are popular: they're genial, uncomplicated, unchallenging and make us feel smarter by comparison. *The intelligent are unpopular*: they're imposing, indecipherable and serious, and their grim analyses have the power to depress anyone within hearing. The presence of their exhausting brain fibre far outweighs our desire for it. They assault us with the false humility of the Chosen and make us feel like sour notes in the uniform chorus of Human Thought, guilty of the mortal sin of unsophistication, whose punishment is patronising contempt.

We're jealous and suspicious of superior intelligence. We resent "smart arses", feel cheated and exploited by "smart money", upstaged by "smart dressers", hassled by "wise guys", scorned by the "smart set", and want to punch out "smart mouths" before we're annihilated by "smart missiles". We may love winners, but we like and identify with the losers. The deeply befuddled are usually deeply beloved because there's less to the suckers than meets the eye — or at least not dangerously more. The simpleminded are simple, period. They don't put us through the rigorous social labors of communicating, relating, comprehending or keeping up. They're comfortable and relaxing, a recess from the school of hard knocks.

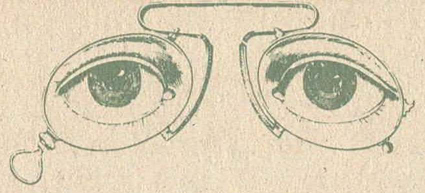
If you can't tell a book by its cover, don't buy it. Ours is an Ulterior Society, where it's not just who-you-know but how well you *use* who-you-know to get your way that counts. This has placed a premium on the skills of duplicity, evasion and self-concealment. If intelligence is adaptation-to-culture, and culture favors the unscrupulous and crafty, what does that make the whiz kids?

You know the type — clever, glib, literate flannelmouths who can numb your grey matter at 50 metres. Intelligence, when driven by ambition and selfish calculation, is as dangerous for others as heroin. There's no worse conversationalist than a charming liar and no crook like a sharp accountant. Trusting the artful, witty and persuasive is like trusting odds from a Darwin bookmaker.



Given the laws of supply and demand, the value of genuine *friendship* is on the rise. When it comes to simple honesty and reliability, we want somebody we can take off our shoes — and our pretenses, facades and shields — with. Spare us these civilised, tactful, arm's-length relationships with shrewder-than-thou types that provide all the emotional security of an earth-fill dam.

Stupidity means *honesty*, or at least insufficient guile to do much damage. The dumb aren't just less able to



hustle us, con us, or rip us off but are also less inclined to, being almost continually consumed with keeping their own arse afloat and being sympathetic fellow victims of the intelligentsia.

BA, MA, PhD, DH — hang around the highly intelligent, and you'll invariably encounter more arseholes than will a proctologist. To the brainiacs, being all-heart-and-no-brains isn't a virtue but a handicap; and those who pursue Decency and Fairness with dogged stolidity are *chumps*, while those who pursue Power, with ingenious self-interest and ethical ambidexterity, are *intellectuals.*

We recognise this principle in our basic cliches:

"Only a *fool* would: play fair / take an unpopular position / stick his neck out / sacrifice for others / stand on principles."

But, "If you're *smart*, you: look out for number one / cover your bets / cover your arse / compromise principles / never give a sucker an even break."

This is the credo of our think-tank moguls and idea men, whose formative insights are unburdened by sentiment and who have all the heart and compassion of committees, which they travel in for anonymity. You could squeeze more humanity out of a toothpaste tube.

Self-awareness is just a euphemism for narcissism. In terms of getting laid — always important terms — honest, wholesome, down-home ignorance is on the resurge. Increasingly, we find low-yield wit attractive: Farrah, Fonzie, Andrew Peacock, Abigail. Complexity and profundity are Out; salt-of-the-earth simplicity is Hot; and the most successful lines in pickup bars begin with "Um."

The brainy are far too reserved, inaccessible and cautious for comfort, let alone lust. We want lovers we can understand, not those whose smug superiority conceals hidden motives, morals and personalities. Any relationship that isn't real is screwed. Give us those who put their arms around us and *mean* it, not some manipulative snob who secretly views life as a urinal and us as the attendants. The symptoms of ignorance — unsophistication, self-doubt and awkwardness — are hugely attractive to those who share them, which is most of us. Persons too dumb to hurt us are the safest kind to have around.

A spoonful of brains, but a barrel of fun: "*A penny for her thoughts would be price-gouging.*"

"*You knew when he was thinking; you could hear the echoes in his head*."

"*You've got the brain of a five-year-old, and the five-year-old doesn't miss it.*" By God, the dumb are *fun.* Show me somebody with a brain like a doorstop, and I'll show you a good time, laughter, the easygoing glee of befuddlement, confusion and mindless enthusiasm.

The ignorant have ever provided us with humor, have made us laugh. Meanwhile, the smart provide us with problems and make us nervous.

The awful truth is that the truth is awful. For example:

The difference between an optimist and a pessimist is that the pessimist is better informed. — Hungarian saying.

Once you have a concept of success . . . you are always concerned about failing. — Professor P. Zimbardo.

We're told to *deal* with stupidity as if it were some cerebral athlete's foot: don't let it go without treatment; see a specialist if necessary; ignore it and it'll just get worse. Bah. Maybe you can transcend your own vestigial wit — but *should* you?

The more you know, the more you realise you don't know, and the less decisive you become. Knowledge is paralysis, when it hamstrings action with alternatives, drawbacks, second thoughts. Ignorance is the freedom of simplicity. Wisdom is just the knowledge of how dumb you really are. It's the ultimate insult of intelligence. Why seek it out?

Remember — the brain is the body's spark plug: vital to one's getting anywhere but useless if burnt out. You've only got one life to live. Don't waste it thinking.

SCENES

HELP FOR MEN

Women's Lib is galloping to the aid of males in distress. For the first time, men may be able to charge other men with rape — or at least with the statutory equivalent under legal changes being campaigned for in the West Australian Parliament.

The campaign has been launched by senior Labor member Bob Hetherington, Deputy Opposition Leader in the Legislative Council and ALP spokesperson on women's interests.

It is based on proposals by the State branch of Australian Women Against Rape, but in the best traditions of sexual equality would protect male victims too. The proposed changes would abolish the word rape from the criminal code — because, Mr Hetherington and his supporters claim, it is too emotive a word and tends to overawe juries.

Instead, the code would embody four graduations of sexual assault, in which "assault" would include fellatio and cunnilingus, oral or anal sex and the insertion of any object into the vagina or anus. Unlike the existing rape law, its replacement would not define the sex of the victim.

Mr Hetherington, father of twin sons and a daughter, believes juries would be less reluctant to convict if rape was called sexual assault — and if it carried a lighter penalty than the present maximum of life imprisonment.

"Rape has such heavy connotations that juries are very hesitant to convict on what is usually the uncorroborated word of the victim." he says. "The victim herself, in the hands of a clever defence lawyer, is often forced more on the defensive than the man against whom the charge is brought. I believe there would be more convictions and fewer unfair ordeals for plaintiffs if the law were changed. True, punishments would be lighter — but the greater likelihood of conviction would be a more effective deterrent to prospective rapists."

Under the proposed legislation, first-degree sexual assault involving grievous bodily harm would carry a maximum penalty of 14 years' imprisonment — the present penalty for attempted rape. For second-degree sexual assault, involving grevious mental harm and threats with a dangerous weapon, the maximum penalty would be 10 years. Third and fourth-degree offences would be classed as simple — as opposed to aggravated — sexual assaults and would carry maximum penalties of five and two years respectively.

The definition of assault would include not only physical force but coercion, blackmail threats of future action and even false pretences.

"We had in mind local cases in which a woman motorist was enticed from her car by a rapist pretending to be a traffic cop, and a migrant housewife was deceived by someone posing as an immigration official." explains Nancy Rehfeldt, State president of Australian Women Against Rape. "Coercion might involve authoritarian figures like stepfathers, schoolteachers, youth leaders or even priests."

LIKE FATHER . . .

The visit to Australia by English actor Robert Morley for his producer son, Wilton, spells the end of an era for this talented family of the stage. For Morley senior, it's likely to be his last Australian tour. For his 28-year-old son, it signals the end of a short career in the local entrepreneurial stakes.

Robert Morley opened in Brisbane on March 7 before taking on Melbourne and Sydney in a spy drama called *The Old Country*. His visit comes after almost five years of requests from Wilton for a stage tour by the "old man". Wilton, who came to Australia after deciding he didn't want to be Robert Morley's son, thinks his casting of Morley senior must be a theatrical first: "After all, how many theatrical producers have asked their dad to take the leading role of their play?" But for Wilton, that's where the fun ends.

After eight years of organising stage shows across Australia, the young Morley believes it's time to opt out: "I'm producing Robert's tour, then Spike Milligan's, but that's it. The insecurity of the entertainment industry is too much for me to handle."

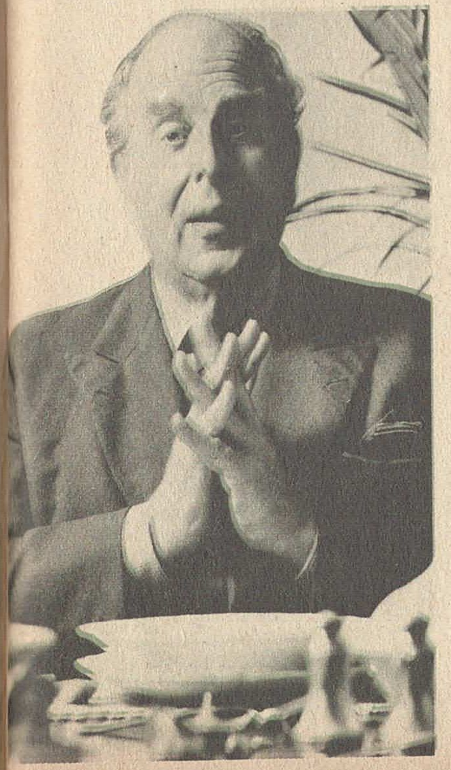
With successes like *The Elocution of Benjamin Franklin* and *Once a Catholic*, where's the insecurity? Says Wilton: "I've had as many failures as winners. If Benjamin Franklin hadn't taken off, you would have been reading about how Robert Morley's son went bankrupt in Australia. It was that close." He plans to quit about July and switch to the more lucrative field of restaurants: "It's still entertainment, and anyway, I like food." So for the Morleys, it's farewell to Australia's entertainment industry.

"As far as I'm concerned Harry M. Miller, Michael Edgley and the others can have all the brass they can make," Wilton says.

"With all the risks, they deserve it."

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

One of Queensland's burgeoning band of nouveau millionaires has announced a project to gobble up a little surplus lolly.



Robert Morley: two generations.

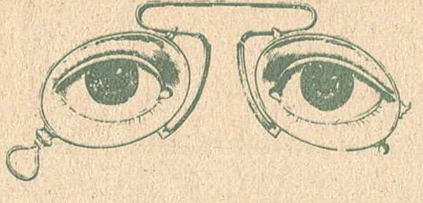
Keith Lloyd and his pleasure palace.

Keith Lloyd's latest obsession is a five-level pleasure palace in the heart of Brisbane — a place where Margaret Trudeau and Bianca Jagger will soon pick up a little pocket money on opening night. It's called the New York Hotel, a $4 million revamped version of the old York Hotel in Queen Street and a place where Lloyd has indulged to the hilt his passion for luxury.

Nothing has been left out. You step into a foyer paved with Portuguese marble, furnished in soft apricot Italian chairs and sofas, all watched over by the busts of American presidents. An elegant passageway called Madison Avenue leads to Madison Square Gardens, a huge bar constantly screening old fight films.

A glass lift called American Express (and paid for by the same company, no flies on this lad) whisks revellers to the New York disco (room for a thousand) and up again to the Lloyds of New York cabaret. This is to be the end of the journey for all those live entertainment seekers who only a few years ago wandered the deserted streets of Brisbane at 10pm looking for the pie cart.

Leslie Uggams and The Fifth Dimension have been booked for floorshows, and Lloyd's agents are out there now combing the world for the right acts.



A good example of Lloyd's attention to detail in creating his dream hotel of the Golden Twenties are the heavy plaster ceilings.

"We had to get old plasterers out of retirement to do the intricate work," says owner Lloyd, slouched stylishly across the apricot splendor of the Hall of Presidents. "We want an environment that is considerably better than most people's homes. And you can't achieve this unless you spend big money.

Since he gave up selling insurance 10 years ago and went into the restaurant business Lloyd, 40, has been spending big money with gay abandon. Until recently he owned the Top of the State nightclub and the Melita, a $2 million Mediterranean-style superyacht with gold taps, wine cellar and a $1000-a-day price tag for charters to the likes of Lee Marvin, Jack Nicklaus and Dr Garth Pharoan, reputedly the world's richest human being. The Melita and Top of the State were bought by Lloyd's mate and fellow moneybags, Brian Maher, for an undisclosed sum last year.

Maher made his working capital from used cars, spread it around on New Zealand horseflesh and property development and now lives in an opulent but oddly stark mansion on the Gold Coast.

Does Lloyd miss his fabulous ship? Not at all — because he is already in the process of having an even bigger version of the yacht built at his own Brisbane slipway.

He will call it La Belle Ami and it will be 29m (2m longer than Melita) of the last word in luxury afloat from the drawing board of Italian designers and boatbuilders Fratelli Genetti. It will take two years to build and right after that Lloyd, married with four kids, will hop into his next scheme: a 300-room hotel in the centre of Brisbane.

SHOE POUCH

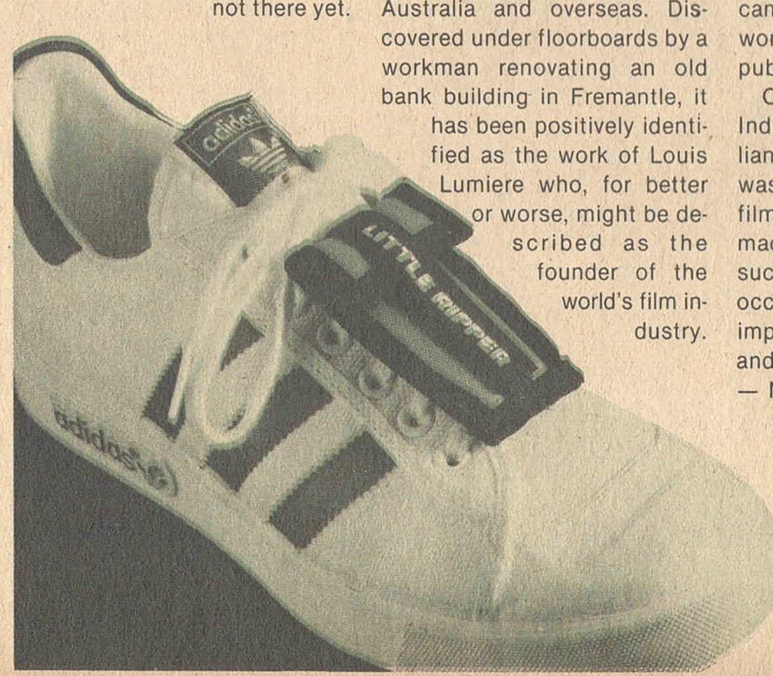
Joggers have several problems — savage dogs, pain — but possibly the most constantly irritating is the lack of places to carry keys, identification and enough money for the taxi ride home when exhaustion overcomes the death wish that keeps a jogger jogging.

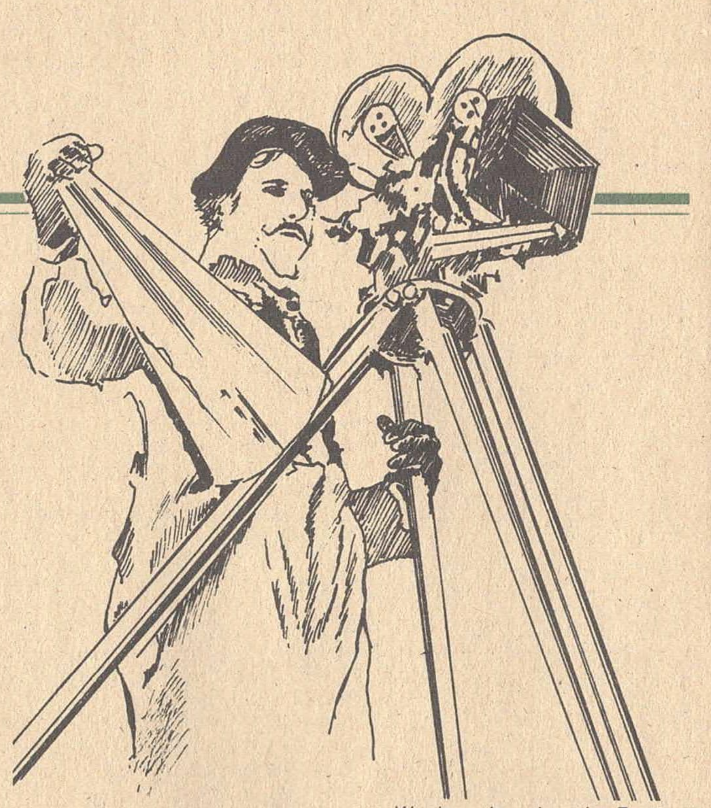
Fixing keys and things to neck chains which slowly lacerate the chest as you run is not the answer.

Given the shortage of carrying points available on the standard jogger's uniform, it was inevitable that someone would develop an item to fit on the running shoe. It's a pouch called the Little Ripper, made strangely enough by a Sydney company called Little Ripper Pty Ltd.

The light-weight pouch wraps around the laces of the shoe.

The pouch, which can also be attached to a belt, has enough room for a key or two, some money and an ID card with space for your doctor's name. It also acts as a final gauge of your fitness after a hard jog — if you have to sit down to reach it, you are not there yet.





FILM TREASURES

Neither the film nor its title would be likely to rate an Oscar. It is called, with conspicuous lack of imagination, *Workers Leaving the Factory,* and that is exactly what it shows — flickering figures in funny hats and stovepipe trousers streaming out of a dark, satanic mill belonging to the man who made the film.

And yet this short (60-second) and rather incestuous piece has been hailed rapturously by film buffs and historians throughout Australia and overseas. Discovered under floorboards by a workman renovating an old bank building in Fremantle, it has been positively identified as the work of Louis Lumiere who, for better or worse, might be described as the founder of the world's film industry.

Workers Leaving the Factory was shot in the early 1890s by Louis at his plant in Lyons, France, to test the film projector he had just invented — a machine way ahead of Edison's Kinetoscope, which was virtually a coin-in-the slot job with a peephole.

Lumiere's rival Cinematascope worked so well that in 1895 he staged the first "exhibition of living photographs" in Paris, followed soon after by screenings in London and New York.

They were a sensation, and Louis reacted by sending cameramen to many parts of the world to satisfy the immediate public thirst for movies.

One of Lumiere's men went to India, where he met an Australian who persuaded him that Oz was the perfect place to make films — a claim that has been made with varying degrees of success ever since. But on this occasion, the cameraman was impressed. He visited Australia and shot the first Australian film — Newhaven winning the 1896 Melbourne Cup. Louis Lumiere and his brother, Auguste, went on to more advanced techniques, including a color film of exceptional quality. Nevertheless, American hustle and mass production techniques transplanted the focal point of the world film industry to Hollywood, and for many years their contributions were largely forgotten.

How *Workers Leaving the Factory,* with 11 more films including eight other Lumieres, came to be under Fremantle floorboards is still a mystery.

SNAP SERVICE

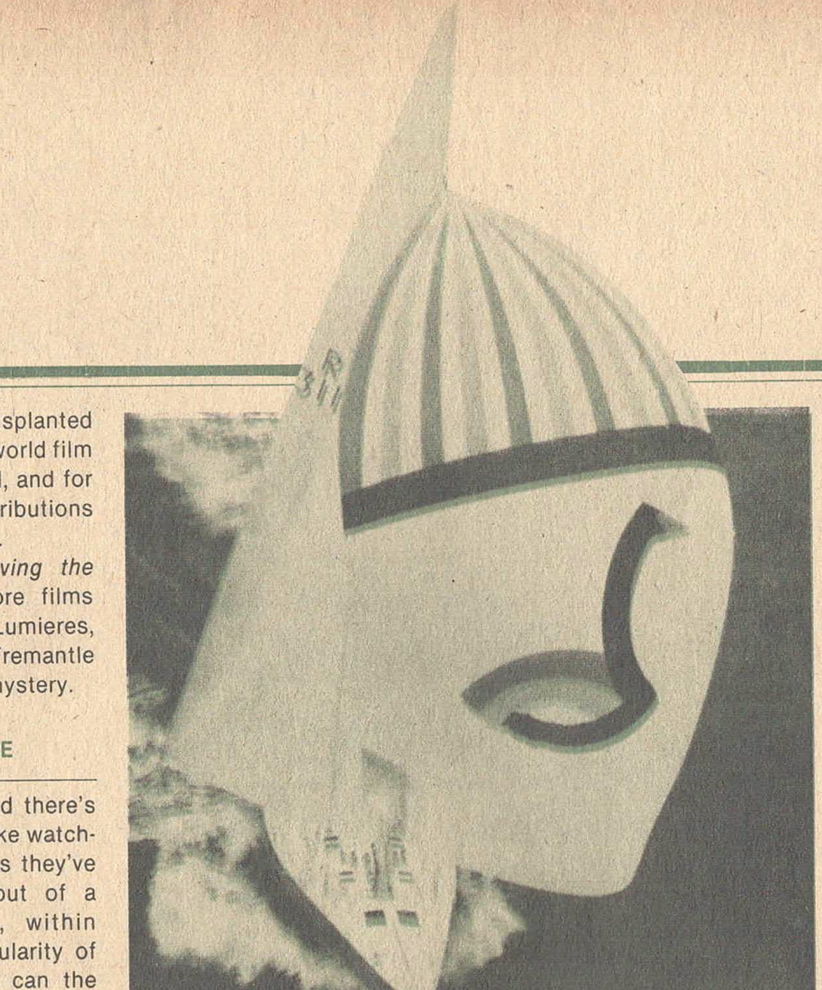
Some people find there's no thrill quite like watching photographs they've just snapped pop out of a camera, developed, within seconds, as the popularity of Polaroid proves. But can the quality be compared with the traditional form of processing? And what about the negatives? With Polaroid, of course, what you see is all you get.

A new form of color processing offers a compromise. The breakthrough comes in the form of photographic mini-labs, already a feature of America's film processing market. Some have been introduced in Victoria on a limited basis. Now a Sydney man, Peter Michaels, plans to spread mini-labs to shopping centres around the country. Michaels, 42, a former Kodak technician and laboratory manager, has set up a demonstration retail store in Sydney's busy Northpoint shopping centre with all the equipment on display, offering a five-hour developing service. Planned is a network of leased mini-labs across the land, each worth $60,000.

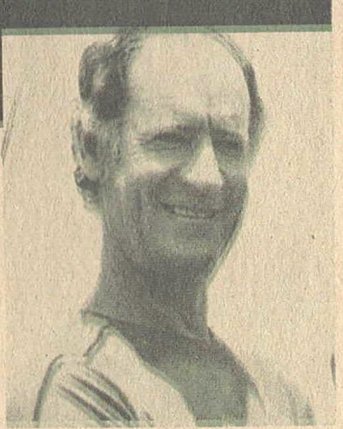
"It has to be a winner," the confident Michaels says. Since he makes the machine as well, no doubt he hopes his prophecy develops as quickly as his patrons' films.

SEA MARATHON

The Sydney-Hobart race will be small beer compared with a marathon through some of the world's worst weather being planned by West Australian yachties and their counterparts in Cape Town. It will involve a three-sided course with its baseline between Fremantle and Cape Town and its northern apex in Mauritius, the Cocos Islands or Madagascar.



Siska (above): in the Triangle race.



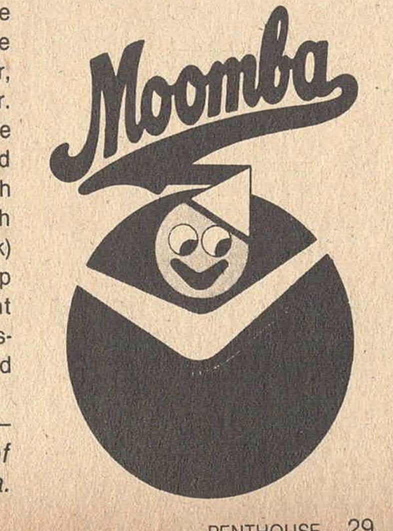
Rolly Tasker

The route would include not only the Roaring Forties, notorious among sailors for more than 200 years, but the storm-prone area near Madagascar where big sailing craft have been pitched literally keel-over-masthead by the violence of wind and waves.

It would cover about 17,500km (more than 15 times the distance of Sydney-Hobart race) and would take about 50 days. The marathon, to be held late in 1980, follows the success of the 1979 Parmelia Race from England to Fremantle to mark Western Australia's 150th anniversary.

To be known by the slightly sinister name of the Indian Ocean Triangle, it is intended to attract the world's top ocean-racers, heading for Australia to take part in the Southern Cross series and the Sydney-Hobart classic.

One certain entry will be the West Australian yacht Siska, pipped at the post in the Parmelia Race to the intense chagrin of her owner-skipper, Perth sailmaker Rolly Tasker. Although she completed the 21,000km course in a record time of 57 days (compared with an average of 75 days for 19th century clippers like Cutty Sark) Siska was beaten on handicap by her arch-rival Independent Endeavour, crewed by professionals under the 27-year-old American Skip Novak.



Symbol of Melbourne's Moomba.

WHAT'S ON

FESTIVAL SEASON

Several years ago at the Adelaide Arts Festival people danced the night away on the festival plaza while cranes on a nearby construction site loomed overhead. Suddenly a spotlight picked up one of the cranes, and there, suspended a hundred metres in the air, was a platform complete with grand piano, candelabra and bewigged Beethoven, playing for all he was worth.

As the crane swung in large circles, the platform swayed in hair-raising arcs to the rousing music. It was one of those great festival moments, literally, a cultural send-up.

These things can happen at festivals and there are plenty around at this time of year — in Perth, Melbourne and Adelaide.

The Festival of Perth from February 22 to March 15 offers masses of entertainment — from the Warsaw Philharmonic to Spike Milligan. You'll hear jazz greats Stan Getz and Charlie Byrd, actress Gisela May singing Brecht and Weill, and the UK "fusion" group, Sky.

The Western Australian Theatre Company will stage *Cop Out!*, the first theatre piece by Australian writer Cliff Green, who wrote screen plays for *Picnic At Hanging Rock* and *Break* *of Day*. It's a black comedy about the television industry.

We suggest you join the Festival Club on the Terrace Level Foyer of the Perth Concert Hall. It opens six nights a week during the festival at 10.30pm with jazz, folk and cabaret music, plus plenty of grog and food. Membership is $10, which entitles you and a guest to free admission during the Festival except for Friday and Saturday nights when there is a dollar surcharge. Without membership it will cost you $5 a head to get in each night.

A Renaissance Banquet will be held in the courtyard of the Fremantle Arts Centre on March 7 at 9pm. Jugglers, acrobats, jesters, singers and dancers will entertain you while you dine on a Renaissance feast and throw bones.

On March 10, 11 and 12, twelve leading restaurants will hold a Restaurant Fair under the stars on the forecourt of the Concert Hall. A coupon book costs $8.75, which allows you a four-course meal, each course from a different restaurant.

For festival bookings and information drop in at the Concert Hall or phone Perth 325-3399 from 10am to 5pm Monday through Saturday.

Melbourne's Moomba, from February 29 to March 10, kicks off with a free champagne barbecue breakfast at Princess Gate Plaza in the city. At lunchtime, Bourke Street will be closed to traffic for the running of the Moomba Mile.

On March 1 the Birdman Trials get underway. You'll see various crazies trying to propel themselves 50 metres across the river in whatever they think will fly. The winner gets $10,000.

The Moomba procession takes place on March 10, led by the King of Moomba. Kings in the past have included Graham Kennedy, Bert Newton and Mickey Mouse.

For rock fans, Fleetwood Mac will play at the Festival Hall March 1 and 2, and ace jazzman Stan Getz will perform at Dallas Brookes Hall on March 1. Call 637-111 for Moomba details.

1980
FESTIVAL
OF PERTH
22 FEBRUARY - 15 MARCH
WESTERN AUSTRALIA

Drysdale's cover for Perth Festival program.

February 29 is Leap Year Day in the Treasury Gardens in Melbourne. A special prize will be awarded for the best female proposal to a male on stage. An all-girl jazz band will play and a new dance called "The Bottom Pinchers Jump" will be introduced. Do not miss the Great Ballet Leap over 40 cars. It all begins at noon and it's free. Meanwhile, in the Exhibition Buildings, 53 sports, ranging from archery to weight-lifting, will be on display at the World Sports Expo from February 16 to 24. Flashy chassis will be on show at the International Motor Show in the Exhibition Buildings from March 6 to 16. You'll see the latest cars, cars of the future plus models from the 1950s.

The Adelaide Festival from March 7 to 29 includes Peter Brook, the world famous theatre director; La Claca Theatre Company of Spain, with costumes designed by the artist Miro; and the Warsaw Philharmonic.

Alex Buzo's latest play, *Big River* will premiere. It's set in 1900 and shows the clash of conservative and liberal values.

Robyn Archer and Robin Nevin star in *Songs From Sideshow Alley*, about two women who have worked opposite each other for 40 years in a sleazy sideshow alley. Songs and wit from two of the theatre's best entertainers.

Chinese New Year in Dixon Street.

British comedian Richard Stilgoe in *Take Me To Your Lieder* sends up everything in song, including the Red Army Choir. Richard's past efforts have included interviewing dolphins and living in a Rolls-Royce hearse.

For a late-night buzz there's jazz every night at the Festival Jazz Club from March 8 to 15 beginning at 11pm. Cost is $5.

Holograms (three dimensional objects made out of laser beams — remember the chess game in *Star Wars*?) will be on display at Brookman Hall at the South Australian Institute of Technology from March 2. Admission is $2.

One of the unique events of this festival is Writers' Week from March 8 to 15, where poets, writers and playwrights gather beneath the circus tent opposite the Festival Hall. Lots of arguing, laughing and drinking in the name of art. For festival information call 510-121.

In Sydney, Peter Allen is Up In One at Her Majesty's Theatre from February 13 to March 1. You can see the show for $11.90, Mondays through Saturdays, at 8.30pm.

The World Boomerang Championships will be held at Sydney's Birchgrove Oval in Balmain on March 8 and 9 from 10am to 4pm each day. A US team will challenge the Australians. More evidence of cultural imperialism?

Chinese New Year begins February 16. Dixon Street, Sydney, will be alive with lion dances, stalls and a choice of Chinese delicacies.

It's the Year Of The Monkey, if that makes you feel any better. Telephone 211-1681 for more information.

The Punch Park People are having an Energy Fair in Punch Park, Balmain, on March 8 and 9. You'll see displays on energy production, conservation and the latest in beating the oil crisis.

At Brisbane City Hall from February 21 to 23, the latest in hi fi equipment will be on show. It's free to have a look and the exhibition is open from 11.30am to 10pm each day. Dealers will show you the latest from Yamaha, Pioneer, Hitachi, Akai and others.

For more information about the show ring 229-6105.

Tasmania's first Food and Wine Frolic will be held in Launceston's City Park on March 9.

Cliff Green: black comedy.

Stevie Nicks: here for Fleetwood Mac concert.

Leading restaurants will serve entree-size meals, showing off their specialities. A wine information bureau will fill you in on the latest bottlings. There will be plenty of music, too.

In sports, the Victorian championships in Grass Ski-ing will be held at Dunalton Park, Morwell, 160 kilometres south-east of Melbourne on February 23 and 24. The championships will feature slalom racing, downhill racing and aerial and ballet competitions. Grass skiers from Canada, New Zealand and the US will take part as well as some of Australia's top snow skiers.

Call Sydney 922-2903 for more information.

The National Clay Target Championships will be held in Perth at the Clay Target Grounds east of Perth Airport on Koojan Street, Guildford. It's on from March 3 to 9 from 8am to 5pm daily, and you can watch for free. Call Noel on 637-596 in Perth for more information.

The National Archery Championships will be held in Devonport, Tasmania, from March 3 to 7. It's free to watch and pretty exciting stuff for those who are Robin Hood fans. Shooting will take place in various parks around the city. For details call Alan Lazarus in Burnie on (004) 303-204.

All events are subject to change, so please check by phone for any last-minute hitches.

It you have information about what's on in your city, send details to Horan, Wall and Walker, PO Box 8, Surry Hills, 2010, or phone 313-277 or 336-693 in Sydney. Deadline for information is eight weeks in advance.

WINE

THE GERMAN PUSH

The most notable factor in a substantial increase of wine imports has been the quantity from Germany, generated almost entirely by the efforts of an expanding group of German wine-marketing organisations spearheaded by the giant Pieroth.

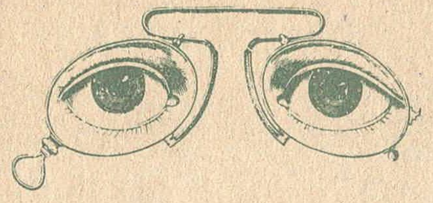
Pieroth is, in fact, the parent of several of its apparent competitors and has recently moved into marketing French wines through a subsidiary called St Ferdinand Vins Francaise. Pieroth can produce some very fine wines from its own estates in Germany and Austria, but the volume of wines needed to supply the massive market it has built up makes it necessary to buy in wines from other sources.

The surge of imports has coincided with a period of excess wine production in Australia and has lead to calls for restrictions. Those making this all predictably ignore the fact that the vast bulk of imports are white wines and that our industry has had trouble meeting the burgeoning demand for whites, to the extent that large quantities of surplus red skin grapes are now crushed to make cheaper and fairly undistinguished cask and flagon whites.

It is as well to remember, too, that the qualities which make many imports attractive are often lacking in our wines. Perhaps an effort to satisfy this market demand could be rewarding for local producers. A well-conceived local wine like Lindeman's Ben Ean Moselle is a remarkably good example of this effort. It has a very modest price and a moderate sweetness of about the same order as many of the cheaper German wines. It is curious, therefore, that large quantities of rather indifferent German wine in glamorous packages are sold at upwards of twice the price of Ben Ean, bearing out the theory that imported is perceived as better.

This is certainly not always the case. The substantial market niche of wines like Blue Nun Liebfraumilch and Portugal's Mateus Rose have more to do with astute marketing and a measure of sweetness rather than any very serious claims to quality. Yet they are not expensive and are an acceptable way or drinking imported wines without having to consult your bank manager.

The German direct-selling organisations aim at a wide market with wines that lay claim to higher pedigree. Their sales



effort is almost totally direct marketing to people in homes and offices. Sales reps look for someone willing to host a small group, as this exploits the common human weakness of feeling obliged to buy when someone else in the group has already done so. Certainly the concept of giving people a taste and persuading them of a wine's quality is an excellent way to achieve results. Thousands of Australians are being handled in this way and are parting with sums they would not normally consider spending on wine.

The Germans and their "French" offshoots have become the most insidious force in the Australian wine market. The technique involves a cleverly-conceived and directed sales pitch delivered through a large force of mostly young men and women who are trained to present a well-rehearsed patter. Salesmen rarely have depth of knowledge and they cannot handle a serious challenge from a client who knows about German wines, wine labels and laws. Fortunately for these organisations, Australians with any knowledge of the subject are fairly rare. The end result is that very large quantities of wine with German labels is being sold to people blissfully unaware that a lot of it comes from Hungary, Austria, Romania, Italy, Yugoslavia and France. The labels are honest, in a way, since they do indicate in fine print where the wine comes from, written in German.

You are likely to find few of Pieroth's own excellent wines in a salesman's Polar Pak. Rather, the wines bear the names of little-known areas and are often curious blends of lesser-known grape varieties: rarely do they contain classic Riesling.

While most imported wines retail for about twice their landed cost after adding importers' margins, sales tax, licence fee and retailers' margins, the wines of Pieroth and similar operators are sold for three to four times their landed cost. A significant part of this goes in the payment of generous commissions to salesmen and sales managers. By holding imported wines in bond, it is possible to pay sales tax on FOB costs from Europe, keeping sales tax lower than normal. It appears that State Treasuries are missing out on licence fees on all these sales because of loopholes in legislation that did not envisage these marketing techniques.

My fundamental objection is that Australian consumers are being conned into buying wine of doubtful quality at excessive prices. Many people seem happy with what they have bought, believing they have something special. They remain unaware that, for the same money, much better imported wine is available. Another curious technique is the introduction of 18 and 30-bottle cartons. Traditionally, a case of wine has meant a dozen bottles, or about nine litres. For these people it means at least 18 bottles, which is good for sales when you insist that orders must be for no less than a case. Recently a friend was confronted with a 36-bottle carton.

In fairness, I must say that some companies are offering good wines — not at low prices, but wines of very good quality. Two such companies are Carl Sittman and Moselle Rhein Cellars. Their sales techniques are also less heavy-handed than those of Pieroth.

The companies now bent on selling "French" wines use basically the same techniques, with sales staff equally given to making misleading or ambiguous claims about the wines and equally lacking in knowledge when faced with a client who does know something. For example, a youthful fellow from St Ferdinand presented me with a bottle of red he described as "fourth growth Bordeaux from a good year and an excellent example of Bordeaux at a reasonable price". The bottle was in fact from a minor commune of St Emilion, a fourth growth nothing from 1977 — a poor year when chaptalisation was the order of the day.

Chaptalisation is the addition of sugar before fermentation to make up for lack of natural sugar in the grapes, without which the resultant wine would lack alcohol. the effect is generally unsatisfactory. This wine was an example of the heavy bottom end of the vinous iceberg, which could be retailed here for less than half the quoted price of $9.65. Even at a third the price, it is certainly not worth the money.

When challenged, the young man leapt behind the defence that he didn't know and was only saying what he had been told.

Labelling is often curious — some wines presented as French are made in Hungary and bottled in Germany. One intrepid sales lady insisted that this was all right, because it was made from French vines which grow better in Hungary. In fact, the whole question of origin and the claims to appellation on many wines sold by these organisations is suspect. Wines tasted have often been substantially out of character. A 1976 Fleurie with the prestigious Tastevinage label, conferred on wines by the judges of the Chevalier de Tastevin in Burgundy, should by rights have been very fine indeed. In fact it was light, thin, lacking fruit and excessively acidic. It was also 50 percent more expensive than wines of the same name available from other retailers.

It is important to realise that labels on imported wines require careful reading, even by those familiar with them, to work out the nature of the contents. This is particularly tough with complex German labels. So, beware the wine salesman carrying a Polar Pak.

You have every right not to be interested and not to buy. — *Paul Day.*

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The Victorian Painters and
Dockers is Australia's most violent union.
Their motto is:
We catch and kill our own.

DOCKYARD VIGILANTES

BY DAVID RICHARDS

If they weren't so lethal, the antics of Painters and Dockers Union members might read like the script of a B-grade Hollywood gangster farce of the 1930s — intimidation, beatings, "scrutineers" cradling guns as they stand by union ballot boxes, spectacular public murders.

In the union political sense, machinations mean machineguns to this bunch of broken-nosed waterfront thugs who terrorise the Melbourne docks: their union is ideologically closer to the Unione Siciliano (Mafia) than the ACTU.

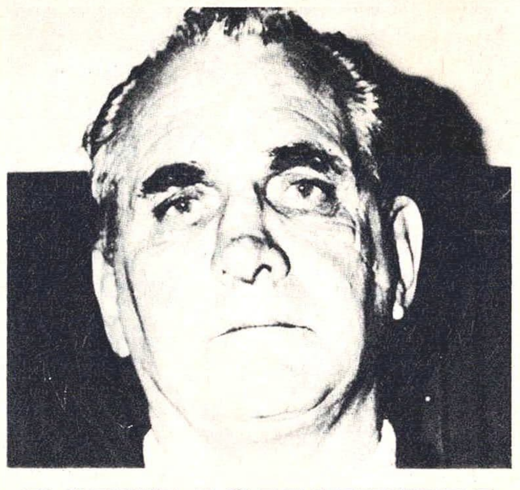
Like the Mafia, they enforce a strict code of silence. Feared and hated as they might be by other waterfront unionists, no one sees anything, no one says anything: the consequences of any other attitude are swift and dire. As the Federal secretary of the union, Terry Gordon, told a royal commission in 1975: "We catch and kill our own."

Thus, it came as no surprise on November 12 last year when news reached Melbourne's waterfront that Raymond "Chuck" Bennett had been gunned down inside the City Magistrates Court building.

Bennett was a criminal feared by other criminals and police alike. That morning he had been taken to court to face charges of armed robbery, but he knew he had already been found guilty under a more terrible code of justice than that applied by the State of Victoria.

Eight weeks earlier, a death sentence had been whispered in his ear: "If the jury don't get you, we will." It came from two members of the Painters and Dockers Union. The words were probably still in his mind as three bullets from a snub-nosed .38 calibre pistol entered his body, making a neat pattern in and around his heart. It was clearly the work of a professional executioner. From 25 metres the killer had calmly placed one bullet into the heart, one centimetres away and another through Bennett's clutching hand also into the heart.

Five minutes after the shooting I walked into the offices of Phil Bennett, head of the Victorian CIB. Scattered across his desk were the intelligence file, pictures and record sheet of Linus Patrick Driscoll, known as "Jimmy the Pom", a violent criminal who was once described as



DOUGLAS MAXWELL SPROULE

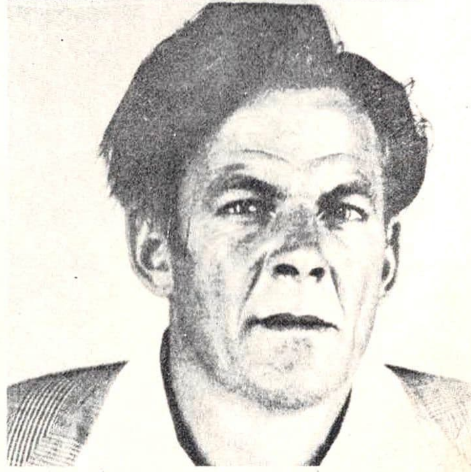
Vigilance Officer

Assaulting police, common assault, unlawful assault, wounding with intent to murder policeman — fined $200 and put on a good behavior bond (shot man with .22). He also has other convictions (minor).

FRANCIS MILNE

Vice-President

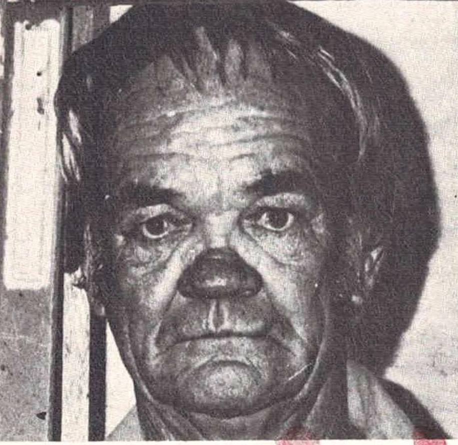
Unlawful possession, four counts of shop-breaking and stealing — two years, shop breaking — 18 months, offensive behavior, illegal use of motor car. He has other convictions (minor).



THOMAS JOSEPH FLAHERTY

Management Committee

Receiving stolen property, theft of motor cars, larceny from a motor car, larceny from a shop. Has other convictions.

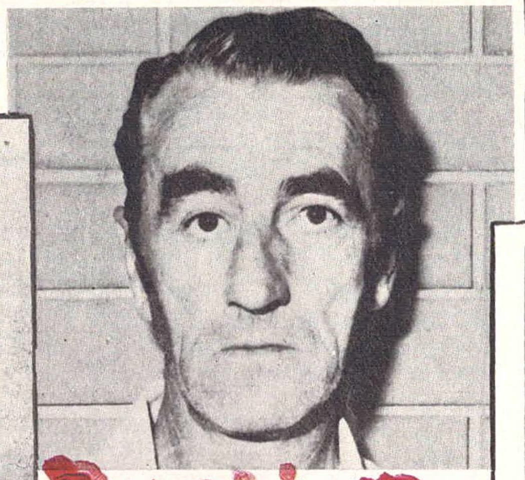


JOHN NICHOLLS

(Nicknamed Putty Nose Nicholls)

Secretary

Common assault, assaulting police officer, shop breaking, robbery, robbing with violence, stealing, riotous behavior. He was also charged with murder but the Crown decided not to proceed due to lack of evidence. Possession of firearms. Convicted of all charges. Has other convictions.

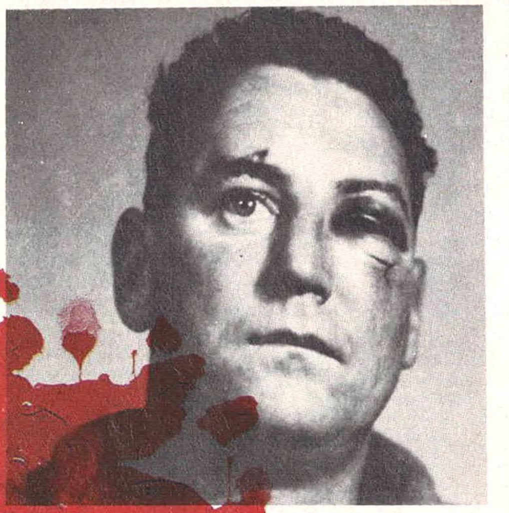


ROBERT JOHN DIX

(Nicknamed Machine Gun Dixie)

Victorian Executive and Management Committee

Possession of pistol, did carry loaded fire arm, armed with felonious weapon, possession of house-breaking tools, attempted shop breaking, larceny for motor vehicle. He has several other offences.



LES GILLIS

Executive

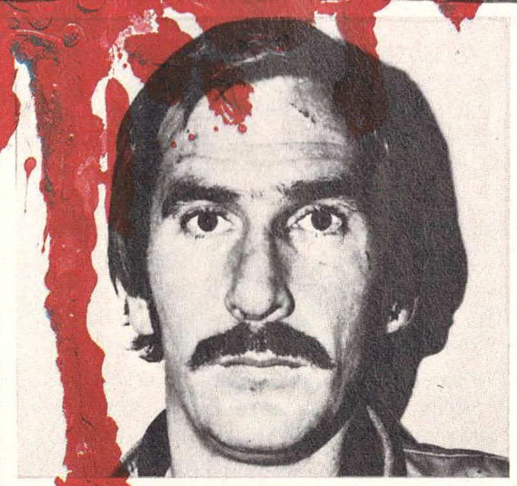
Has driving offences, larceny, several convictions of office break-in and stealing, breaking and entering, loitering with intent (found in factory at night time), stealing motor cars.

ALLAN RAYMON RICHARDSON

(alias Williams)

Management Committee

Has convictions for stealing, theft, larcen unlawful possession, receiving stolen good Assault with weapon (gun). Several previo convictions. Has spent several years in jail.



PHILIP JOHN SCOTTS

Management Committee

Possession of pistol with no permit. Three counts of unlawful assault on three separate occasions, assault by kicking, assaulting a police officer, refusing breathalyser test, driving with no licence, giving police false name and address, various offensive behavior convictions. File is marked "Very Dangerous".

JOSEPH STONE

Management Committee

convictions for assault, false pretences, sing of valueless cheques and stealing. shot in 1979.

having "ice in his veins". He was the main suspect.

Police had put out a world-wide alert for Driscoll. Interpol was informed after an underworld source told police Chuck Bennett was to be assassinated. The man nominated as having picked up the contract was Driscoll.

Deported from Australia in March of 1979, Driscoll had served six months of a two-year sentence for possessing a machinegun. A member of the notorious Toecutter gang, he had been extradited to NSW to stand trial for the murder of Toecutter victim John Patrick "Jake" Maloney. He was acquitted and returned to Victoria to face a jail sentence.

He came to Australia in 1967 despite the fact that immigration authorities knew he had been a member of the deadly Kray twins gang which terrorised Britain in the '50s and '60s.

On the waterfront, it had been known for weeks that Chuck Bennett was to be "wasted". The code which provides protection for active criminals and frustrates police investigations, even of crimes far from the waterfront, also provides for violent summary justice to those who break the rules. Bennett was one of those.

He and others, including Vincent Francis William "Knuckles" Mikkelsen, had been involved in a vicious brawl in a Richmond pub. Their adversaries were Ray, Brian and Les Kane, painters and dockers, each with a record of violent crimes.

During the fracas Brian Kane had part of his ear bitten off, but the Kanes still apparently finished on top. The matter was never reported to police.

It was later alleged in court that Bennett, Mikkelsen and Lawrence Prendergast, another painter and docker, sought revenge and went to Les Kane's home unit in the peaceful suburb of Wantirna on October 19, 1978, taking with them machineguns fitted with silencers.

Kane's wife Judith said she was putting their three children to bed while her husband was brushing his teeth. She stepped into the bedroom, turned on the light and found herself facing two men carrying machineguns. She identified the men as Bennett and Mikkelsen. She had been pushed into another bedroom, heard gunshots, and had seen her husband apparently dead before the men had left, taking the body with them in Kane's car.

The killings of Bennett and Kane illustrate the violence which lurks just below the surface in Melbourne's dockland society. The audacious murder of Kane showed a disregard for the code, especially since the Kane brothers are still a dominant force on the Melbourne waterfront. When a court failed to convict Bennett, it was inevitable that the justice of dockland would be invoked.

Police believe $50,000 was outlayed by two painters and dockers to have Bennett, Mikkelsen and Prendergast, who had all been cleared of Kane's murder, executed.

On December 11 last year the spreading ripples of violence reached John Mervyn Kingdom, 27, said to be a friend of the Kanes.

He walked into St Vincent's Hospital in Melbourne with three bullets in his stomach and groin reportedly after being kidnapped and shot, at least partly in retribution for the Bennett shooting.

But he told police he had been walking down a street in North Fitzroy, had not seen or heard anything, had "just felt a pain".

Early ballistics reports suggest he could not have been shot at a range greater than 12 metres.

One puzzling aspect of the violence is that it is so much more prevalent in Melbourne than anywhere else. Police in other States say that while painters and dockers in other parts of Australia can be a violent lot, they don't have the penchant for public killings that keep their Melbourne mates in the public eye.

> Pickings are easy on the waterfront, from extortion, pilfering and gaining payments under false pretences.

The Melbourne branch of the Painters and Dockers is controlled by hardened criminals. Some members of the executive have faced charges of murder, robbery and assault, and police estimate that out of a membership of 360, possibly 200 are known active criminals.

Statistically their numbers include an unusually high proportion of people who have been charged with serious violence, up to and including murder, who have been acquitted or have had charges against them dropped through lack of evidence.

The reason for the power preponderance of criminals is relatively easy to define.

Pickings are easy on the waterfront, from extortion, pilfering and gaining payments under false pretences. One of the most profitable lurks has been the operation of "ghost" workers.

Billy "Texan" Longley, a former branch executive, spoke about the situation as it existed some years ago, and there's no reason to suppose the situation had changed: "We had enough muscle on the waterfront to name our price. I could walk up to a company official or a ship's captain and tell them I had 10 men or more working on a ship, when in fact I only had five. My word was law when I went to collect the wages of 10 men. It's still happening today — it's accepted practice.

"For years faceless men ran the waterfront. The 'slings' from ships and the private sector companies would differ from time to time and from ship to ship, but there have always been mobs running the docks. The union executive has been taking money for years from ghosting, there is never enough honest work to go around. The loot is split up among union executives and the faceless men who run clubs and private companies."

I interviewed Longley in the maximum security section of Pentridge Jail where, with a life sentence to keep him away from the waterfront for a long time, he is more loquacious than in the past. He was sentenced in 1975 for the murder of the Victorian branch secretary of the Painters and Dockers Union, Pat Shannon — one of a chain of power struggle murders within the union which have shown no signs of ending.

At his trial police described him as "an evil genius", "a mastermind", "a Godfather figure" and the most dangerous man in Australia.

Murders within the union seem accepted as a legitimate means of accession to power — although there is always the risk of a revenge killing — but "fingering" another painter and docker to police is something else and can be regarded as tantamount to suicide.

One of Longley's accomplices in the murder of Shannon died this way. Gary Leslie Harding, 23, was murdered in his Pentridge cell and it is generally agreed that this was punishment for "fingering" his partners in crime, rather than a revenge killing.

On the night of October 17, 1973, Shannon was in the O'Connell Centenary Hotel South Melbourne. He took a telephone call and drove, with fellow painter and docker John Patrick Loughnam, to the nearby Druids Hotel arriving there at 6.30 pm.

He was drinking at a table with Loughnam and two other people 10 minutes before closing time when a gunman entered the hotel by a back door and shot him through the heart with a sawn-off .22 rifle fitted with a silencer.

The gunman was painter and docker member Kevin James Taylor, a young criminal associate of Longley. Standing next to Taylor was Harding. He had entered the Druids moments earlier and cased the place to make sure Shannon was there.

A few hours before Longley, Harding and Taylor had finalised the plan to kill Shannon, who Longley believed had stolen the most powerful position in the union from him in a rigged ballot the previous year.

Harding confessed and identified the others when he was arrested by police a week later.

Twelve months later he paid the price for his three-page confession. The warder who found Harding stabbed to death said: "I had never seen stark terror on a man's face until that night. I will never forget his look until the day I die. He had simply been hacked to death."

Taylor stood trial for the murder of Harding, but was acquitted. As with other Painters and Dockers Union murders outside jail, no one saw anything.

Painters and dockers are employed by ship repair companies. They carry out general maintenance work, for example cleaning out holds in preparation for carrying clean cargo such as grain. It is hard work, often dirty and unpleasant.

To quote the Royal Commission into alleged payments to maritime unions, published by the Federal Government in April 76: "Cleaning is the major factor in the work of painters and dockers, but other work is in such things as the securing of and unsecuring of cargo and stripping of gear for repairs to be carried out in various ship repair land shops."

The union enforced impossible demands. The Royal Commission, found that foreign shipowners paid out more than $72,000 for work that was never done, or was never intended to be done. The demands were made at ports right across Australia. The union used standover tactics and muscle.

Mr Justice Sweeney ordered that the money be recovered. The commission found that demands were made, with the threat of bans on ships, to boost union funds and secure a greater share of work for members.

But Mr Justice Sweeney said: "The payments were grossly improper. The purpose of securing a share of the booty for certain union members, and the purpose of boosting union funds, were motives for the campaigns as strong as any desire to secure work."

In the course of the commission a list of names was portrayed as the payment list for these dubious funds. All were allegedly painters and dockers. It was subsequently conceded that they were false names, used according to Terry Gordon to avoid taxation. Mr Justice Sweeney said he found it impossible to regard Victorian branch members of the union as genuinely following the maritime industry.

Longley's confession that "ghost" workers existed in his years on the docks, and his assertion that they still exist today, is in stark contrast to statements by the present secretary, Jack "Putty Nose" Nicholls. Nicholls denies that ghosts are used today, and has said he doubts that they ever were.

Several companies have unusually close links with the union. Pressure has been put on the Department of Defence to give contracts to companies which have painters and dockers with long criminal records as directors.

On November 20, 1976 a meeting took place in the office of Lloyd Honeycombe, then the naval architect in charge of the Williamstown Naval Dockyard in Victoria. With Honeycombe were the secretary of the union, Jack Nicholls, and a company director, Alfred William John Johanson, a former painter and docker. Nicholls was unhappy that a company known as Bestobell Industries had the contract for lagging pipes on Navy ships. He pointed out that Bestobell was not employing painters and dockers to do the work, which he claimed was their right.

Nicholls told Honeycombe that Johanson's company, Macbell Minerals Pty Ltd, was prepared to do the work and employ painters and dockers. Another director of Macbell Minerals is Guiseppe Giannarelli, a funeral director.

Giannarelli's undertaking business conducts a lot of painter and docker funerals.

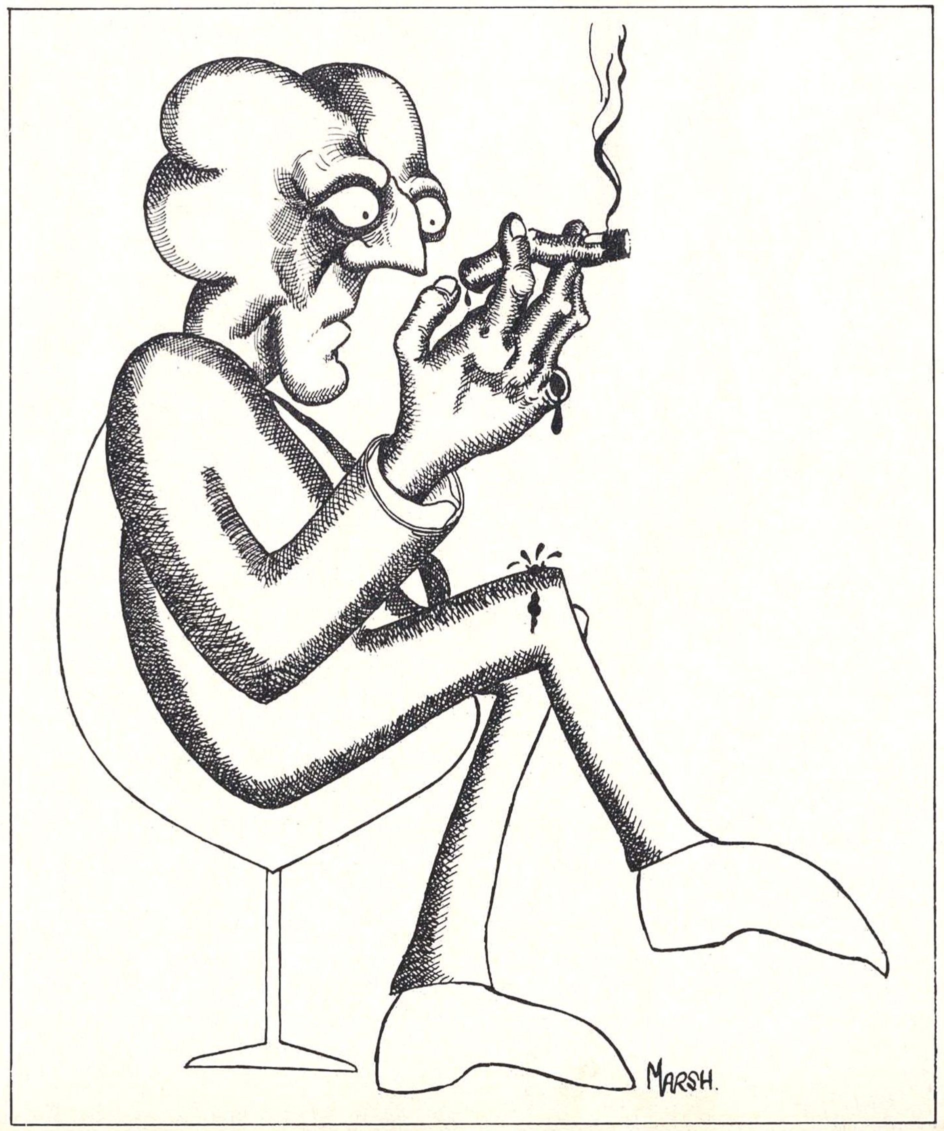
Johanson and Giannarelli have criminal records. Only weeks before the meeting with Honeycombe, Giannarelli was found guilty of the unlawful possession of a gun; before that he had been convicted of assault, theft and handling stolen goods.

Johanson has been convicted of breaking and entering, larceny, assault with a weapon, assault causing grievous bodily harm, attempted breaking, larceny from a factory and larceny by trick. He has also been convicted of assaulting police and of being armed with an offensive weapon, unlawfully carrying a firearm and of possessing housebreaking equipment. He has spent a number of years in jail.

Police at one time thought Johanson would die after three bullets were fired into his stomach in Carlton. He lost several fingers trying to protect himself from the bullets.

Naval authorities were not impressed with Macbell Mineral's offer and promptly called in the Crown Solicitor for a legal opinion.

His office gave the opinion that under the Trade Practices Act, the employer



was under no obligation to ensure that painters and dockers were employed for the work.

The official report of the incident sent to Canberra states that "Macbell and the Painters and Dockers were using intimidating methods". A check by Defence Department security staff showed that in 1971 a company run by Johanson had supplied upholstery material for HMAS Swan, which at the time was being fitted out at Williamstown. Two years later, while the ship was undergoing a refit, it was discovered that the material was inferior and had to be replaced.

When Macbell made their offer in 1976, two MPs wrote to the Minister for Defence, Jim Killen, lobbying for Macbell to be given the lagging contract.

In 1977 Raymond Brian Durston, who has been associated with Macbell, pleaded guilty to charges of falsely imprisoning and assaulting Toorak land developer Harold Weedon and was sentenced to three years in jail. Durston, director of a land developing company and a factory owner, later gave evidence at the inquiry into Victorian Housing Commission land deals.

Another man closely linked with Macbell was Victor Frederick Allard, a painter and docker described by police as one of the biggest heroin dealers in Melbourne.

He was executed in February last year when shot three times outside a block of flats in Fitzroy Street, St Kilda while he was making a drug deal. In 1977 Allard had been shot in the stomach while drinking with other painters and dockers in a South Melbourne hotel.

Another company with which Johanson has had links has come to the attention of the Department of Defence. Victor Dole Pty Ltd, which lists its registered office as Market Street, Box Hill, tendered for contracts to lay Sentex non-slip flooring aboard Navy ships.

Victor Dole representatives and three union officials, Danny Cook and two men named Milne and Slavin, met Mr Honeycombe and suggested that Dole should take over the work from the company which then held the contract.

Before he died, Pat Shannon used to maintain that no more than a quarter of the union's members had prison records. The membership certainly includes an abnormally high proportion of convicted criminals. Painters and dockers say this is because their work is one of few areas of employment where men with prison records are readily accepted.

Police are more cynical. A detective who grew up around the docks and who knows the way of life of the painters and dockers as well as any outsider, believes criminal members of the union try to ensure that only criminals are accepted for membership.

"Of course they are not all criminals," he said. "I knew one old guy who had never been in trouble in his life. But he had to be very careful.

"If he saw two blokes talking he would never go near them in case he heard something he shouldn't, and at other times he had to make sure he was looking the other way."

The working life of the most powerful members of the union is less strained. One notorious painter and docker is reputed to head straight for the pub as soon as his work gang steps aboard a ship.

The health outlook for dock workers who do not look the other way is not good. More than one dockyard night watchman has had apparently an unfortunate accident such as falling into an empty dry dock.

"No one is game to take on any of the top painters and dockers. Wharf laborers are terrified of them and truck drivers on the wharves will have nothing to do with them," said the detective. "The painters and dockers go to their own hotels and other dock workers go elsewhere."

> ‘
> No one is game to take on any of the top painters and dockers. Wharf laborers are terrified and truck drivers will have nothing to do with them.
> ’

Apart from the rackets, membership of the Painters and Dockers Union offers Melbourne criminals another great advantage.

"They have a cover of respectability. If you ask a painter and docker about another member, he'll tell you he was working there every day last week before you have a chance even to say which day you are interested in."

Some of Australia's biggest robberies have been committed, in all likelihood by painters and dockers, netting millions. For example, police are convinced they were involved in the audacious "Bookie robbery" in 1976 which separated $1.5 million from bookmakers gathered at the Victoria Club for settling after a heavy holiday weekend of racing.

But the crimes which have given the Painters and Dockers Union its reputation have been those resulting from its internal power battles. Over the past 20 years, guns have shaped the union executive more effectively than ballot slips.

The union started in 1916, but it was in World War Two that it became a focus of criminal activity. Underworld figures swelled the union ranks as the war effort boosted the need for waterfront labor. It was the ideal opportunity for them to avoid military drafting.

In the post-war period, Doc Doyle, a hard man who settled most issues with his fists, became secretary and ruled over a comparatively peaceful period on the waterfront.

He was succeeded in the early 1960s by "Big Jim" Donnegan another tough man. A hard-line Communist, Donnegan's word was law around the docks. In 1970 police were about to arrest him on suspicion of receiving part of the $587,890 proceeds of that year's Mayne Nickless robbery in Guildford, Sydney — at the time the biggest robbery in Australia's history. Donnegan died of natural causes before he could be arrested.

Longley, then also a member of the union executive, was charged with receiving part of the proceeds of the robbery. He despised the Communists and often spoke against them at union meetings.

During my interview with him at Pentridge he said: "During 1969 and 1970 we were having trouble with the Commies. They were causing strikes and blacking ships.

"Their members seemed to be getting in everywhere. When they disrupted the docks we lost our graft money. We threatened them with heavies and finally ironed out a deal.

"The government-controlled yards were always a problem to us. The authorities would check the people going in and out. It was hard to operate a ghost system.

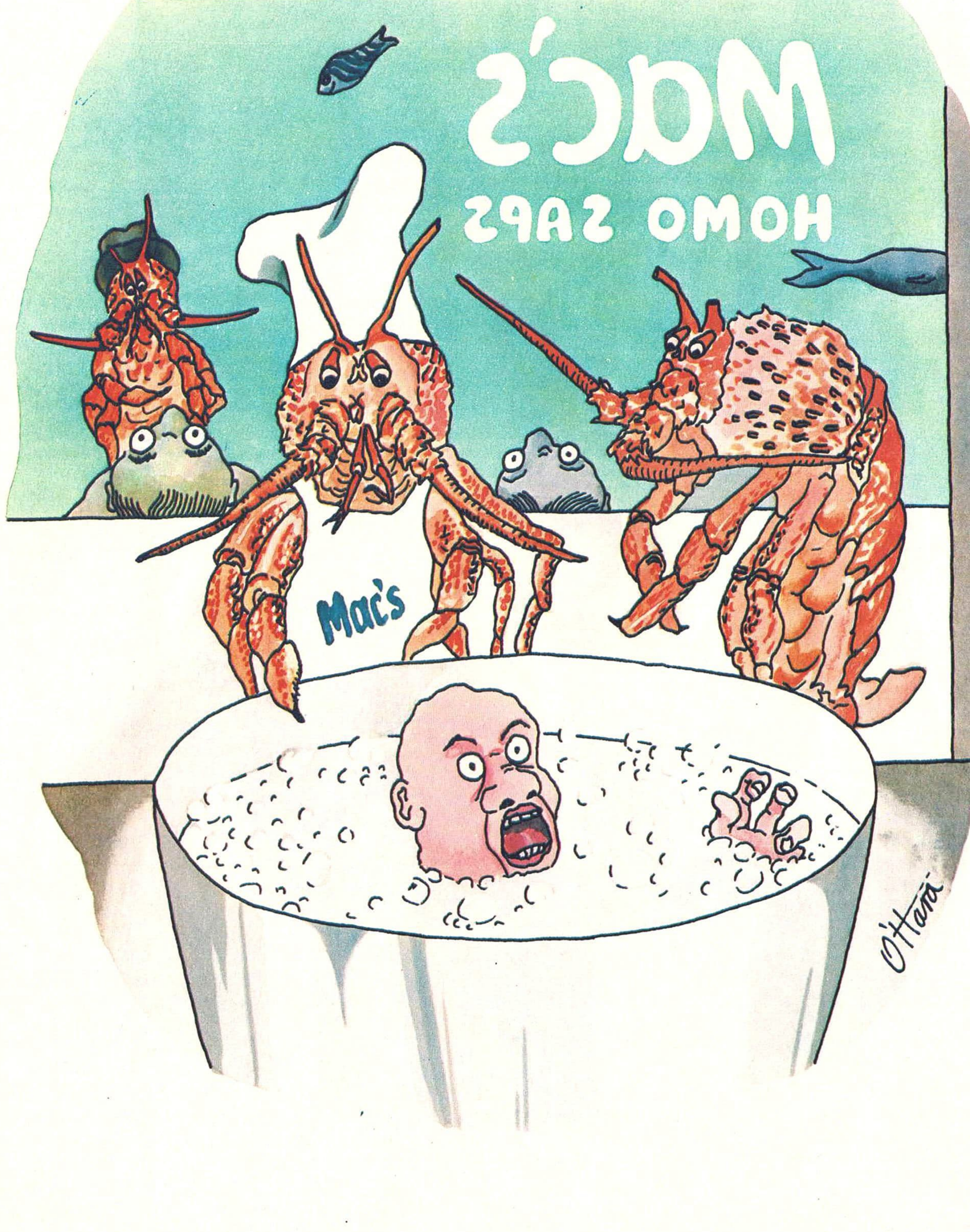
"We finally agreed they would get the government yards and disrupt in there and we would get the private sector. It worked."

The last decade was by far the most bloody and violent in the history of the Painters and Dockers Union. The war on the waterfront had simmered since the slaying in 1958 of Freddie "The Frog" Harrison.

Harrison's death came at 4.40pm on February 6 1958.

He was standing on South Wharf with a number of other men when a man walked up behind him and said: "This is yours, Fred." The saying is that Harrison is still waiting to hear the blast from the 12-gauge sawn-off shot gun which blew half his face away.

A few weeks before the shooting, Harrison had been on a pig-hunting trip to NSW with some other men, among them two other painters and dockers, John Eric Twist and Harold Nugent. An argument



"Of course it's quick! That high-pitched wailing is just the air escaping!"

broke out over the proceeds of a robbery. The gun Harrison was carrying went off and part of Nugent's hand was blown away.

Harrison's murder in broad daylight presented the classic example of the Mafia-style code of silence being honored.

Men like Bob Hayes, a shipwright who was only a few feet away when Harrison was blasted, told police he saw nothing.

More than 150 other men were close to the shooting. They were lined up in a pay parade which divided to let the gunman walk away. But the waterfront men saw nothing, not even those who had been so close that Harrison's blood was spattered on their shirts.

Moments after that shooting a youth, an associate of Harrison, carried the gun away. It was his entry to the life of a hardened criminal. Since that day he has been shot himself and is believed by police to have committed robberies and murders.

Longley named him as one of the present-day faceless men who make a very substantial living out of the illegal activities of painters and dockers, although he has dispensed with the formality of signing on for a day's work.

A professional gambler, he now runs a St Kilda nightclub and was only recently charged with drug trafficking offences.

The twist to Harrison's death is that the man who was named as the killer to police is still working on the Melbourne waterfront, but the code of silence ensures his name will never be given in court.

Harrison's death set the underworld alight. His close friend, painter and docker Norman Bradshaw — nicknamed the "Chauffeur" — was tipped as the one likely to take retaliatory action, but before he was able to act he fell from a great height into Port Phillip Bay.

A light aircraft carrying Bradshaw and two other men exploded in mid-air, police believe as a result of a bomb planted on board.

The death of Donnegan had left a vacuum in the power structure of the Painters and Dockers Union in the same year that members carried out their biggest robberies to date. Apart from the Mayne Nickless robbery, 1970 was also the year of the $289,600 Metropolitan Security Services robbery at Chadstone, Melbourne.

Arguments over the proceeds of these busts led to the first murder of the violent 1970s.

Billy Player, a man with a history of violent crime, was gunned down in South Melbourne on May 29, 1970.

Ian McLay, now a detective inspector with the Victorian Police intelligence squad, raided a flat in Brighton in 1955 and found Player and the daughter of a NSW policeman with an armory including a Thompson submachinegun, a Luger pistol and a stock of ammunition. When McLay entered the flat Player tried to shoot him with the Luger but the gun failed to fire.

McLay later received a citation for the arrest.

Donnegan's position as union secretary was taken over by a junior union official, George Carey. Carey did not last long.

He was offered a gentle hint to quit one morning when a gun was thrust into his stomach.

Pat Shannon was twice asked to make himself available for the post and twice declined with uncharacteristic modesty. He finally went along with the wishes of a strong group within the union and took the reins of office in 1971.

That year was a particularly busy one on the waterfront. There were payroll robberies, each of under $10,000, in April, June and October. The union opposed moves to beef up security on the docks by arming Australian National Line security guards, and ANL security staff working on the docks remain unarmed today.

> ‘Carey did not last long. He was offered a gentle hint to quit one morning when a gun was thrust into his stomach.’

Shannon's appointment with the backing of a distinct faction polarised criminal groups on the waterfront. It was not long before an equally formidable group gave its allegiance to another strong man of the union, the self-confessed racketeer Longley.

Longley resigned his position on the executive to run for the presidency. Longley's "white" election ticket did not oppose Shannon as secretary but sought to "strengthen the secretary's position" by electing Longley as president, Bert Aspel as vice-president and Jim "Machine Gun" Bazley — the nickname refers to the rapidity of his speech — as vigilance officer.

Shannon's supporters' "blue" ticket sought to maintain the status quo by reelecting Arthur Morris as president, Pearson as vice-president and Doug Sproule as vigilance officer.

It was not long before fighting broke out between the factions. On November 16, 1971 guns were brandished by each group in a confrontation in a hotel.

Later, one of Longley's companions, Bob Crotty, was attacked at the rear of the hotel. The attacker beat Crotty about the head with a brick. Crotty suffered severe brain damage and died in a mental institution in 1978.

Crotty's attacker was believed to be Alfred "the Ferret" Nelson, 47, a close friend of Shannon's and social secretary of the union.

The short, powerfully-built Nelson was not a man of great mental capacity. He prided himself on being able to tell the time and never went anywhere without his watch.

On December 7, 1971, Nelson and his white Chrysler Charger car disappeared from his Collingwood home, but the watch was left behind.

The car was later found in 19m of water at 21 South Wharf, but there was no sign of the Ferret. It was widely assumed that Nelson had been removed from the scene by Longley supporters. Only a few months ago a detective who has worked in the docks area for many years was standing on a concrete ramp when a painter and docker walked past. "Watch it, you're standing on the Ferret," he said. The detective remembered that the ramp had been built in late 1971.

A week after Nelson's disappearance a car belonging to Doug Sproule was found burnt out in South Melbourne. When police asked Sproule what might have happened to his car he replied deadpan: "Spontaneous combustion."

That night another Shannon supporter mysteriously disappeared. Desmond "3LO" Costello, a standover man and one of the painters and dockers believed to have received part of the proceeds of the Mayne Nickless robbery, was dumped at Clifton Hill with 15 shotgun pellets in his face.

One of his arms had almost been severed, presumably as he tried to protect his face from the blast.

On election day, December 10, temperatures and tempers rose quickly. It was not long before bursts of gunfire were reminding union members of their responsibility to vote. At 8.05am ballot boxes at the Williamstown Naval Dockyard were machinegunned.

A few hours later a car belonging to Shannon's then chauffeur Robert Dix — now the president of the union — was machinegunned. The car was spirited away for repair, but police heard about the incident and traced the car. It had been repaired within 12 hours, but when police stripped it they found 50 bullet holes.

Later in the day the union offices in Port Melbourne were sprayed with automatic fire from a passing car.

As union members cast their votes at

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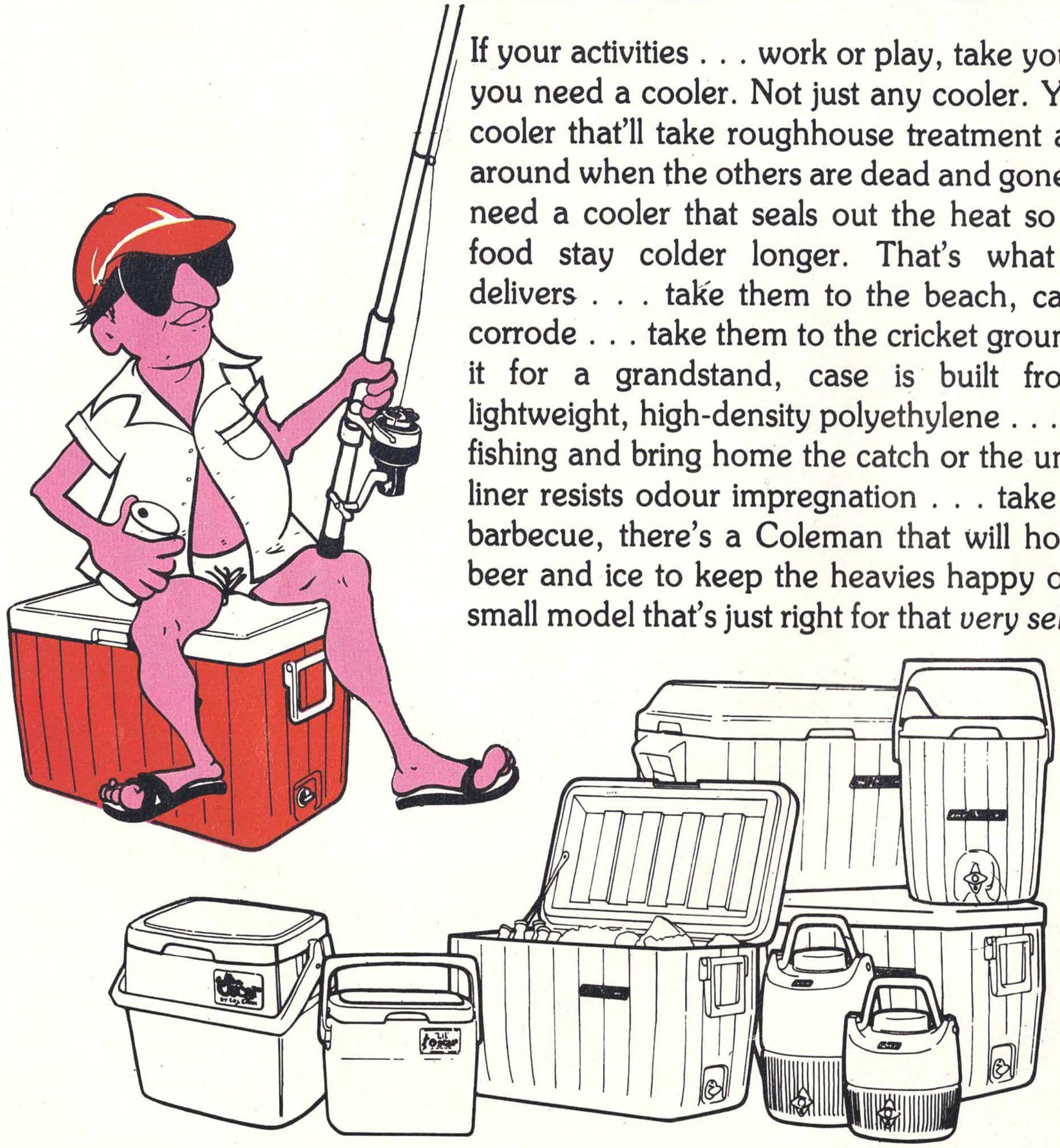

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Williamstown, a Longley supporter acted as a how-to-vote guide. He stood, machinegun in hand, with his boot on the ballot box.

Nearby, other men sat in a car with a machinegun trained on the voters.

When the poll was announced, the Shannon team was seen to have romped in. Longley lost by 174-53 and Bazley 178-47.

In the Pentridge interview, Longley said: "I know that Shannon rigged the election. I was sitting outside Williamstown Docks during voting. I saw Pat Cullen (the returning officer) coming out with the ballot boxes. I asked him how I had done. He replied: 'Don't worry Billy, you've not only won, you've shot in.' When I saw him later he told me that he was sorry, but Shannon's boys had got hold of the boxes.

"He told me that they had taken them off him at gunpoint, opened them and re-sealed them with Shannon's votes inside."

Pat Cullen resigned as returning officer just before the results of the poll were announced.

The close of voting brought no end to the violence. On December 31 two painters and dockers, Laurence Richard Chamings, 25, and Peter Arthur Croft, were shot in Fitzroy. Both men were hit in the shoulder and recovered. About 15 months later Chamings was shot and killed.

He was sitting in the public bar of the Moonee Valley Hotel when a gunman entered the bar. Chamings ran to the door but he was hit by a hail of bullets. A stray shot killed 11-year-old Nicholas Kolovrat, who was with his father in the bar. His father was also hit but recovered.

A pistol, believed to have been his own, was found by Chamings' body. It was not the first time a shooting had caused a bereavement in the Chamings family. In 1970 Chamings' brother Patrick died after being hit by a shotgun blast outside the Vine Hotel, Collingwood.

In March of 1972 echoes of the Harrison execution were felt again. Charles Wootton, 29, had the front of his house and his car riddled with pellets from a shotgun blast.

He was the youth of 16 who appeared before a court in connection with the shooting of Harrison in 1958. Two years later he was shot in the shoulder in a Collingwood Street.

A few months later in 1972 Jim Bazley, who had stood on the "white" ticket with Longley, had two .38 bullets fired into him outside his house in North Carlton. A shotgun blast also fired at him missed. Bazley drove himself to the Royal Melbourne Hospital, plucking one of the bullets out on the way.

Four months later Bazley was again shot at while driving his car. This time he was hit in the back. Today he is on the top 10 list of most wanted criminals. Police in Melbourne want to interview him about a series of armed hold-ups.

Later in 1972 painter and docker Brian Sulley, 27, of Richmond was shot twice in the head with .22 bullets as he was walking out of the union offices. He pleaded with police not to continue the investigation. Later that year the State Government issued a $5000 reward for the arrest of two painters and dockers, Joseph Patrick Monash alias Turner, 54, and Alfred Hugh Gay, who disappeared after being charged over the MSS robbery.

Soon after Leslie Herbert Kane, then 27, was arrested after being missing for two years. He had absconded on bail for possession of firearms, riotous assembly and possession of housebreaking equipment. In that bloody year more painters and dockers were shot, including Thomas Connellan, 28, who was walking to his Preston home when he was shot in the stomach. Staggering, he reached a friend's home exclaiming: "The bastards got me!"

> ‘ A Longley supporter acted as a how-to-vote guide. He stood, machinegun in hand, with his boot on the ballot box. ’

At the time Connellan was a vital witness in the trial of two policemen who were charged with murdering Neil Collingburn who died of internal injuries received in a fight with two police at Russell Street police headquarters.

Early in 1973 six painters and dockers stood trial for the MSS job. Five of them, Joseph Patrick Monash, Paul Joseph Burns, 35, Charles Wesley Raymer, 46, Saviour Apap, 35, and Terrence McInerney, 33, were convicted.

In July 1973 Rosa Rento, 50, was shot dead outside her Northcote home. A Pentridge prisoner later told a Melbourne coroner that he was the driver for John Joseph Power, a painter and docker, who had killed Mrs Rento by mistake. The court heard that Power had gone to the house to kill Victor Rento of the same family, whom he claimed had molested his daughter three years before. Power pleaded not guilty at his trial and was cleared.

Later in 1975 Power's home was sprayed with machinegun fire.

In Brisbane in February of 1974, painter and docker John Wlodarozyk was viciously beaten, stabbed, then shot. His body was dumped in the Brisbane River.

A week before this, Charles "Chica" Reeves, 48, was shot in the incident which became known as the St Valentines Day shooting.

Ballistics evidence proved he had been shot with the gun which also killed Wlodarozyk.

At the time Reeves had been attending a wake for another painter and docker killed that week, Billy O'Connor, also murdered.

Reeves, who had also been shot in 1964, was finally killed in 1978 when he was gunned down while driving in Wollongong, NSW.

The same year the body of painter and docker Ronald William Weston was found floating in Iron Cove, Sydney, with an overnight bag containing house bricks tied around the neck. The body was badly bruised and beaten.

A friend of Reeves, Douglas Thomas Johns of Brisbane, was admitted to hospital in Brisbane in 1974 with a fractured skull, suspected spinal injuries, gunshot wounds to the body, a broken left arm and a missing ear. He discharged himself from hospital in this condition. Police found him later drinking in a hotel, where he told them: "Piss off — I can handle my own problems."

Also in Brisbane, a key witness into the inquest on Wlodarozyk was shot in the head with a .32 bullet. The witness, Kay Chambers, 29, was blinded for life when the bullet severed her optic nerve.

In 1977 a car owned by Jack Nicholls, the union secretary, had two .38 bullets put through it. The shooting came soon after the first involving Victor Allard.

Early in 1979 Nicholls was convicted of possessing an unlicenced firearm, a charge he had previously faced in court. He was fined $50. He was also found guilty of assault. He told the court that he "feared for his life" after the death of Pat Shannon.

Joseph Stone, a union executive, was shot with a .38 at the Duke and Orr dry dock.

At the time he was driving a crane. He refused to talk to police. Police said that more than 100 people nearby seemed to suffer from "mass amnesia". They surmised the reason for the shooting was that Stone had been opening his mouth in waterfront pubs.

And so the chain of violence continues. No doubt there will soon be another shooting attributed to disagreements within the Painters and Dockers Union.

While waterfront activities remain so open to corruption, criminals will be drawn to dockland — bringing with them their own form of violent justice.

Australia's universities are bloated with money, intellectually corrupt, and totally unable to prepare kids for today's world.

THE FAILURE OF EDUCATION

BY MAXWELL NEWTON

There has been a disaster in Australian tertiary education. A torrent of money poured into universities and colleges of advanced education in the past decade has left these institutions bloated with students, wealthy beyond the dreams of their forebears and totally corrupted in their intellectual standards, bewildered and confused about what they are supposed to be doing. Australian universities and Colleges of Advanced Education have been force fed with limitless money. They have grown like some bizarre tropical plant, reaching ever higher and swelling ever larger until they have burst open, spilling their juice and substance on the ground. They are rotten with over-indulgence in expansion and in the wild, greedy, slavering race by their controllers for bigger jobs, more students, more pay. It has been a disgusting spectacle; one which simply underlines again the importance of imposing harsh controls on the use of public money. What is there to show for the great boom of the Seventies on Australian tertiary education?

There is an army of graduates in "liberal arts, business studies and teacher education" who will simply have to be absorbed into the various Public Services, including the State teacher systems.

There is nowhere else for this unshod, tattered army of unemployables to go. Only in the Public Service (including the State teacher system) can these unfortunates be given the sort of salaries they have been led to expect, but which they manifestly do not deserve.

Another regiment of bludgers has been created — this time at fantastic cost.

For at least a decade, the various Governments who have presided over this shambles have had us believe that there is, in Australia, an inexhaustible supply of bright young people needing to be educated.

We have been asked to believe that there is an ever-expandable supply of young people who can achieve good standards in a tertiary education course.

In asking us to believe this, the educators, the politicians, and the bureaucrats concerned have asked us to believe a lie.

The unfortunate truth is that all men were not created equal — certainly not in the brains department. Hence, as the numbers in our universities and Colleges of Advanced Education have grown and grown, it has been necessary to accommodate a greater and greater proportion of intellectual dross.

We have had to take on more and more students who are, not to put too fine a point on it — dumb.

Greedy professors, venal vice-chancellors, ambitious lecturers and power-hungry administrators have not allowed themselves to be deterred in their wild plans for expansion by any serious thought about what they were supposed to be producing with the flood of money they were given.

They did not worry themselves about what quality of product they were responsible for putting out. They gave a low priority to the question of "why they were doing it". They were

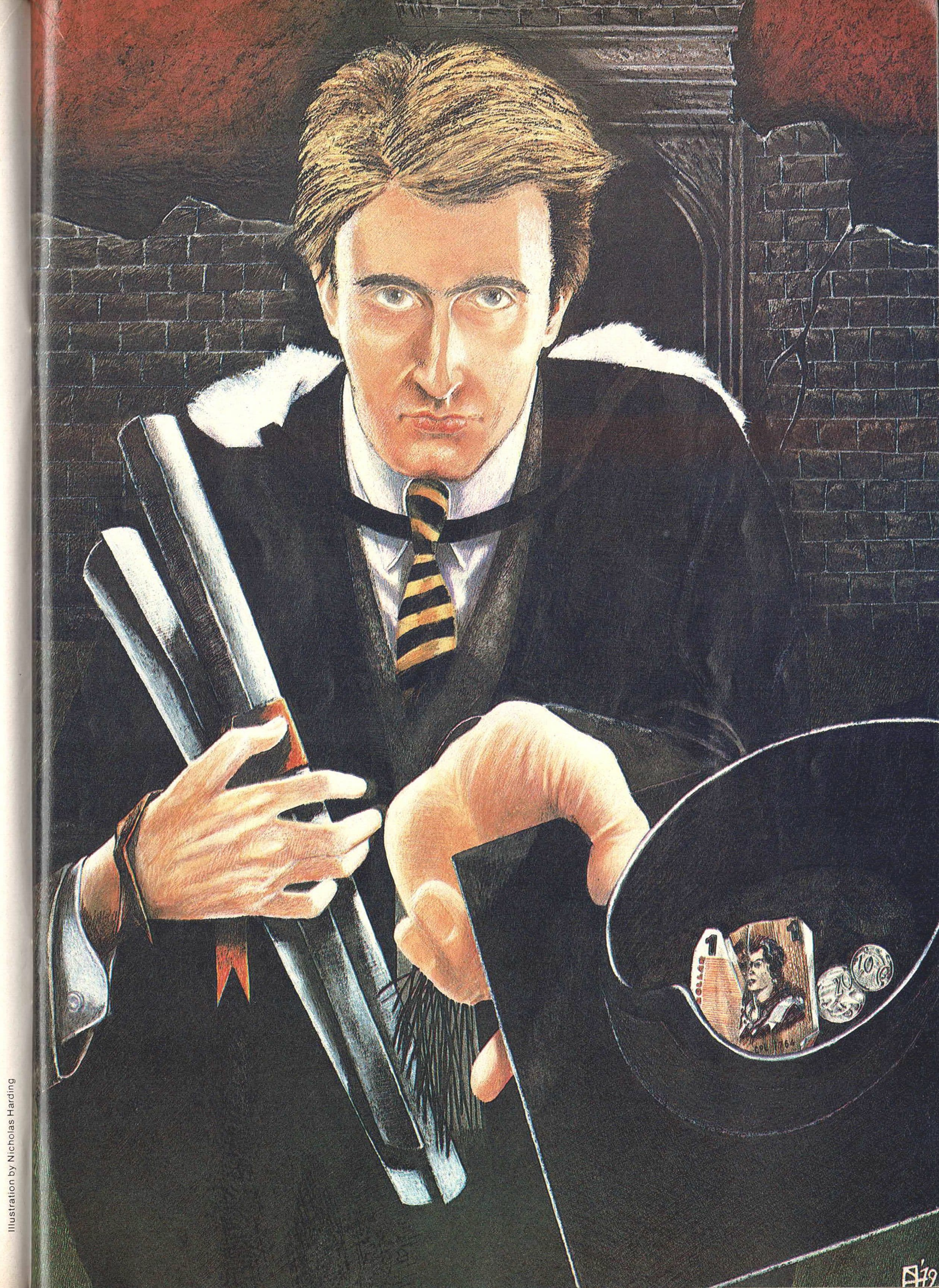
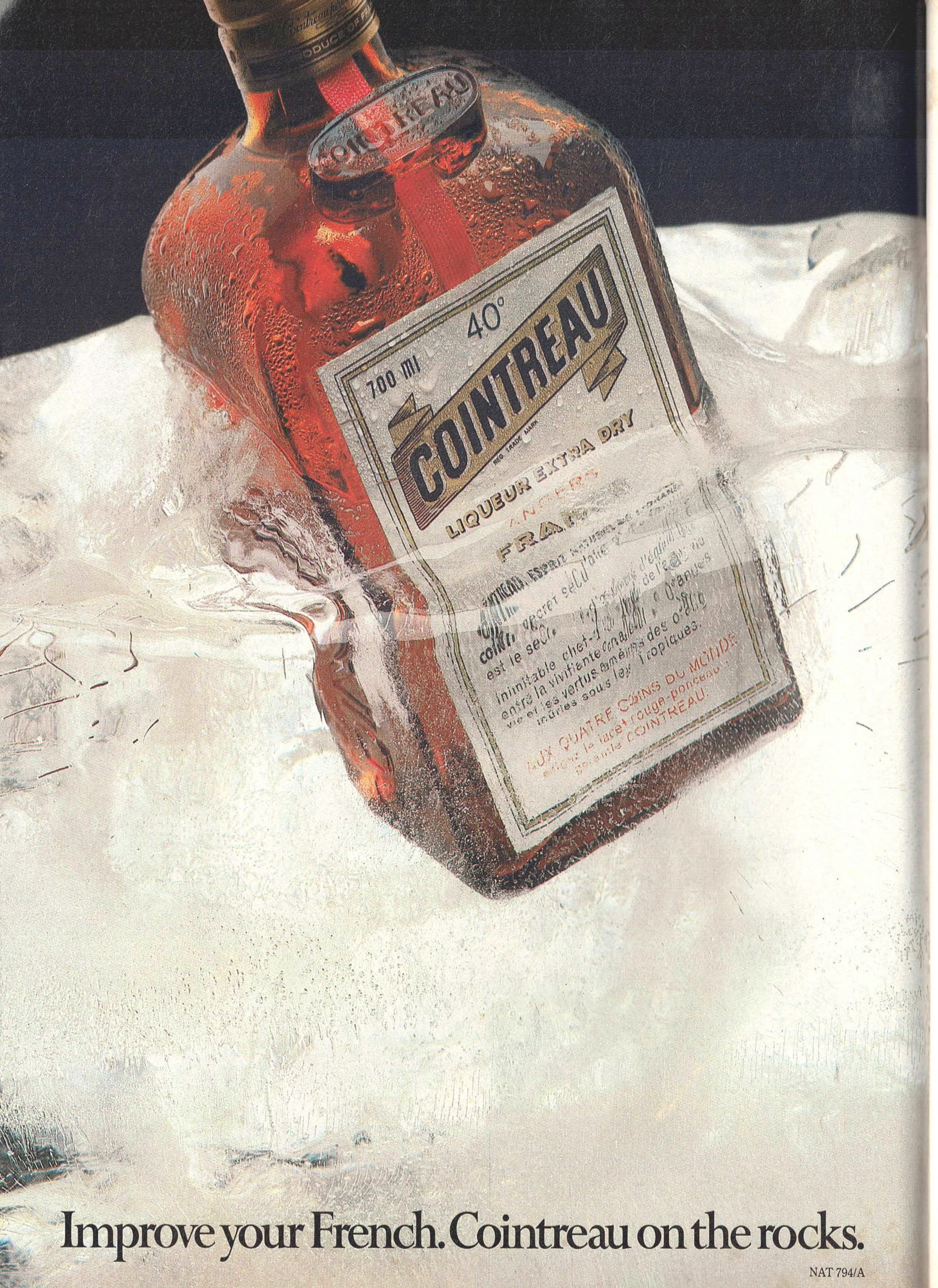


Illustration by Nicholas Harding



far more interested in "getting it done" — achieving an expansion in student numbers of a scale which must surely have made one or two of them sit back from the money trough for just a moment and consider whether what they were doing was, in fact, worth doing.

Of course, there were no voices raised from the gluttonous university and college professors questioning whether all this money was good for them. Of course, there were no voices raised from the battalions of self-seeking "intellectuals" asking whether they were in fact destroying learning, scholarship, intellectual standards and pride in achievements of the mind.

They were too busy grunting and grovelling, slobbering and shoving at the money trough suddenly put before them.

It has been a disgusting and degrading spectacle; one which will be long remembered as the time, the years, in which Australian intellectuals showed they were just as base, just as greedy, just as self-seeking, just as vulgar as the masses of the people from whom they have isolated themselves.

Had any of the armies of "intellectuals" controlling Australian tertiary education bothered to look at the statistical record of what they were doing in the past decade, they must have had some little doubts, some echo of a small still voice, which would have brought them up sharply, giving them reason to ask whether they were on the right track.

For the statistical record is so blunt, so violent in its message, that only men and women totally incapable of self-assessment, totally inured to self-criticism, totally consumed by greed and ambition, could have missed the warning.

The past 20 years, and more particularly the past 10 years, have seen an expansion in the number of students in tertiary institutions so violent that any old relationships between numbers of school students and numbers of tertiary students have been totally disrupted.

Anyone looking at the trends in school student numbers and in tertiary student numbers must have asked himself: "Where are all these bright kids coming from?"

He must have thought: "Will all these kids be able to complete courses without us, the leaders of these institutions, having to drop our standards?"

Until after World War II, only about one percent of Australian school students went on to university. In those times, the university was still very much a place for the financially privileged. Great numbers of school students who intellectually could have coped with and succeeded at university were excluded for financial reasons.

By 1952, following the success of the CRTS Scheme for returned soldiers and to the accompaniment of greater postwar prosperity and some Commonwealth financial assistance for impoverished students, there had been a big rise in the proportion of school students going on to university.

The proportion of university students to school students had risen to two percent by 1952 and was going on towards three percent by 1962.

Even by 1962 there had been a very strong growth in university student numbers, which in that year was more than *twice* the level of 1952 and more than *six times* the level of 1942. By any standards, the university population had exploded violently between 1942 and 1962.

But by 1962, the universities were beginning to realise they were on a very, very rich gravy train — and they proceeded to push harder and harder for more and more money.

In this, Menzies, with ideals which were shared by many men his contemporary and younger, who had themselves had to fight for a tertiary education, was a strong ally of the universities.

The roller coaster gathered speed.

By 1972, the numbers of tertiary students had trebled again, and had reached the level of more than 200,000.

After such a blistering pace of expansion, one might have thought the greed of the tertiary controllers would have been sated.

But no; during the decade of the Seventies there has been a further paralysing growth of university and college student numbers, accompanied by (and stimulated by) an acceleration in the rate of growth of money being spent on education of such proportions as to put the nation's entire Commonwealth Budget in jeopardy.

Between 1968 and 1978, to take the latest full decade for which figures are available, the number of students at tertiary institutions (a number which had already approximately trebled in the previous decade) doubled yet again — from 144,000 to 310,000, a rise of 115 percent.

In an attempt to put the magnitude of this disaster in other words, let me say that in the period of only six years, between 1971-72 and 1977-78, the proportion of the Australian gross domestic product spent on education increased from four percent to nearly six percent.

By now, our national commitment to tertiary education has escalated to the point where it represents a finite threat to the stability of the currency. We have embarked on the multiplication of tertiary education institutions and tertiary education student places as if the nation's survival depended on it.

It has been a madness, a *folie de grandeur*. It has been a flop.

For all this money, what did we get?

TELECOM AUSTRALIA

"Bad luck, buster . . . this is a message parlor."

We got an army of half-baked, half-educated, misinformed, crammed, bored, bigoted and confused "liberal arts" majors; we got a corps of equally confused, frightened and misinformed "business and commerce studies" majors; and finally we got wave upon wave of resentful, lazy, half-baked school teachers.

Let us look first at the way in which the universities filled their faculties during the past 10 years.

We will find that they took in more and more tens of thousands of students; we will find they could only accommodate these students in the so-called "business and commerce studies", "social and behavioral sciences", "liberal arts", and "education" faculties.

In short, the greatest area of growth in university student numbers was in the lightweight, intellectually undemanding areas of Arts/letters, Education and Business/Commerce courses.

In the areas of science and technology, (where there are available rather more precise indicators of student learning power than in the bullshit subjects like English, Economics and History), the growth in numbers was vastly more modest.

While student numbers at universities in the "soft" areas of liberal arts, etc, rose by 215 percent, numbers in the "harder" areas of science, medicine and technology rose by only 98 percent — or less than half as fast as in the "bullshit" subjects, where objective student assessment is so much more difficult and where there is much more scope for professors and examiners generally to "give a helping hand" to many of the sub-standard students.

Of particular interest is the pattern of growth of one particular category, that of "medicine/surgery".

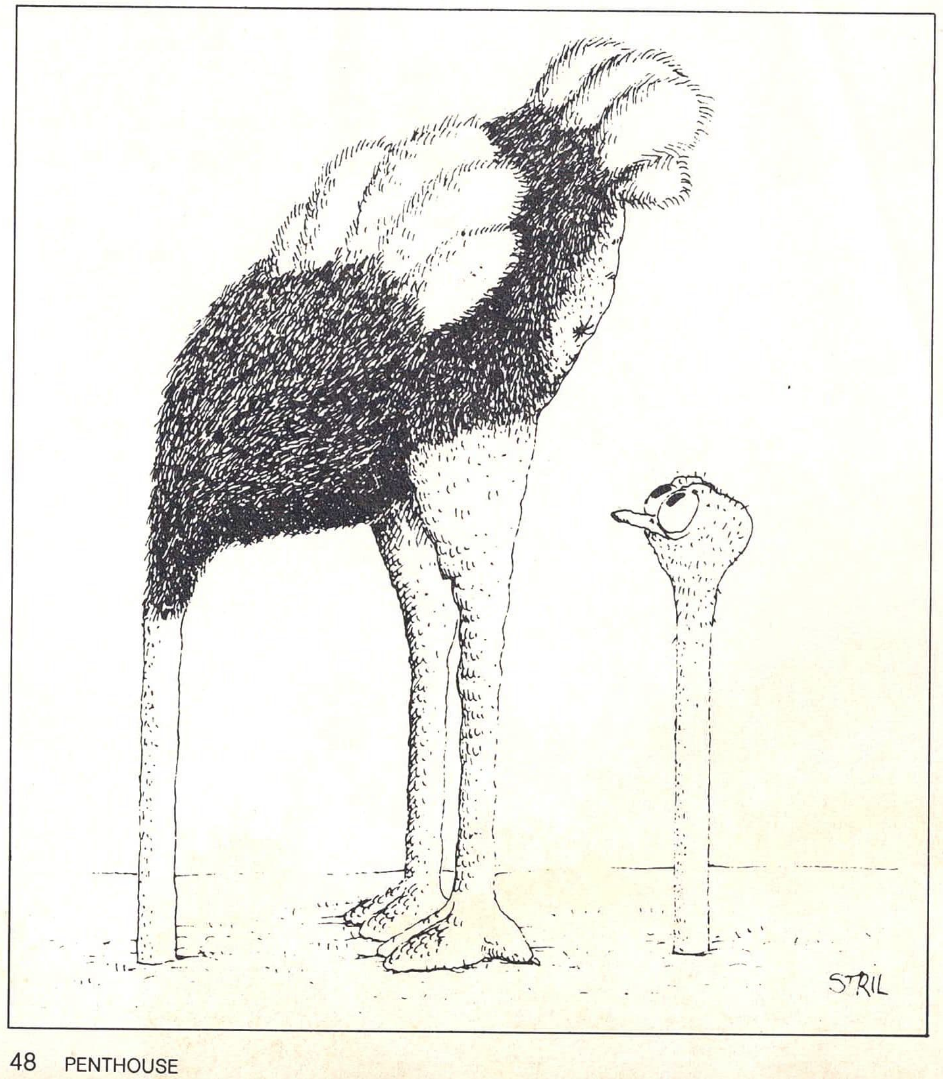
This category takes in the whole of the area generally thought of when a "medical degree" is discussed. This is where the doctors are trained.

The case of medicine/surgery is of particular interest because it is known that there is intense competition for places in most medical faculties and that there is great pressure on medical students to perform.

From 1962 to 1978, the number of students in medicine/surgery rose from 5100 to only 8300.

This was an increase of only 63 percent over the 16 years in question, compared with a rise of 215 percent in the "bullshit" faculties and a rise of 152 percent in student numbers as a whole at universities.

Evidently, there was a very slow growth in the numbers of "medical students" or "trainee doctors" as compared with other categories of students and with student numbers in total.



There are two explanations which come to mind. First, by some secret process, the medical profession has managed with great success to stifle the rate of new entrants by somehow throttling the rate of admissions to university medical faculties.

I have always wanted to believe this is how the medical profession works its dreadful monopolistic rackets, but I have never been able to work out just how the body of doctors in the community manages to get the universities to stop taking aspiring medicine undergraduates. I do not say there is no connection. I do not deny the medical profession has a grand racket going, through the restriction of new entrants, but I cannot see how they have worked it out.

A second explanation for the very slow relative growth in the numbers of "trainee doctors" at our universities may be that this is one area of university training where it really is necessary for students to do a bit of work, and to show a bit of talent.

Hence, I would believe that the rate of growth of students in the medicine/surgery group is more indicative of the rate of growth of student numbers which would have occurred if the same criteria for student achievement had applied in 1978 as in 1962.

In other words, going on the belief that the medical faculties have been able to maintain their intellectual standards, it would seem that the growth of university student numbers would have been about 63 percent greater in 1978, than in 1962, *if the universities had maintained the same intellectual standards in 1978 as in 1962.*

This means that university student numbers in 1978 would have been only some 103,000 in 1978, instead of 160,000, *if universities had maintained in 1978 the same intellectual standards they had adopted in 1962.*

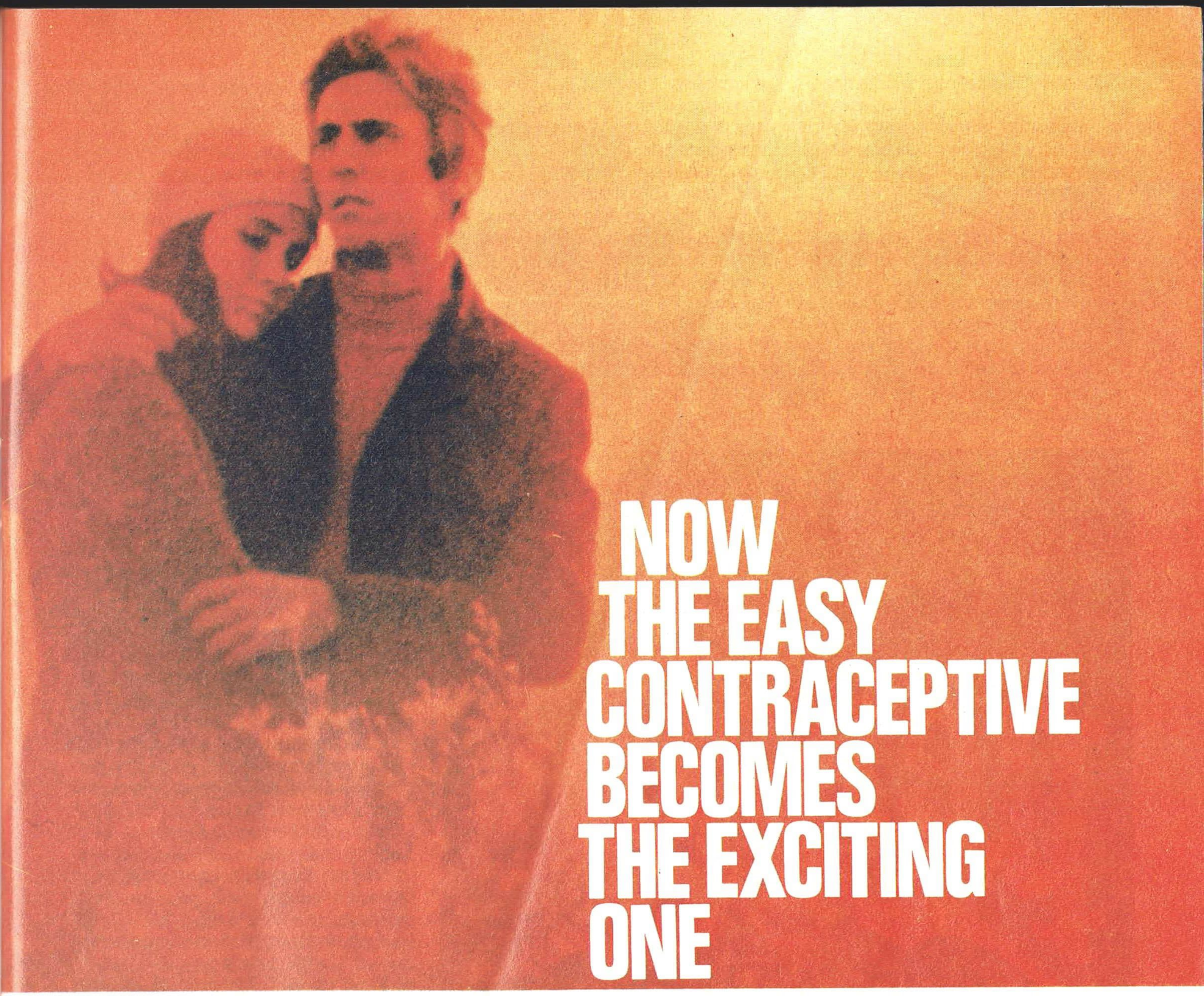
Far less fortunate than the doctors in maintaining their standards were the lawyers.

Over the period from 1962 to 1978, the number of students shown as in law faculties rose from 2500 to 8100.

For some reason, the lawyers and the law professors were much less discerning in their choice of undergraduate entrants, or much more greedy than the medicine professors in wanting to expand their faculties.

The law faculties in our universities were simply swamped by the flood of undergraduates and were incapable of fending off the little buggers.

Where total university student numbers rose by 153 percent over the 16 years, numbers in the law faculties rose by 224 percent, representing an even greater explosion in student numbers, proportionately, than occurred in the dreadful "bullshit" areas of Arts/Letters,



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Commerce/Economics and Education.

Today we witness the pitiable sight of law graduates tramping the streets in search of work while their doctor colleagues still manage to gain fruitful employment.

The collapse of the law faculties is a sad and sorry sight, and is reflected in the flood of half-baked lawyers in the community.

While the medicine professors have always tended to arrogate to themselves higher intellectual standards than one really believes they possess, it is a fact that they have managed to impose on themselves far more effective self-denying ordinances in the area of student numbers than the law professors have managed to do.

While the decline of the universities is a sufficiently scandalous development, it is as nothing when compared with the monstrosities foisted on the community in the name of tertiary education through the so-called Colleges of Advanced Education.

The development and degradation of these places makes the stomach churn. From their humble beginnings as glorified technical schools and teachers' colleges, these places have boomed and ballooned into a great new second force in Australian tertiary education.

In the process, they have been overwhelmed, clearly drowning in a sea of white-faced students, grasping and struggling for that key to the kingdom — a tertiary education certificate.

How sad it is; how pitiable the plight of the youngsters concerned as they battle and fight for what they believe is some sort of job guarantee, some kind of passport to job security and "a position".

If the universities have been destroyed in large part by the greed of their administrators shooing and shoving ever larger flocks of terrified, staring-eyed students through the magic sheep dip of "an arts degree", the destruction wreaked on the "colleges" has been almost terminal in its effects.

Acceptable figures for student numbers in the Colleges of Advanced Education only start about 1968.

At that time, there were some 28,600 students in what are now classified as Colleges of Advanced Education, and there was another number of some 14,300 students in teachers' colleges.

During 1974, the remaining government teachers colleges and kindergarten teachers colleges which were not then classified as Colleges of Advanced Education, were so classified.

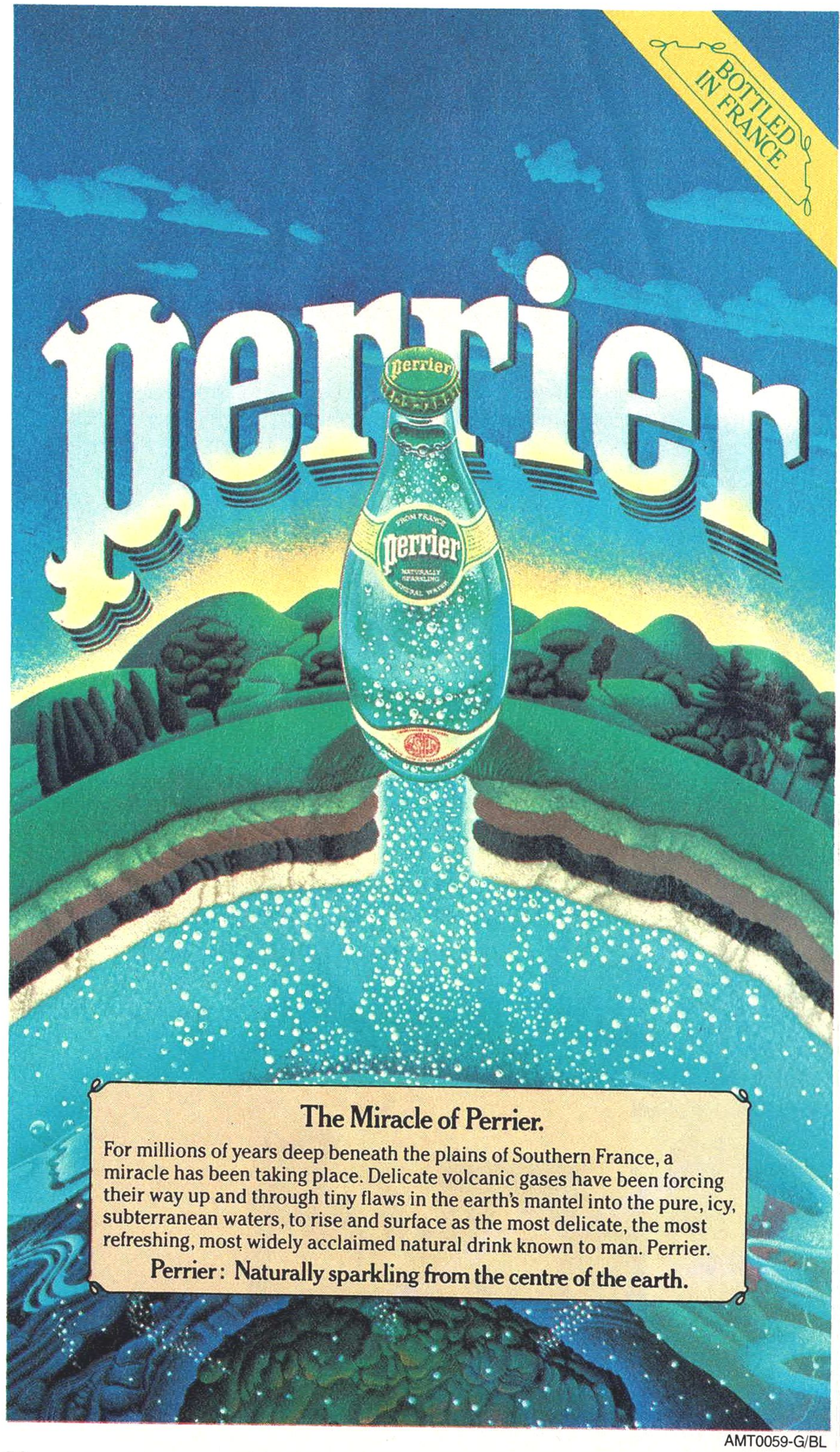
By 1978, there were *three and a half times* as many students in the Colleges of Advanced Education as there were in 1968.

By comparison, during that 10-year period, university student numbers rose by less than 60 percent.

Where, we ask ourselves, did all these CAE students go? Where else? They went into the "bullshit" courses on an even more extravagant, an even more bizarre scale than did the great influx of students to universities.

The boom in the Colleges of Advanced Education in the past 10 years has therefore been overwhelmingly a boom in half-baked liberal arts, business studies and teacher training courses. Starry-eyed students accepted for courses in these diploma factories have been shunted into the areas where they could do least trouble to themselves and to the shaky reputations of the colleges. In liberal arts, business studies and teacher training it would be difficult for anyone to work out how dumb they really were.

As it is undoubtedly part of our "national heritage" for every teenager to be given a tertiary education as his birthright, it was quite seemly (or so it could be argued by avaricious educators panting to get their hands and mouths and feet into the Commonwealth pecuniary pit trough) for tens of thousands of these children to be plunged into the academic squalor of a CAE "education".



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Colleges are by now approximately equal in total student numbers to the universities, and we are able to summarise the combined experience of the two arms of "tertiary education" in Australia.

The past 10 years have seen massive destruction of tertiary education through the "forced feed" of masses of students through the bullshit courses.

These courses combined accounted for 45 percent of all tertiary student numbers as recently as 10 years ago. In 1962, when universities were, for all practical purposes, the only tertiary institutions in the land, these courses accounted for some 35 percent of student numbers.

Yet by 1978, these courses accounted for almost 60 percent of all student numbers in tertiary institutions.

To make the point even more boldly, we can observe that in the past 10 years, there has been an increase of 165,000 (or 114 percent) in total tertiary student numbers.

In broad terms, the number of students has doubled. Of this increase, 70 percent has been accounted for by the increase in the number of students enrolled in the bullshit courses.

By contrast, the growth in the science and technology group has been modest. Whereas total student numbers doubled over the 10 years (and numbers in the bullshit courses almost trebled), there was an increase of less than 50 percent in this area of science and technology. As the science and technology courses are more demanding and are subject to more objective measurement criteria, it could be argued that the growth in this area presents a more accurate picture of the growth in student numbers which would have taken place had entry standards and post-entry sorting out been maintained in 1978 at approximately the same level as pertained in 1968.

The tertiary education system in Australia has developed along the following lines: vast quantities of money are pumped in at one end and vast quantities of half-baked graduates in bullshit courses in liberal arts (of which the major categories are English, History, Philosophy, Modern Languages), teacher training and business studies, come out the other end.

These students are then cast out into the market place to find jobs. And where are these jobs to be found?

You guessed it — in the Commonwealth Public Service and in the State Public Services.

There is nowhere else for these people to go. They are too highly qualified — by their own estimation — to work in most business firms, where they would be required to start working at a pretty low level.

But the Public Services of the land have become convinced that they must have graduates wherever possible.

What is more, in the Public Services it will take years and years to discover whether these youngsters are worth their keep.

In the majority of cases it will never be discovered whether they are worth their keep because in the Public Services there is, for all practical purposes, nothing to do anyway.

I well remember my early years in the Commonwealth Treasury in Canberra, fresh from a glittering academic career at the University of Cambridge in England. I was put at a desk in the Financial and Economic Policy Branch of the Treasury and was given nothing to do. After a year I left, knowing that if I stayed any longer I would simply degenerate into an irreversible alcoholic. (Not that there is all that much to do in "private enterprise". I spent a year in the Economics Department of the Bank of New South Wales in 1955-56 and was not given any work to do.)

Perhaps the principal justification for the fortune spent each year on "educating" young Australians at tertiary level is that it keeps them off the streets and off the dole queues.

Indeed, we might ask ourselves just what we are doing with the young people of Australia.

Hundreds of thousands of them are rotting their minds in bullshit courses at tertiary education institutions and other hundreds of thousands are registered as unemployed.

As of March last year, there were some 425,000 registered unemployed in Australia. Of these, 145,000 were under 20 (representing a stunning 18 percent unemployment rate of this age group) and a further 91,000 under 25 were also registered as unemployed (a very high 9.5 percent unemployment rate among this age group).

More than one in four of the under 25 population of Australia who have left school are registered as unemployed or are tertiary students (and of this latter group a major proportion would be classified by any fair minded person as unemployed most of the time — tertiary studies only take about four weeks a year, in the panic preparation period for the exams).

Seen in this light, tertiary education may be seen as a way of preventing the numbers of registered unemployed under 25 from reaching horrendous proportions. Sending children to a tertiary institution may be seen as a fancy way of "keeping them off the streets" or providing an expensive form of outdoor relief.

While the pressure for mindless expansion of tertiary education in the past 10 years or so has been principally venal,

"But mother, he said if I let him he'd turn into a handsome prince!"

stemming from greed and ambition on the part of professors, lecturers and administrators, there was an earlier time, back in the Sixties and before, when the pressure for expansion of education facilities at tertiary level was altruistic, to a degree.

In the post-war decade, the universities enjoyed a period of growth which was vital and very fruitful. These were the times when thousands of students arrived at university gifted with very substantial talent.

This wave of students included large numbers of ex-servicemen who were enjoying the opportunity of a university education, from the privileges conferred by the CRTS scheme. At the University of Western Australia, where I was enrolled from 1946-1950, these men included, in the group I was privileged to join, Austin Holmes, now a senior adviser to the Reserve Bank and the Commonwealth Government; Trevor Robinson, who was a computer innovator in Australia through the Control Data company; David Bradley, now Professor at Monash University; Peter Brinsden, now a judge in Perth; Alex Kerr, now a professor at Perth University; Reg Hare, head of Metals Exploration. Most of these CRTS students would never have had the opportunity to attend university before the war.

Along with these ex-servicemen there was a wave of talented high school graduates who were among the first wave of youngsters able to attend university through the advent of substantial Commonwealth funds.

At the time I attended Perth University, these included John Stone, now Secretary to the Treasury; Jules Zanetti, the noted journalist; John Wheeldon, now Senator; and Bob Hawke, now aspiring politician.

The universities were thus enjoying a great wave of fresh talent, as the old barriers to a university education were removed. This was the time when the nation benefited profoundly from the new freedom for talented people to move into positions of authority.

It is probable that these people were for some time later to believe that as they had gained such benefit from access to tertiary education, then it was right that there should be more and more opportunities for more and more young people to do the same.

Certainly, there was a prevailing belief during the Sixties and on into the Seventies that as far as tertiary education was concerned, "more is better". There was also a belief that "book learnin' is the best learnin' "

For so many of the talented young people who got into university in the Forties and Fifties, there was a desire to shed working class backgrounds; and hence to shed the idea of working with their hands.

It is with dismay that I see the appalling waste and forthcoming disillusion which have followed the elevation of these thoughts into a dogma.

It is one thing to bring into a tertiary education system a high proportion of really talented people — as occurred in this country during the Forties and Fifties. It is another to make it a rule that almost anyone with a reasonable excuse must be pushed into a tertiary education institution and allowed to stay there for three or four years.

It is one thing for the number of tertiary students in the nation to be allowed to rise from one percent of the school population (the case before the Second World War) to three percent (the case in 1962).

It is another thing for the tertiary student population to be pushed without thought to the point where it represents 10 percent of the school population.

Among the leftist proponents of mass tertiary education there is often talk about the need to eliminate "elitism" in our society. Unfortunately, there is in Australia a very limited number of talented people who are capable of understanding a university education based on intellectual standards which were in force in 1942, 1952 and even in 1962.

The proportion of such people in the community is no different today than it was in 1962. Yet the proportion of school students going on to tertiary education is today more than *three times* what it was in 1962.

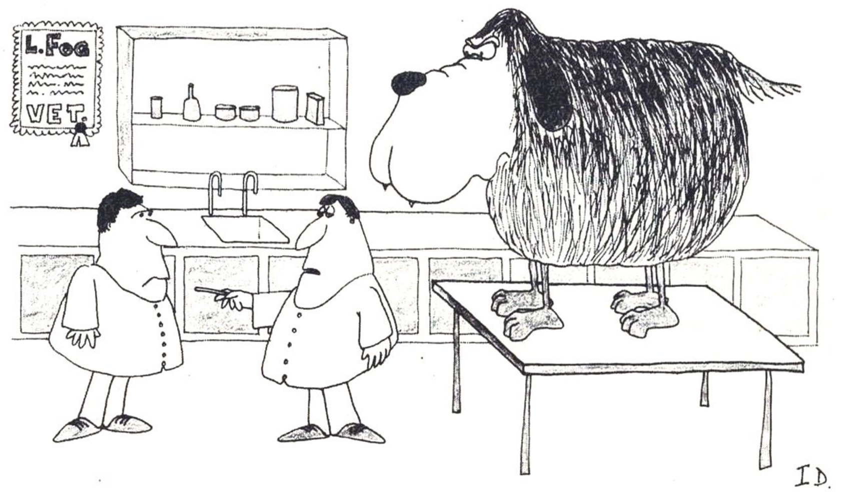
There is an elitism in the dogma that we must all have a tertiary education if we want one.

That elitism would have us detest any form of learnin' except book learnin'; it leads us to a contempt for practical life experience, for practical job experience, for practical jobs at all.

This lack of practical life experience, part of the legacy of a tertiary education, encourages timidity, including a desire by the new graduate to find a safe hole to hide, usually in the Public Service (State or Federal) or in big corporations. So much of tertiary education thus encourages a contempt for practical people and a fear of "the big wide world".

As practised in Australia in the past 15 years, mass tertiary education has also laid the groundwork for great disillusion among the young people who have been encouraged to take part.

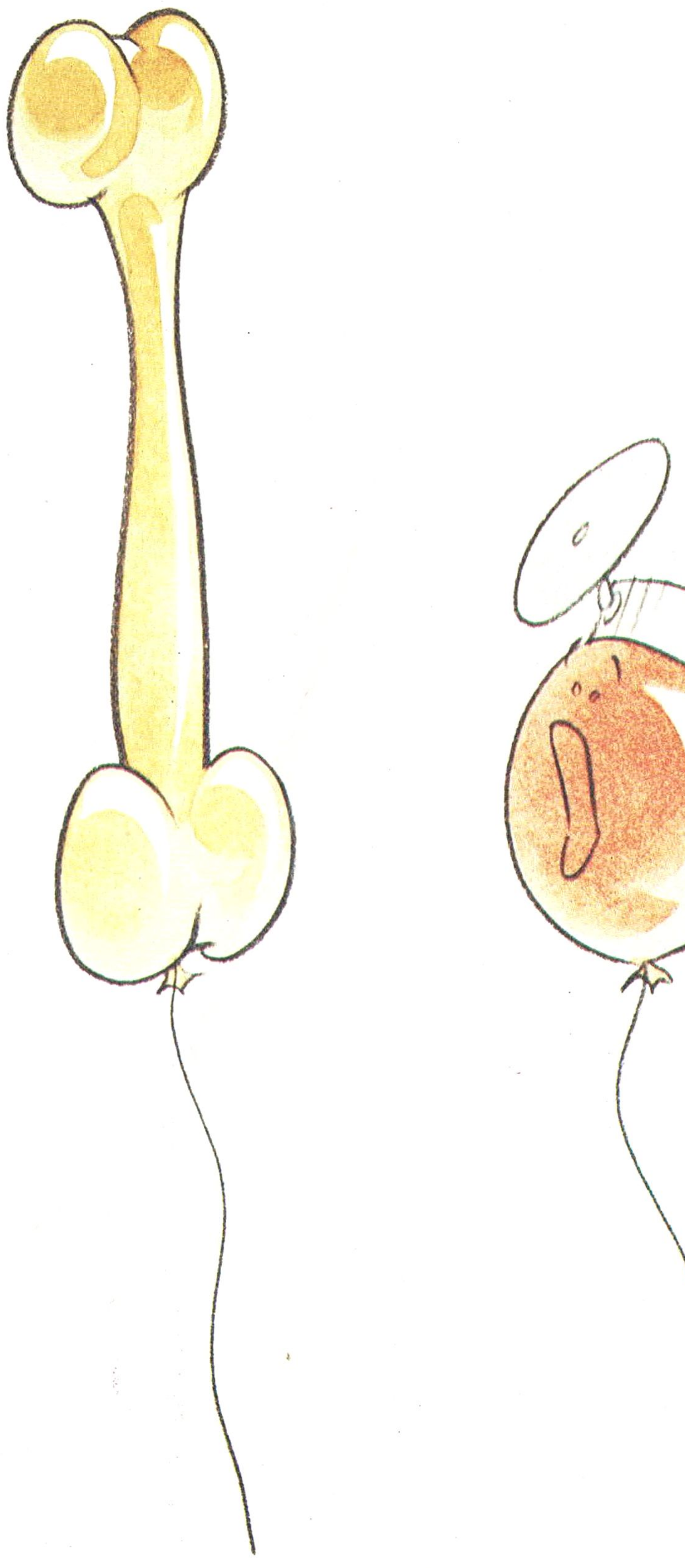
They now know, from bitter experience, that this great gift of tertiary education has left them with little that is saleable in the real world; it has held out promise of great things but has delivered them, armed with no practical, valued skills, into a world which does not need them.



"I've got a better idea, you take his temperature."

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"I think we can ease off on our diet for a while."

Illustration by Greg Somers

The conventional view of incest is that it only happens in violent and disturbed families. But new data suggests it may have reached epidemic proportions in Australia.

ALL IN THE FAMILY

BY LIZ LILL

Late last year, television viewers were treated to a screening of the 1978 Australian film *Summerfield*, which depicts a brother and sister in a dark conspiracy. To complicate matters, they have a daughter whose teacher accidentally stumbles on the fact that the child is born of an incestuous relationship.

The brother goes stark raving mad as a result and shoots almost everyone, presumably to stop their horrible secret being bared to the world.

A more realistic treatment of incest can be seen in Sydney film producer Linda Blagg's *Me and My Little Girlie,* also released last year, which she describes as a "15 minute kitchen-sink drama".

From talking to many women whose fathers made forced sexual advances to them in their childhood, Ms Blagg decided the time was ripe for someone to make a statement in this very delicate area.

The father is portrayed as an aggressive brute who terrorises his 16-year-old daughter. Sexual relations with his wife, a barmaid, are down to nil so the daughter has to suffer the consequences. She, for her part, is scared to let anyone know what's happening, so it continues to remain "all in the family".

Bertolucci's film *Luna* illustrates what is considered to be a far less common, incestuous relationship — that of mother and son. This portrayal is slanted away from the traumatic towards the romantic and may be reminiscent of Louis Malle's classic *Murmur of the Heart*.

To cap all this, *New Idea* and *The Australian Women's Weekly* — the epitome of middle Australia — broke the taboo in print last December with major features emphasising the urgent need for better treatment for child victims of incest. So the strict and ubiquitous moral constraint on The Last Taboo is breaking down, and the subject of incest is coming out of the closet. Whether it will be tolerated in the same way as homosexuality, bisexuality or swinging have come to be through the Sixties and Seventies is highly dubious.

The sudden wave of interest stems from statistical reports, based mainly on overseas research, that suggest incestuous assault may be of epidemic proportion in Australia. As such it is likely to be a major social issue in the Eighties.

It is suspected that incidents run into tens of thousands each year. American pediatrician Dr Henry Kempe, a world leader in the field of child abuse, says we must come to terms with the prevalence of sexual assault within the family. Professor Kempe, who played a large part in enlightening us to the widespread existence of child-battering, believes we have a national problem on our hands.

Ray Willich, the Australian author of the recently released book *The Troubled Ones*, estimates that of the 20,000 cases of child-abuse reported each year, well over 3000 constitute victims of incestuous assault. A special police squad has just been formed in Sydney to deal with them, and alarmed welfare authorities are pressing for properly-equipped centres similar to those set up in America. So fierce is the battle to convince people that new steps are necessary and vital that, in the heat of the moment, incest has become synonymous with child sexual abuse.

Incestuous assault is only part of the story, in the same way as rape does not tell us all there is to be gleaned about sexual assault. The correct definition is that of *sexual intercourse between closely-related persons where marriage is legally forbidden*. This can and does include consenting relationships between adults, (including brothers and sisters), and relationships among children in a family who are engaging in sexual play and experimentation. It is considered a deviation and a heinous crime.

When the nature of the incest is non-consenting it becomes incestuous assault (in popular, although not legal, jargon). This term is also used loosely to include any incestuous activity imposed, usually on a child, which results in emotional or physical trauma. A pocket of anti-taboo thinkers, such as the noted Dr Wardell B. Pomeroy, co-author of the Kinsey report, believe the word needs redefining as it is too broad. Pomeroy would put incest into the category of pedophilia and believes that "incest between consenting adults is not society's concern". American researcher Warren Farrell and others argue that incest needs finer terminology to distinguish between when it is consenting or non-consenting, positive or negative.

But for the moment incest is incest, and anyone proved to be involved in an incestuous liaison can incur seven or more years penal servitude in NSW. Ignorance of blood relationship is no defence. Incest involving a child under 10 carries a sentence of life imprisonment, as this is carnal knowledge.

While no one knows how much overt incestuous behavior exists, outside incestuous assault and the guesstimates of this, it's old hat that kindred lust is frequently enjoyed in isolated rural areas. Anecdotal evidence suggests the many areas in Australia which are said to be crawling with clandestine pillow-friends.

There is a substantial amount of literature available on the traumas of incest and the elaborate arguments about the basis for the taboo, but there is little around on the brighter side — if there is one. American researchers (Kinsey was the first) have made some positive findings on incest, but the masses initially refused to open their minds: "We were just interested in what people did," Pomeroy said when it was his turn for the firing line. "We couldn't give a damn whether it was right or improper."

> Incest is likely to be a major social issue in the Eighties. It is suspected that incidents run in to tens of thousands each year.

No one has been brave enough to try to obtain a better understanding of incest by interviewing victims and non-victims in Australian society — or if it has been attempted, the findings are being kept extremely low-key. Just as positive incest data from Kinsey's original sex histories — about 18,000 cases — was withheld from the public from 1955 until the late '70s, the same could be happening here.

Australian welfare authorities react strongly against the liberal idea that incest and trauma do not walk hand in hand.

Discussing incest with horrified social workers is, as American Warren Farrell, author of *The Three Faces of Incest*, so succinctly expresses it, "like interviewing Cuban refugees about Cuba".

In other words, they have a biased perspective. A senior detective sergeant with the NSW police who's worked in the area of child abuse for 22 years says: "Kids who're victims of incestuous assault are pitiful sights. They could be scarred for life mentally and/or physically."

Psychiatrists left to glue back the shreds of such cases have a similar bias, yet some will admit that they deal only with people with problems and know nothing about those who suffer no upheaval from incestuous incidents.

Forum magazine invited readers to answer a questionnaire on sexuality within the family five years ago, but the response was minimal and no conclusions could be drawn.

Then letters started to trickle in from all over the country, reporting both negative and positive incestuous experiences, and they have continued to arrive. Possibly those describing consensual, satisfying sex are fictional or romanticised, but if they *are* true accounts they are at the very least an indication that the topic of incest needs much more discussion.

This segment from an experience related by a Melbourne man cites positive sibling and father-daughter incest: "Our mother left us when we were barely in our teens. Left to our own, Sis and I became sexually intimate. Dad later found a very willing partner in his daughter, though she had not yet turned 15, and this happy situation continued for many years. I don't think any of us have regretted it. For Dad, fed up with marriage, his daughter kept him from prostitutes and disease. He was a good lover and through him both Sis and I received a thorough knowledge of all sexual practices. While yet in our teens we were completely uninhibited and today, thanks to our broad-minded partners, we lead full sex lives with pleasant memories of our earlier incestuous experiences . . ."

There have been many other reports such as this which would seem to suggest that incestuous experiences are not always traumatic.

Most interesting is that most positive accounts are written by males. This ties in with Warren Farrell's US survey of 250 "non-victim" participants, incorporated in his book. Only 15 percent of daughters felt positive about their experience, compared with 60 percent of fathers. "Either men see these relationships differently," said Farrell before publication of *The Three Faces of Incest*, "or I'm getting selective reporting from women."

Father-daughter activities are viewed by most as being the most harmful of incestuous relationships, mainly because of the imbalance of power. As in *Me and My Little Girlie*, the daughter could be threatened to the point of violence or in less extreme cases, cajoled or persuaded into acquiescence. Either way it is rape, which could scar the victim for life.

Sydney social worker Warren Simmons, director of foster care at Dr Barnados in Australia, has a thick file containing correspondence from distressed women of all ages. At his own time and expense, Mr Simmons has been conducting research for the past two-and-a-half years on incest victims. The letters were sent in response to television appearances and radio appeals requesting women to come forward to relate their incestuous experiences.

Some of these are soon to be documented with case histories of 24 families, in which he discovered 34 cases of incestuous assault, 56 percent of whom had been molested by a parent.

That a child can incur severe and permanent damage is emphasised by a 63-year-old woman who has kept silent until now about her childhood trauma: "My father raped me when I was nine years old. He was a very cruel and violent man and told me that if I told a living person he would kill me. As we were used to violent beatings with stockwhips, doubled plow-reins and heavy belting I did not doubt him and have told no one until this letter.

"I could never be in his company alone until the day he died. I still hate his memory. I have felt a second-hand person all my life and have always been frightened of men. I married in my late 20s but the marriage was not a success. At 63 I still cannot be happy in men's company. It still haunts me."

Beyond doubt, incestuous *assault* has a negative effect — it is a severe form of abuse. While the physical signs may not be apparent, permanent mental damage can be caused. This may not be immediately obvious, but can manifest itself later in the form of depression, anxiety attacks or nervous breakdowns.

What of father-daughter relationships when it is not sexual abuse, or at least ostensibly not? We all know about Lolita's vampish seduction of the tormented Humbert Humbert who gave up mentally fighting the taboo and decided to make his fantasies about the nubile young girl a reality. His heart was captured and his lust stirred from the moment he first set eyes on her lissom bikini-clad body.

Had Lolita not teased him by gyrating in deliberately close proximity with a hula-hoop, or by sitting on a certain place on his lap, incest may not have taken place: stepfather-stepdaughter relations may not be considered incest as there is no blood tie, but the law comes down against it just the same.

It's no news to parents that pubescent or late-pubescent girls revel in their awakening sexuality — for a beautiful, romantic portrayal see David Hamilton's film *Bilitis* — and often look to the father and/or brothers for confirmation of their new-found power of attraction. Although in "normal" families incest does not eventuate from this, it is known that, like Lolita, some young girls become overtly seductive.

"Where you say the daughter isn't always the innocent victim," writes an alarmed woman from Victoria in response to a book review on incest, "this could have been written especially for my family. I could not agree more."

She had stumbled on her daughter, aged 12, with her pyjamas down to her ankles masturbating her husband while he pretended to be asleep. Three months before this, she had noticed the little girl was taking an enormous interest in her father. Apparently, she would get up half an hour early to have breakfast with him, and when he left and returned home from work would give him abnormally enthusiastic hugs and kisses.

Every night, before bed, she would sit on his lap for 10 to 15 minutes and the man would always be extremely sexually aroused, often desiring sex more than twice a night with his wife. Suspicions were aroused further when the girl would continually enter the parents' bedroom when the father was alone and keep the door closed.

> Young teenage girls often develop strong attachments to their fathers and fantasise sexual relations with them.

A consultant's comment was: "Incest is not as rare as most people think, and what the husband has done is something many men would like to do. Similarly, young teenage girls often develop strong attachments to their father and fantasise sexual relations with them. I don't wish to condone what the husband did, as he should have had the self-control to hold out against provocation, which I feel sure the daughter offered him."

Alayne Yates, an English psychiatrist and author of *Sex Without Shame* who has had a long-standing interest in child sexuality, believes "there is one event that occurs within all stratas of society that provides youngsters with intense erotic stimulation — incest. Many youngsters do respond erotically within the liaison, and some become frankly seductive."

Although Ms Yates pays homage to evidence that incest can severely damage a child's well-being, she points out that some incestuous unions are less harmful than is generally supposed, quoting from the findings of six internationally-known researchers.

Ms Yates has 13 children, seven of her own and six stepchildren. She does not recommend or condone incest but, being of the school of thought that seeks to encourage a child's sexuality rather than merely tolerate it, believes that non-coercive father-daughter incest *does* exist: "It is not mere erotic pleasure by itself that damages the child. Childhood is the best time to learn, although parents are definitely not the best teachers."

Likewise, Australian psychiatrists tend to agree that it's glib to think a child can take on an adult's sexuality. While many would encourage pre-adolescent sexual explorations among children, they consider that because of a child's psychosexual immaturity it would not be making a free and fully-conscious response to an adult's desires — which brings us back to the coercion argument.

"A child really has little or no free choice," says a staff psychiatrist at Sydney's Camperdown hospital. "Force or persuasion, not necessarily violent, is usually employed. Also, within the framework of the family, a child is almost powerless to resist."

So long as patients continue to pour out horrifying tales of exploitive, manipulative fathers who ravage their daughters' bodies for self-gratification, society cannot help but conclude that such a relationship lacks caring and consideration and is more often than not a negative experience. Warren Farrell's survey of 250 people showed that 15 percent of daughters actually enjoyed sex with Dad, but before the release of *The Three Faces of Incest* he told the press: "In a society where men are powerful and exploitive and insensitive to women's feelings, which is reinforced by female adaptiveness and a daughter's lack of power, data like these can be used as an excuse for the continuation and magnification of that exploitation. When I consider that, I almost don't want to write this book."

This extract illustrates how women tend to react against notions of positive father-daughter incest: "I am sure letters published on father-daughter intimacy must be exaggerated. I am a 32-year-old woman, married with two children, and only in the last two years have I found happiness and fulfilment from sex. For as long as my memory will take me back, I have felt a good deal of depression and hopeless longing — even suicidal feelings.

"Until my father came into my life at the age of six I was afraid of no one. He certainly rejected me for a reason I didn't understand and never showed any interest in me until puberty. Then his attitude changed dramatically towards me. For example, he would always remark what a lovely figure I was developing, how attractive he found me . . . and I will never forget the nights he would come into my room to disturb me, to play with my private parts.

"Then he forced me to have intercourse with him and warned me not to tell anyone. Later I wondered why he became so strict, never allowing me any freedom to go out and enjoy my life . . . I realise now it was jealousy.

"There is no doubt in my mind that this experience left a mark on my whole attitude towards sex and men in general, causing a great deal of unhappiness for my husband, my children and myself.

"If there is a father who is having sexual feelings about his daughter, I urge him to leave her alone. You are only using her for your own satisfaction. Let her go out and find her own man."

Dr Peter Churvan, a psychiatrist at Sydney's Westmead hospital, says fathers often try to rationalise their behavior after the event, with such lines as "it was my duty as a father to teach my daughter" or "I was afraid she'd get hurt if one of those bastards at school got to her first".

Those who have been charged with incest are said to reiterate these phrases. It is rare for them to admit that their attentions were forced.

So much for fathers and daughters. According to experts, they make up the vast majority of incestuous relationships that come to light through police or welfare authorities.

It is strongly suspected that sibling incest is by far the most common, yet as these cases are usually handled within the family, there is no concrete evidence of this. Farrell's statistics show that brother-sister, cousin-cousin, uncle-niece and aunt-nephew relationships accounted for half the total incidence and in 95 percent of cases, the act was perceived as beneficial.

Mother-son incest is relatively rare in the sense that it is hardly ever reported, although Farrell's report yielded an incidence of 10 percent — of which 70 percent was positive, 20 percent mixed and 10 percent negative for the son — and mostly positive for the mother.

A report prepared by the West Australian Community Welfare Department in 1979, which lists 127 incestuous assault offences traced over a three-month period involving boys and girls up to 17, shows that only 3 percent of the known assailants were mothers and Sydney's Rape Crisis Centre — which "as a feminist group can't involve ourselves in anything *Penthouse* is doing" — did not appear to come across any offenders who were mothers according to their statistics for 1978 covering 578 victims.

The WA report notes seductive behavior by mothers towards sons as significant and "very damaging" to the boys concerned, yet a senior psychiatrist at Rozelle Hospital in Sydney has unearthed several mother-son incestuous relationships which did not seem terribly "traumatising" for the boys concerned.

But it is generally assumed that mothers who seduce their sons have severe emotional disorders. Of the cases that come to the attention of the authorities, the son is usually confused and angry in that he resents his mother for taking advantage of him.

There have been few reports of mother-son incest here and overseas, but we all know about "mother's boys". Research in the area of homosexuality suggests that the mother has often doted on the son and it is possible that due to underlying sexual tension, such mothers turn their sons off women.

This is still open to speculation, but it may be that it is largely the tensions involved in incestuous behavior as opposed to the act itself that is traumatic: scores of men who have difficulties relating to women, some to the extent of impotence, have a possessive mother lurking behind the scenes.

> As long as we continue to believe that incestuous assault can happen only in other families, we can avoid examining our own lives.

Dr Wardell Pomeroy believes there are far more sexual contacts, overt and disguised, between adults and children than many people realise, or that conventional morality permits them to realise: "Most of these contacts may not be legally incestuous and may never lead to overt incestuous behavior in the sense of actual intercourse."

The mother who lounges with her legs laid across her son's knees encouraging him to stroke her calves while they watch the late-night movie in cosy intimacy is displaying incestuous behavior if she does this repeatedly while fully aware that it turns her on; mothers who walk around naked in front of their sons in a house where nudity is not the norm are also displaying signs of incestuous behavior. Many examples can be drawn from our own and other families, but as Wardell Pomeroy says: "This doesn't mean to imply that incest is always just around the corner in families, or that sexual elements exist in every demonstration of affection."

Mary Barlow is a pseudonym for the only mother, indeed the only person, who dared to make a personal revelation of incestuous thoughts. The mother of two teenagers, a girl of 13 and a boy of 15, she has a joyless sex life. Her impotent husband refuses to participate in any form of sex-play and won't tolerate her taking a lover to relieve her frustrations.

"I've fancied my son since he turned 13 and lately I'm worried that I won't be able to control myself for much longer. Although he's not aware of it, I covet his crotch and keep wondering about the size of his erections. Sometimes I walk into his room without knocking at the door, hoping to catch a glimpse of his body, and once I even masturbated in his bed when he was out. Now he wants to bring his girlfriend home to meet me and I feel slightly sick when he mentions it.

"I'm trying to put him out of my head, but every time I see him running into the bathroom with nothing but a towel wrapped around him I feel like racing him off."

This frank admission came from a woman who is by all acounts perfectly sane. She appears to be suffering from severe frustration and has, in the absence of a lover, turned her son into a sex-object. Her case demonstrates one way in which incest may begin. Countless case histories describe sex-starved parents who misdirect their sexual energies onto their off-spring.

Mary says she hopes sex will never happen between she and her son and berates herself for the involuntary fantasies she entertains for, like most of us, she considers incest shameful and wrong.

Sandra Butler, an American social psychologist responsible for the well-researched book *The Trauma of Incest*, believes the reason so many people are unwilling to come to terms with incest in our society is because most of us are frightened of any incestuous thoughts.

"As long as we continue to believe that incestuous assault can happen only in other families, we can avoid examining our own lives.

"This protects us from sexual feelings we may have experienced for older family members and any possible interplay that may have occurred in our own childhood, as well as feelings we may have towards our own children as we watch them developing into young men and women. While most of us do not act upon these feelings, it is our refusal to acknowledge to ourselves that we have ever had such feelings that creates our silence, aversion and unwillingness to openly discuss the issues."

Like the favorite uncle who rocks his little niece on his knee, then is alarmed to find he has a massive erection: the brother who mentally whips himself for becoming aroused at the unexpected sight of his sister naked: the father who

Adam's Ads

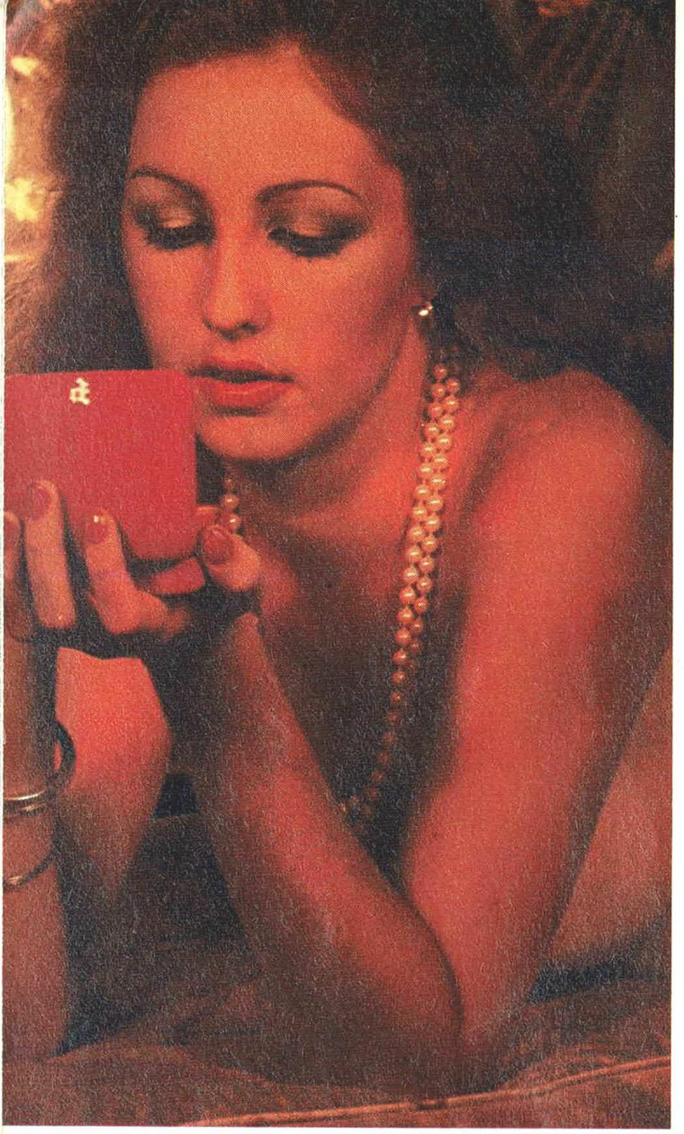
Solvo gets really dirty

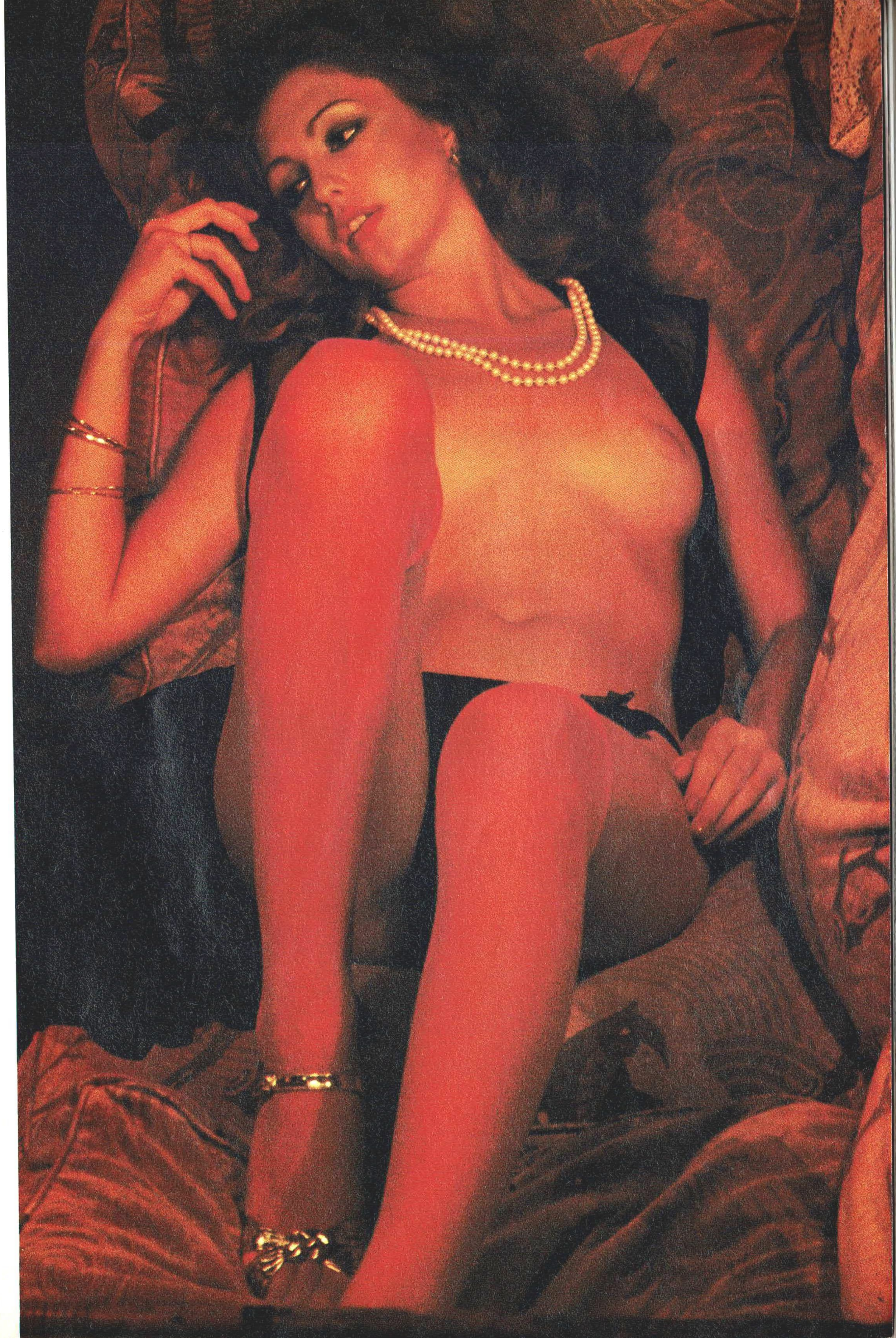
Wash your gland Geoffrey . . .
. . . with the Solvo Geoffrey.
Zowie! Now into my black stockings and my Blaytex suspenders mate!
SOLVO
BLAYTEX
i can't believe it's a

That's why Blaytex call it I Can't Believe it's a Girle.

Available in Open Girdle, Brief, Shortie and Average Leg, and All-in-One.

ADAM

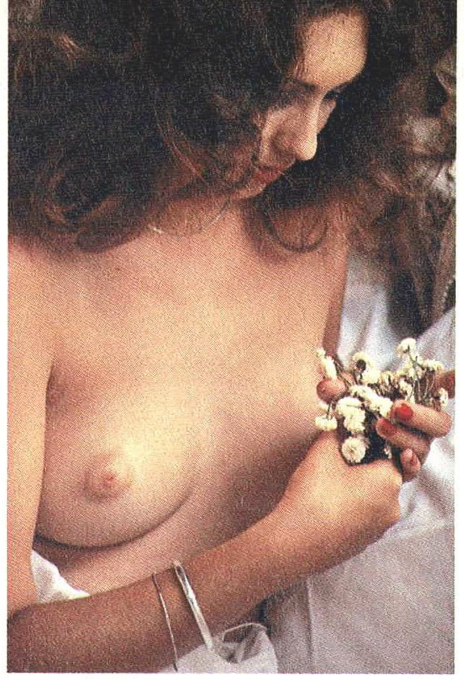


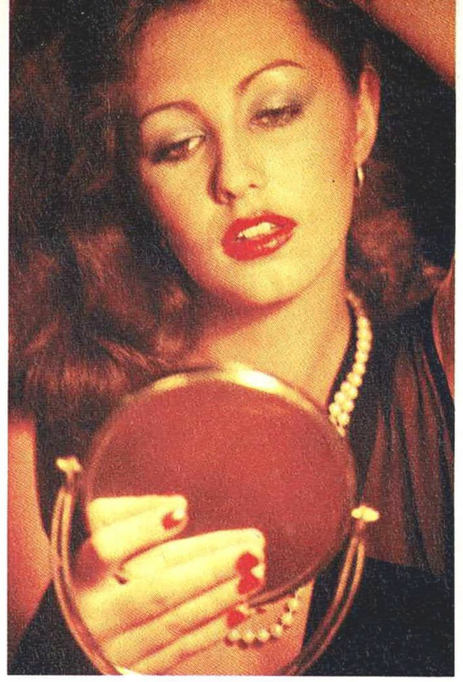


When the leaves turn to gold and red and the air becomes crisp, 18-year-old Veronica Green is in her element. "I love the winter," she says. "For me there is nothing better on a cold, clear night than cuddling up in front of an open fire with my lover. The crackling logs, the soft flickering fire light, strong, loving arms around me . . . what could be better? It's so warm and romantic."

CUDDLEPIE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARROLL HOLLOWAY



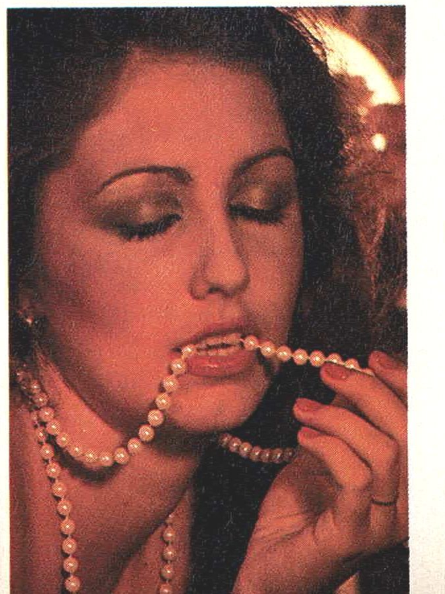


❛Two people can lock out the world just as easily as one — and it's a lot more fun!❜

Although she's been in the workforce only a short time, Veronica is already a career girl. "I was lucky enough to find a job I really enjoy," she says. "The work brings me into contact with a lot of people, and I like to meet people. Maybe that's why I like to go out a lot at night." Veronica, who lives in Sydney, says she doesn't want to settle down until she has done some travelling and become an executive in her chosen field.

"I'm very choosy about the things I do and the people I do them with," says Veronica. "And I'm very choosy when it comes to men. Of course, I have my ideas of what the perfect man would be like, but when I meet him he may not look at all like I thought he would. At the moment, the man of my fantasies is tall and well built, with a cute little bum, and he knows that because I'm a Sagittarian I like to get plenty of attention."

‘The man of my fantasies is tall and well-built, with a cute little bum.’



Veronica may be a girl on the go, but there are times when she likes to be at home. "I'm not into the domestic, homebody scene," she says, "but now and then there is nothing better than locking yourself away in your own home for a while. Everyone needs a haven — a place to be alone, to work out plans and problems or just to enjoy your own company. And if I'm tired of being alone I can always make a phone call. Two people can lock out the world just as easily as one — and it's a lot more fun!"

And what does a romantic, career-minded girl do for a change of pace? She zips her 35-24-34 figure into a set of leathers and hits the open road on a motorbike. "I guess it's the same old story," she says. "You know, the wind in my face, the excitement and the challenge of riding bikes. It gives me quite a high. I go from one extreme to another. I'll spend a day out on the bike, come home to a long, hot bath and then slip into something very silky and very feminine. But that's the way I am, take it or leave it." We'll take it, thank you.

Every morning he ran. He ran to stay in shape. Until he found the ultimate keep-fit program.

THE RUNNER

FICTION BY ROSS DIMSEY

He runs. That is, he "jogs". Every morning of his life he puts on a track suit,a pair of fancy running shoes and trundles out into the misty streets. Usually around dawn or a bit before. Always alone. To go back a bit, this jogging was initially, as he put it "to get into shape". Into shape for what? In fact, from a woman's point of view he was quite definitely in shape. Every woman but his wife, that is, who rode him mercilessly into a tightly structured suburban existence. To this he surrendered, for he was by nature a peaceful man, a Libran . . . a lover, not a fighter. When his feet hit the pavement in the pre-dawn stillness he was free. Every breath a joy. And as his legs worked beneath him, he got his wind and soared.

The rhythmic pounding on the pavement and in his chest mesmerised his conscious being and freed his soul. With his brain in this oxygenated state, strange and wonderful thoughts occurred to him as he ran. Thoughts he would never dare to admit inside his neat little house.

His route took him some seven miles through this once elegant suburb. Some parts remained as they have always been, despite the steady creep of high-rise and townhouses in the fringes.

It was in these older areas that he soared most freely. Across gardens, along tradesmen's lanes, through rights-of-way. Gardens half an acre large. Gravel and tanbark crunched softly as he padded along. Wet tracks across dewed lawns, a brush of branches across his face. At this hour, he was free to trespass where he pleased.

Dogs were no worry. Around there, they're a soft lot and chiefly stay indoors at night. With the exception of a certain fox-terrier who would wander and terrorise possums and odd small creatures.

One wonders why they hadn't met before, the runner and the dog. His route was constant, rarely varied, and nearly always took in this particular garden. One especially lovely morning, crunching through the grounds, he was jolted rudely from his reverie by a yapping, nipping, bundle about his feet. Grimly determined to hang on till death, its efforts finally arrested his motion. Now for a man like this to be stopped in mid-flight was unthinkable.

Movement is the essence of his higher state of being. Stop him and his spirit dies. He was very near tears when the lady of the house appeared and effected his rescue.

"Poor boy," she exclaimed as she hauled off the still

Illustration by John Byrne

eager terrier. Boy was a reasonably accurate description as she was near 40 and he 26. "Do come in and let me make you some tea. A dreadful shock."

Tea and running don't mix. But then there was the problem of him being in her garden at six o'clock in the morning. So he allowed himself to be led inside.

"I always let Sammy run when George is away. It makes me feel more secure. A woman isn't safe alone these days."

She beckoned him to sit . . .

"Sugar, milk?" and perched herself on a high stool at the kitchen bar. He had to admit that *she* was in good shape for her age. Maybe she ran?

"I must confess," she continued "that I've seen you before. Oh yes. More than once. In fact I've come to expect you in the mornings."

Now this was an entirely new turn for our runner. His mental state while he ran depended largely on anonymity. To be alone and unknown was essential. And this woman actually expected him in the mornings!

"Once I'd seen you I just couldn't resist it. Striding across the lawn, down the path and under the trees like some young stallion on a dawn workout. And then into the back lane. I could see you there as well from the bedroom at the top. Then you disappear at the end and I don't see you again until you double back across the path."

Stallion? . . . Workout?

"Harder to see you in the park, of course. But the impression is still the same. You leave your breath behind you in the air. The sun lights it up and it follows you along. More tea?"

Now all this is pretty strong stuff to a man arrested in mid-stride. Sitting in an elegant home at six o'clock in the morning sipping tea with a lovely lady who talked about stallions and such.

He sat drenched in sweat, thigh muscles jerking spasmodically and his brain pounding. Normally he would have fled at the beginning but one must remember, that while he ran, this man was possessed.

"I am sorry. Here I am rambling on and you sit there cold and wet. Do let me get you a towel. You shall have a shower and I'll dry your gear."

In the runner's defence, it was more of an order than a suggestion. Besides he *was* becoming uncomfortable in his sweat-drenched shirt and shorts.

"The bathroom's at the end of the hall. Help yourself."

Mumbling thanks, he entered, carefully snibbed the door, and turned on the shower.

He stripped off his gear and stood looking at himself momentarily in the mirror. Stallion, eh? He didn't even notice the door at the other end leading to the bedroom.

"Towel?"

He swung around to see, through the steam, our lady standing in the far doorway. Aware of her advantage, she slowly sized him up. She moved into the steam.

"You are a lovely colt."

The rest need hardly be said. A body conditioned by miles and months of hard running and fully primed by a morning's workout can be contained just so long by conscious effort.

He submitted eagerly to her attack as she spurred him to greater efforts with the most unladylike expressions, hurled in a manner rather like a spectator at a wrestling match.

Afterwards, spent and worried about arriving home so late (took a new route, did a few extra miles, his excuse would go) he asked her name.

"Let's just call me 9 St Georges Close. It's simpler than names. I know you'd like to come again. If Sammy bails you up in the garden, it means that George is away and that the coast is clear. If not, just keep running on those beautiful legs and I'll just have to watch and wait."

Now in the cold light of 3b Brompton Road (our runner's neat little piece of suburbia) the young stallion rapidly reverted to his daily self and for weeks to follow trembled with fear and guilt whenever he thought of 9 St Georges Close.

He changed his route, but he still ran. And one morning, more by habit than anything, he took an old turning and found himself headed for St Georges Close again. The terrier was waiting. Without the preliminaries his stay was shorter. He didn't even need an excuse. Perhaps it was that which made him feel better the next day.

Something certainly did. He even managed to sort out his guilt problem. As he had no real feelings for lonely Mrs 9 St G's, apart from a certain filial affections, he could scarcely be considered unfaithful to his proper little wife. Further he reasoned, as long as he brought some happiness into her world, he was committing no sin. On he ran.

Nine St G's became as much a part of the routine as the running. With the added exercise and the faster home leg (the degree of sprinting required being proportional to the length of the exercise) his fitness leapt ahead. The days when the terrier did not tangle in his feet he sailed on past and filled in the spare time with numerous laps of the sports field. With his added confidence he even came to talking, or rather puffing, terms with some of the regulars.

They were amazed at how a man could train in such a random fashion and still remain superbly fit. One put it down to secret runs at night.

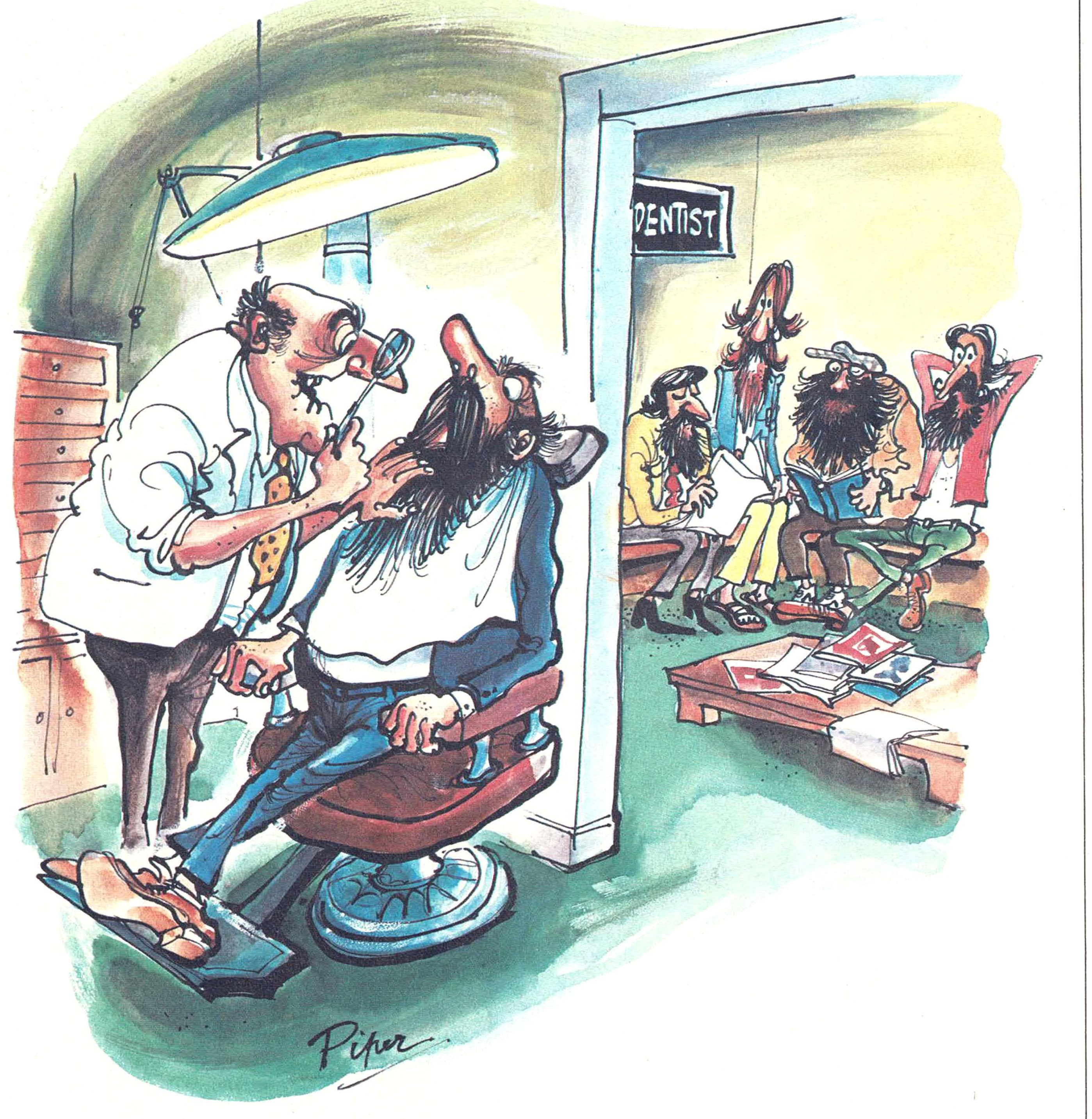
One morning, as she stepped glowing from the shower, Mrs 9 St G's enquired what he did with his free mornings.

"Laps. I do laps. Keep in trim."

She laughed, "Oh yes you must," and

CUSTOMS
McCRAE

"That's George . . . our most conscientious body search man!"



"I actually started out to be a gynaecologist, but when you look into it . . . what's the difference?"

threw him an enormous fluffy towel, "I was wondering if you would like to call in on a friend of mine."

"Friend?"

"Oh nothing like our arrangement, of course. It's just that with her husband away at least once a week, she gets lonely.

"We were talking the other day and . . . I thought of you. Please say you will, it will mean a lot to her."

Now one lonely lady now and again was one thing. To have a friend thrown in for convenience shook him a little.

"I don't know. What would she expect?"

"Oh nothing, just call in for some tea. She's at 18 Landale Crescent."

"But . . ."

"Go on, you'll enjoy it. Better than dreary old laps. Just consider that you'll be spreading a little more happiness in the world. By the way, if the milk's still on the porch, don't stop. That means Bill is home."

Eighteen Landale Crescent was an equally elegant house with an equally attractive lady. Well maybe not quite so attractive, but just as friendly, if a little shy. It was three mornings before they got past the Olde English Marmalade and into the enormous bed upstairs. After that our runner's fate was sealed.

Eighteen Landale was followed by Dellafield Place ("there are no numbers in Dellafield Place, dear. I mean everybody just knows who's who"),: Apartment 11, 14 Travale Drive, (where the 'go' sign was a certain arrangement of blinds up and down, semaphore style); 69 Garmonsway Lane, a lady of strange taste; 3 Torres Terrace . . . long nails, must be careful of scratches; and finally Cambridge Court.

Could he ever forget 1a Cambridge Court. Poor little dear used to leave her sweet little Alfa in the street if the time was ripe. Otherwise her husband's Jag stood solid in the drive.

There his round ended. Perhaps they unconsciously worried about his ability to carry on if they extended him too far. Of course there was never more than one call per morning.

Nine St G's was always first. If that was "no go" he moved on, choosing whichever route he pleased, until an eager "go" sign awaited his tender attentions.

Perhaps seven was a natural number for this sort of thing. It averaged out at one visit a week each, and this is surely proper. The arrangement continued for some months. The runner grew steadily fitter, the ladies well pleased with the service, and his wife was none the wiser. His increasing confidence and drive she put down to fitness. She even began to admire his diligence for training.

Inevitably, it had to happen. One spring morning feeling keen-edged and eager he set out on his task.

Nine St G's was off. Not unusual. George had been at home more frequently of late. So was Landale. And Dellafield and Garmonsway. Pity about Garmonsway, he was looking forward to . . . Travale Drive had the blinds down, the long-nailed lady's sprinkler was running and finally the Jag stood foursquare at Cambridge. Every sign was wrong. He couldn't believe it. Not one from the seven. There was nothing for it but the sports ground and an endless succession of laps until it was time to return to 3b Brompton Road.

As he plodded along the turf, absorbed with thoughts of fluffy towels and feather beds, another pair of track shoes dropped into step beside him. It was his old friend who had propounded the "secret runs at night theory".

"Why you bastard, I haven't seen you for months and you're just as fit as ever."

Plod Plod Puff. Plod Plod Puff.

"You must have some system. What is it . . . isometrics?"

Puff Plod Plod.

The runner lifted his head and glanced at his companion.

"Sortof."

"What do you mean, 'sortof'."

Plod Plod Puff.

"Come on, share it with the less enlightened."

The runner was a secretive soul by nature but with the strain of seven cancellations and of keeping the whole thing to himself for so long, he just couldn't resist letting just one other male know of his good fortune.

His friend howled with laughter. So much so that he broke his stride and had to sprint to catch up.

"You're not going to believe this, but I'm onto a similar thing . . . in a smaller way of course. I've only a few regulars. Uncontrollable mostly. But quiet little things to look at. You know."

"Oh yes," replied the runner, glowing with pride at being considered a man of the world, "there are a lot like that."

The friend continued . . . "In fact I'm just filling in now until the time is right for one of mine."

"Time, eh. I go on signs. Safer."

"So do I usually but this one is free any morning. I don't know how she organises it. Well must be off," he laughed, "duty calls."

The runner lifted his head again to bid his comrade-in-arms goodbye. A sense of camaraderie welled up in him. He shouted a farewell up the grassy slope.

"What's her name, you can give her my regards."

The friend half turned without breaking his stride.

"Her first name's Mary."

The runner froze in mid-stride.

"But I call her 3b Brompton."

Jessica

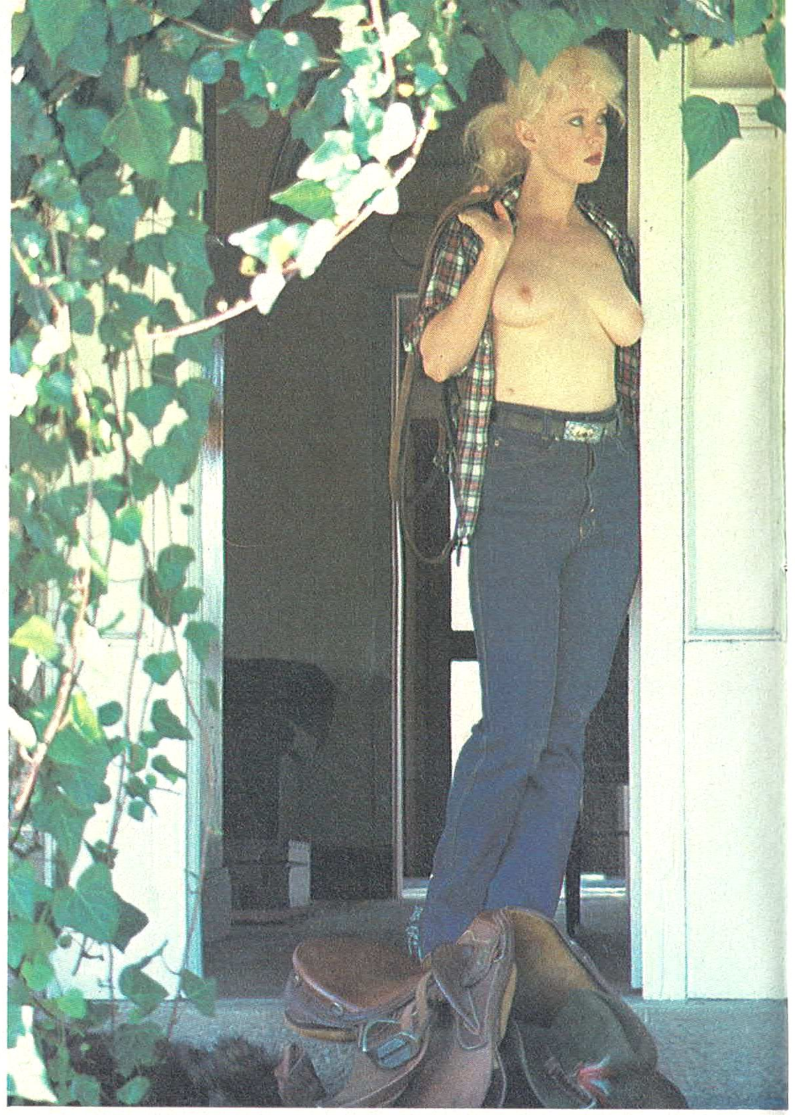
"I was born with a baby doll face, and my friends tell me that when I'm 50 I'll still look like a living doll."

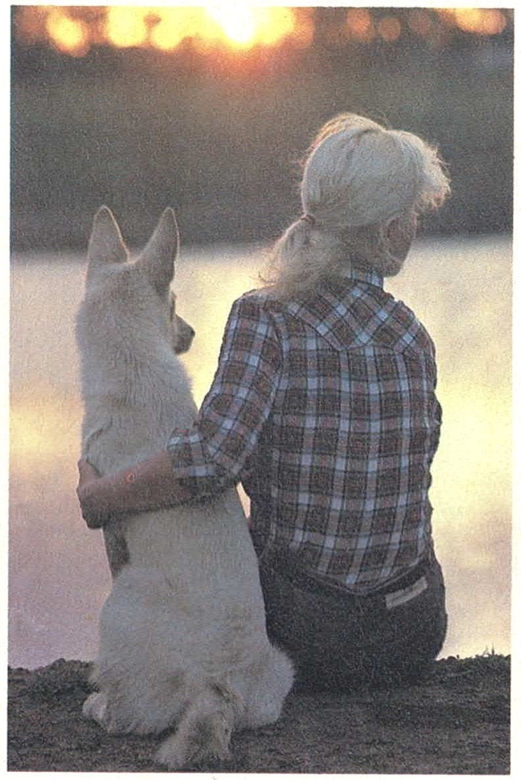
Living Doll

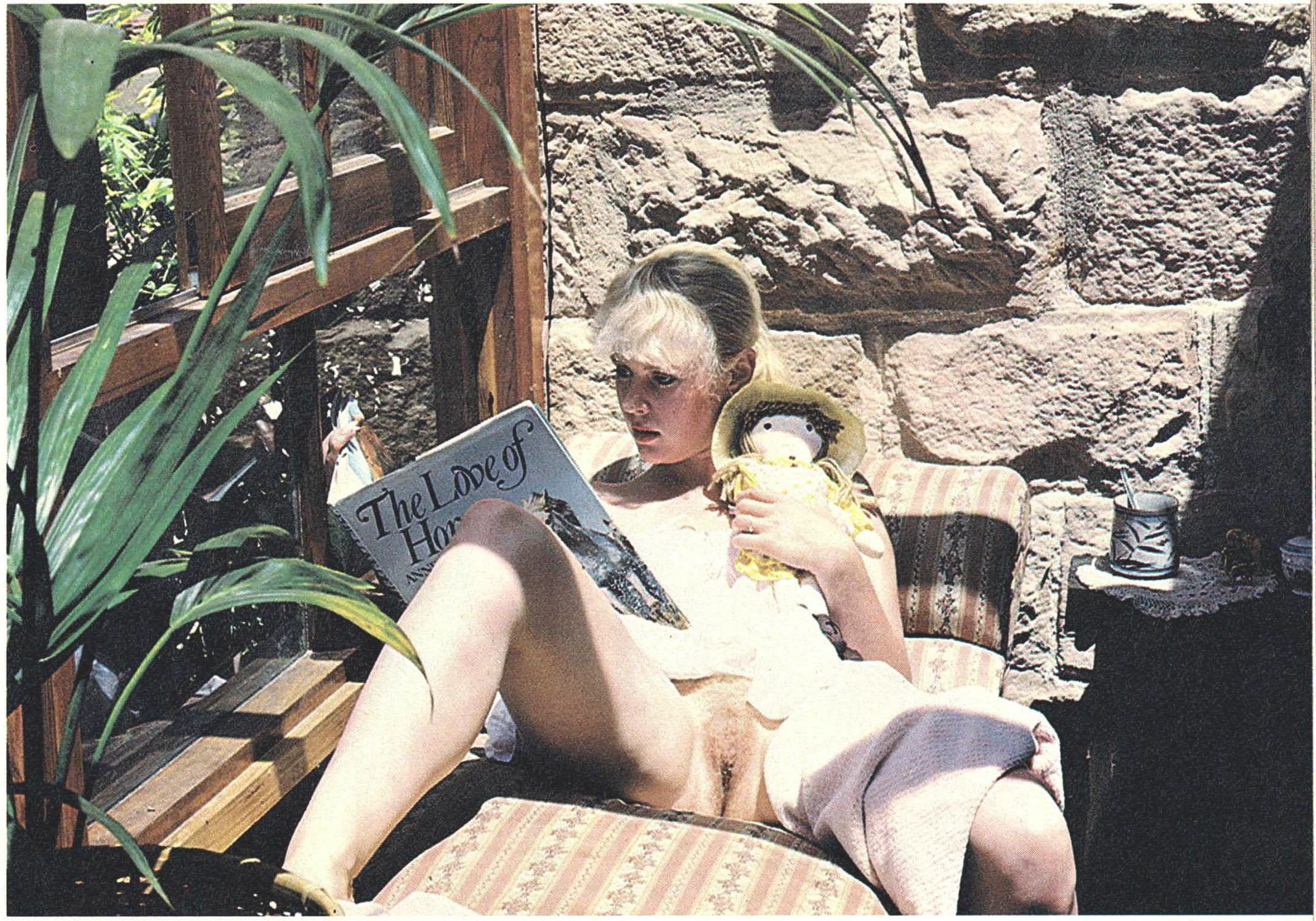
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROD STEWART

"I was born with a cute, baby doll face," says Jessica Castles, our Pet of the Month, "and I've still got it — even now that I'm grown up. My friends keep telling me that when I'm 50 I'll still look like a living doll."

Blue-eyed Jessica, who is deeply involved in her modelling career, is also, obviously, a true blonde. "There's a certain mystery about blondes," says our 36-24-35 Pet. "In fact, there have been times when, in a very intimate moment, a man has said to me: 'You really are a blonde!' It's hard not to giggle."






The Love of Ho

When she needs a break from hectic city life, Jessica, who lives in Sydney, heads for the country. "It's so beautiful and peaceful," she says. "I can ride horses, or go fishing, or swim in the dam or, if the mood takes me, just enjoy the fresh air and the scenery. A soft, misty meadow at dusk turns me on. That's where I want a man to make love to me. It just seems so . . . natural. Of course, it would have to be a very special man — someone who could understand the moment."

❛A soft, misty meadow at dusk is where I want a man to make love to me.❜

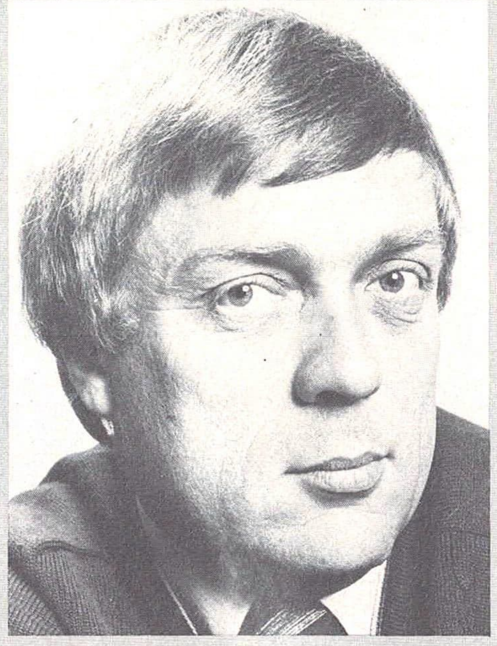
The Love of Horses
ANNE ALCOCK

The Love of Horses
ANNE ALCOCK

"A man doesn't have to be incredibly beautiful," Jessica says. "If he is beautiful on the inside, then he will be more attractive on the outside. If a man is self-confident and likes himself, I find him more desirable."

The Love of Horses
THE LOVE OF HORSES

MISS JESSICA CASTLES / PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



BY ROB ROBOTHAM

F.P.J. (Rob) Robotham, now Radiation Protection Officer at the University of Melbourne, worked at Britain's Energy Research Establishment, Harwell, before coming to Australia in 1966 to work at the Australian Atomic Energy Research Establishment, Lucas Heights. He presented the argument against uranium mining and nuclear power in the book commissioned by the Australian Institute of International Affairs, *Uranium: Energy Source of the Future?* (Thomas Nelson). Professor Sir Ernest Titterton presented the opposing view in the book.

THE HAZARDS OF GOING FISSION

The major problem with nuclear power arises from the fact that using uranium produces radioactive materials. The radiations emitted by these can cause damage to biological systems. Large doses of radiation can kill. More insidiously, lower doses can cause cancer many years after the radiation exposure occurred. Low radiation doses can also damage the cell's genetic material, which contains the basic code of life. This damage can show up as mutations in the offspring of irradiated parents. Work in India has shown an association between the higher background radiation in parts of Kerala and higher incidence of mongolism (which is genetically based) in the local population.

Use of uranium to produce electricity is called the nuclear fuel cycle. It has three main stages after digging out the ore: conversion to uranium oxide — known as yellowcake — enriching (i.e. increasing the percentage of the important uranium-235 isotope) and making it into fuel rods.

The next stage is reactor operation, whereby the uranium is brought together, so that the process of fission can take place in a controlled manner. In a nuclear power reactor, the uranium-235 atoms split (fission), releasing heat. This is used to make steam, which drives a turbine, producing electricity.

The final stage is the removal of the spent fuel from the reactor, separation of the unburnt fuel (reactors can only use about a third of the uranium-235 before the fuel rods have to be changed), the fission products and the plutonium. This is an artificial element made by the other major isotope, uranium-238, capturing a nuclear particle (neutron) and becoming plutonium-239.

This separation business is called reprocessing and, with the disposal of the highly-radioactive wastes produced, is among the industry's biggest problems.

In the first stage, uranium mining, the major radiation hazard arises from a radioactive gas called radon. It is continually produced by the radioactive decay of uranium. During mining the uranium ore is exposed and broken up, releasing radon into the atmosphere which can be breathed in by the miners. There is a clearly established link between exposure to radon and the subsequent development of lung cancer. Many Navaho Indians, who worked in underground uranium mines in Colorado, are now suffering from lung cancer, although it is several years since mining stopped.

In Australia mining will be principally open cut, but because radon is a heavy gas it will tend to accumulate at the bottom of the pit. The richness of the major Australian ore bodies has raised doubts about the ability of the mining companies to comply with the requirements of the Federal health and safety code for uranium mining. Under some circumstances, it seems a miner could receive one year's permissible exposure in just twelve 10-hour shifts.

> ❛After the worst type of accident, about 40,000 would suffer from radiation sickness and about 3500 would die within weeks. Over 20 years about 35,000 would die from cancer.❜

Nuclear reactors contain vast quantities of radioactive materials which have to be contained almost totally within the reactor shell. The worst that can happen to a nuclear reactor is the "loss of cooling accident" (LOCA). If a failure occurs in a reactor vessel, or a cooling pipe, the steam/water mixture would leave the reactor with the core uncooled. The nuclear reaction would stop but six percent of the reactor's heat comes from the fission products and they can't be switched off. Thus in a 1000 megawatt (electrical) reactor, which is about 3000 megawatt (thermal), around 200 megawatts of heat is still produced. If no steps are taken to re-establish cooling, the core will melt. In a few minutes the molten core would fall to the bottom of the reactor vessel; in half an hour it would melt the 15cm-thick steel vessel; in a day or two it would melt through the concrete secondary containment vessel; finally, in about three months, it would solidify 200 metres or so underground. The *China Syndrome* of Jane Fonda fame!

Following the worst type of LOCA, about 40,000 people would suffer from radiation sickness and about 3500 would die within a few weeks. Over the next 20 years about 35,000 people would die from cancer caused by the radiation exposure. Reactor designers and builders work hard to try and make sure that little or no radioactive material can escape. But as the recent events at Three Mile Island demonstrated, small mechanical failures compounded by human error can lead to major problems. An extensive study of reactor safety, known as the Rasmussen report, published in 1974, gave optimistic estimates of the likely frequency of such major accidents. This report has been much quoted by the proponents of nuclear power; but early in 1979 (even before Three Mile Island), the United States Nuclear Regulatory Commission withdrew the executive summary of the report, saying they no longer gave any explicit or implicit acceptance of its findings.

The nuclear industry is in even greater trouble with fuel reprocessing and waste disposal. The major reprocessing plants that are operating were built as part of military programs to extract plutonium for nuclear weapons. In such programs both capital outlay and operating costs are of secondary importance. The Americans have tried commercial reprocessing, and their experience is interesting. The only plant that has operated was at West Valley in New York State. Between 1967 and 1972 it processed 600 tonnes of spent fuel. It was plagued with safety problems: 39 workers were exposed to excessive levels of radioactivity, in one case up to 40 times the permissible lung burden. When the company found it would cost over $600 million to expand, and improve, the plant (it having lost $7.5 million in its last year of operation) was abandoned. The ultimate fate of the residual two million litres of highly radioactive liquid is still unresolved. A recent estimate put the cost of decontaminating the plant and cleaning up the area at around $1000 million.

Nowhere in the world is disposal of high-level radioactive waste taking place. Even though nuclear power plants keep producing great quantities of waste (in radioactive terms) all that can be done is to put it into storage in the Micawber-like hope that something will turn up. There are two different problems. The fission products remain hazardous for about 1000 years. For more than 20 years, ways have been sought to immobilise these wastes so they can't get into water, thence into food chains and thus into people. Solidification in glass or synthetic rock looks promising. But because of the intense radioactivity of the wastes, when they emerge from reprocessing plants they have to be stored in tanks for a few years. The history of tank storage is pretty dismal. At just one American tank farm (Hanford), more than 1.5 million litres of radioactive liquid has leaked over the past few years.

Plutonium-239 represents an even greater difficulty. It is a very toxic element; when taken into the body it can lodge in the lung, where it can give rise to lung cancer or, if it is soluble, it can be absorbed into bone, irradiating the bone marrow which in turn can lead to leukaemia. The recommended maximum allowable amount of plutonium in bone, for people working in the nuclear industry, is 0.64 millionths of a gram. An engineer might describe it as four fifths of five eighths of not very much. One 1000 megawatt reactor produces about 230kg of plutonium a year. It takes about 250,000 years for plutonium to decay to one millionth of the original quantity, at which point it still represents a hazard to health. So the existing nuclear industry is producing a highly toxic substance, in large quantities; one that remains hazardous for a very, very long time. Moreover, we will have to leave it as a legacy to future generations, as we don't yet know how to get rid of it.

The other problem with plutonium is that it can be made into nuclear bombs. Thus a country with a nuclear power industry has the potential to develop nuclear weapons. India, in 1974, showed how it can be done, and there is strong evidence to suggest that at least Pakistan and Israel have followed suit.

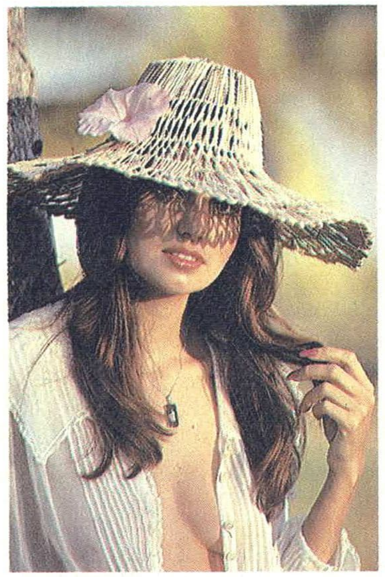
A short review like this misses many points: the effects of uranium mining on Aboriginal land rights and lifestyle; the economic difficulties of the nuclear industry — no new reactor orders in the US for the past two years, coupled with the cancellation of dozens of existing orders and the Japanese nuclear program cut from 60,000 megawatts by 1985 to 19,000 megawatts; lack of orders for Australian uranium mines; and energy alternatives to nuclear power. These issues are discussed in much greater depth in *Uranium: Energy Source of the Future?*

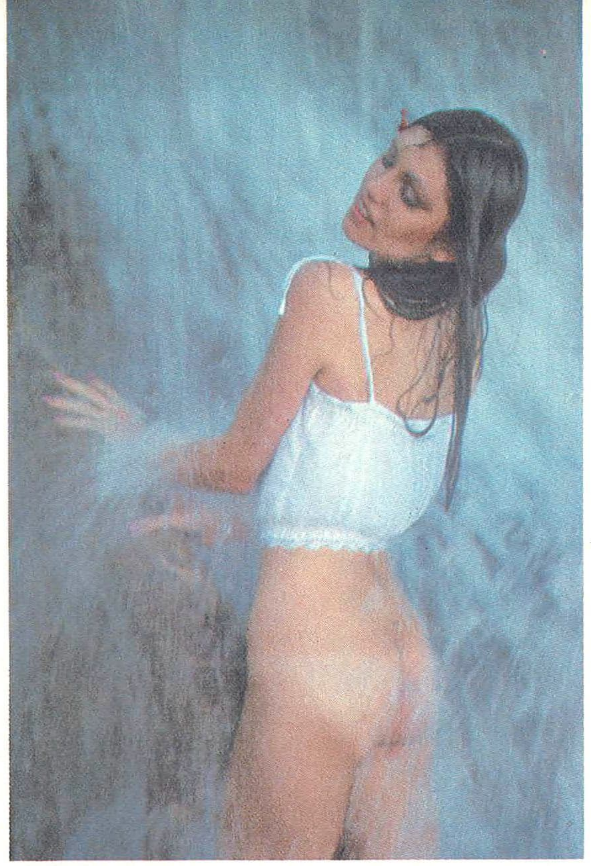
By special request
KAREN PINI

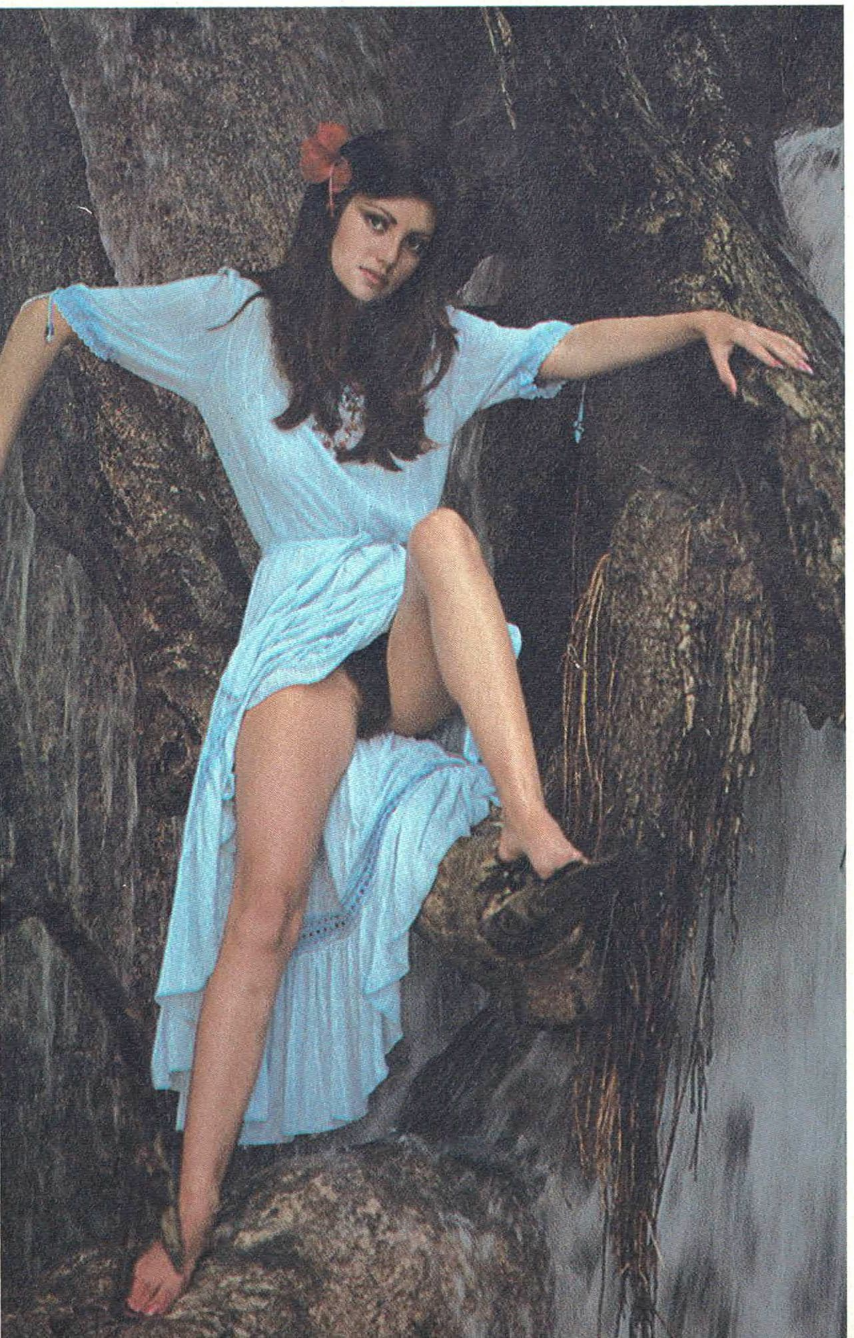
PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDDIE ADAMS

Australian men don't always agree on football codes or politics, but in one thing they are unanimous — Aussie girls are the best. They may admire a sultry Latin lady or a blonde, leggy Scandinavian, but they reserve an extra something — pride perhaps? — for the local variety. Many readers of *Penthouse* have written to express their appreciation of the international beauties occasionally featured, but

the most lavish praise is for Australian girls. And many of those letters have included the request: "How about a pictorial of Karen Pini?" or "Can you print Lord Lichfield's photos of Karen?"Unfortunately we don't have the rights to Lichfield's photos, but we do have this







essay of Karen taken in New York after she was runner-up in the Miss World contest. Since then, Karen has been the first centrefold in *Australian Playboy* and has won many hearts with her role in *The Young Doctors* and *The Paul Hogan Show*.

Illustration by Ken Reinhardt

By the end of this decade, Australia
will be a country of dissention
and division, unless we are
prepared to accept a new way of life.

TEN VISIONS OF THE FUTURE

BY MAX TEICHMANN

When we look at the tide of speculation about Australia or the world of the 1980s, we can't help but be struck by the very wide spectrum between gloom and gladness. Clearly, futurology is a very inexact science, and maybe Nostradamus still has the edge over Herman Kahn. One reason why the forecasts and perceptions of our common future vary so much is that they are influenced — if you like, contaminated — by our hopes, our fears and our ideologies.

Social forecasting is inexact and subjective, but it still beats trying to predict how your *own* life will go in the 1980s, or of those of just about anyone you know. Anyway, I am going to lay out a couple of possible scenarios for Australia's future in the next decade, then say what I would like to see happen.

Australia a hundred years ago was very much a quarry and a farm, reduced to slavering at the quayside waiting for the ships from Britain which brought the highly-priced necessities and refinements of life which we were not producing ourselves. With those ships came second-hand ideas and a slightly-used culture. We decided to create our own manufacturing structure and associated industries, in order to replace as many of these imports as we could, and this process continued until the 1960s. We did so in order to create employment, and new opportunities for our entrepreneurs, thereby making feasible the continued intake of new settlers.

The parameters of expansion for mining and agriculture were set then, as now, by the vagaries of the world market, and the limits of mining and agriculture to employ substantially more labor were well recognised before the end of the century.

If we wanted to expand and diversify and cease being the complete slave of world commodity prices, we would have to diversify out of our habitual export industries. Nothing has changed since then. These industries had to be built up behind a wall of tariffs, quotas and, from time to time, watered by subsidies. The overseas competitors based their virility either upon non union labor living on the smell of an oily rag, unprotected by laws on health, safety or age limits, or else upon massive production runs whose economies of scale made our efforts look puerile.

At the time, the so-called infant industries argument was used to placate local Free Traders and impatient foreign hucksters — the argument that protection would fade away as soon as we were established.

But the character of overseas competition has not changed. We only had to test the water by relaxing protection to discover what happened to great areas of our indigenous economic activity. Either we protected and subsidised (like everyone else in our situation did and does), or went back to the 19th century.

Now for the first scenario . . .

1. **Trade** — By 1989 the antideluvian Free Traders will be firmly in the saddle. Our secondary industries will go down before the export-oriented industries of the multinational enclaves, that is, Korea, Taiwan, Hong Kong, the ASEAN bloc, China and Japan. Protection will suffer death by a thousand tariff cuts, in the name of a quaint 19th century formula for world exploitation. Two sets of multinationals, one bearing down on us from outside, the other operating out of Queensland, Western Australia and Northern Territory will clean us out.

2. **Employment** — By the standards of the Seventies, employment and urban economic activity will be in a disastrous condition; but the media and the political class will take it all in their stride. Life wasn't meant to be permanent. Estimates of the unemployed should vary from one million to two million, depending on whether you write for a mass circulation paper or a quality one. The electronic media won't mention the sordid matter, while the ABC has long since been flogged off. Figures of unemployment will still come out, muted, inconspicuous and out of date, like the casualty lists near the end of World War I. Only the relatives are still interested; in the meantime the media will get on with the job of proclaiming the golden future which lies before us.

Australia will then be a divided country, with different kinds of divisions. There will be the rich and the by-now numerous poor; those with jobs, and those without; the inhabitants of the wealthy States, corresponding to the centres of multinational mineral investment and the poorer, declining States, which missed out.

The Federation will be virtually fractured, now more like a loose confederation of Western and Northern Australia and Queensland in one bloc, and the remaining four in another. The rich bloc more or less goes its own way, taking orders and having its priorities set by foreigners. Victoria in particular will suffer a serious decline in wealth and influence. The decimation of its manufacturing industries, upon which it is so dependent, produces the highest unemployed rate in the Commonwealth and a serious decline in basic services.

3. **Social pathology** — The indicators of social pathology — crime, alcoholism, suicide and psychological breakdowns — will beam out strong and clear, but the politicians and the affluent, to become an all-powerful minority, don't want to know. Marriage breakdown, child neglect and consumption of the products of the pharmaceutical industry will reach epidemic proportions. The criminal code becomes far more severe, with capital punishment back in full force.

Despite this, or perhaps because of it, crimes of violence and against property will be at levels enjoyed by New York at the end of the 1970s.

The policeman becomes a very important person, almost a law unto himself — greatly appreciated by politicians and the propertied classes, feared and disliked by the rest. Natural population growth will turn into zero growth. The population ages becoming ever more timid, more conservative. Only in this way will the volume of youth unemployment be mitigated — babies become a rarity.

> ‘Employment and urban economic activity will be in a disastrous condition. Estimates of the unemployed should vary from one million to two million.’

In attempts to halt the demographic slide, earlier freedoms on abortion, contraception and availability of sexual advice will be right back, as in General de Gaulle's days. Unfortunately, the masses do not rise to the occasion. A biological mechanism described by Konrad Lorenz, that when an animal population starts pressing against the food supply its fertility decreases, comes into play here. Certainly insecurity and despair can be wonderful contraceptives.

4. **Taxation and social services in the 1980s** — Social services, despite the far greater potential demands upon them will be but a shadow of the early 1970s.

One reason is budgetary. The considerably contracted catchment area of people still able to pay personal tax, and the ever-increasing number of the aged, will depress revenue and press on expenditure.

But the refusal of the upper and middle classes to go on paying the taxes of former years — a refusal expressed in many forms, of which tax avoidance schemes were simply the most spectacular — will further constrain the Treasury.

Just as serious will be the stagnation in company tax yields, despite the steady rise in profits of the major corporate actors. There are several explanations. The ability of multinationals to launder profits and their expertise in transfer pricing, and all the other virtuosities of the accountants' art, will get them off most tax hooks. In any case where deception failed their political muscle was enough to settle matters.

As a small number of very big firms paying little tax take over more and more of the economic activity in the nation, so will company tax languish. The standard bunnies who do pay company tax and so on, the small and medium businesses, will become decidedly thin on the ground. The remainder, like St Augustine's leaves, go North when the wind blows North, and South when the wind turns around. After all their experiences, they still believe they possess free will and attribute their troubles to the unions, the Communists, the young who won't work, the tax gatherer and so on.

As in Europe of the 1930s, this disoriented, forelock-pulling, declining lower middle class was a standing invitation for Fascism.

5. **The unions** — The trade unions will be but a shadow of what they were in the 1970s: in a certain sense they are history. Persistent mass unemployment always inhibits where it does not cow unions, but in Australia the right to strike or picket or in any way oppose the employer's dictates will have been erased by legislation.

The arbitration and conciliation machinery becomes about as impartial and independent as was Mussolini's Corporate State, while compulsory unionism will go.

This latter change might be widely welcomed by many, if not most, people at the time, but as contingents of cheap, immigrant non union labour are inserted as wedges into one industry and workplace after another, the resulting interracial conflicts won't be to everyone's taste. Still, strikes will be broken whenever and wherever they occurred and the police and the courts will be kept busy with the consequences, and the workforce hopelessly fragmented and at odds with each other. The first contingents of foreign non-union labor will be smuggled in by the mining companies, pleading a shortage of skilled tradesmen. These will initially be European, later mainly Asian.

6. **Migration** — The decision to join the Association of South East Asian Nations, then a larger Pacific Community, will have many quite drastic consequences for the

JUST MARRIED
McCRAE

"All right! What's your excuse this time?"

form and content of Australian society. Besides the free passage of goods, services and capital through the group of states, so will barriers against foreign labor slowly fall. Far from enjoying the position of high respect, even deference, from the Asian members of the Pacific grouping which she expects, Australia will find herself the poor relation of the community. In order to prove that we are not racist, Canberra will be forced to lower restrictions on Asian migration, including, of course, Asian labor.

It is from this source that some of the most effective socially disruptive non-union contingents will come. Consequently, the observation of wage scales, safety and health regulations, hours, overtime and so on, should become more and more haphazard, depending to an increasing extent upon the ethics and whims of employers and industry leaders.

7. **The police state and the politics of corruption** — With the whitewashing and refurbishing of ASIO, and the creation of a plethora of new security organisations, the shadow of the coming police state began to fall over Australia even before the 1980s had begun.

By 1989, Australians will enjoy few of the liberties and freedom from control and surveillance with which they had ended the 1970s. Almost none of the police groups will be genuinely concerned with security or terrorism while the drug trade flourishes as never before.

They will concentrate on political and industrial espionage and intimidation, seeing themselves as the arm of the one-party state and the scourge of the critic and non-conformist. The complete immunity from inspection or accountability, either public, political or judicial, will indeed be necessary for their success — but not in the interests of national security. Rather it will be necessary in order to conceal their symbiotic relationship with the permanent Conservative Government, and the very rich.

John Stuart Mill once said that a conservative can do almost what he likes in the areas of private and public morality — his mortal sins are but venal, and his outrages harmless pecadilloes — but the public and private life of a radical must be blameless.

One of the tasks of Australian security in the 1980s will be to set up and destroy Australian radicals of any and every description, as a necessary condition for maintaining a now thoroughly-disagreeable status quo.

The double-faced and wholly hypocritical moral structure maintained by the Establishment, drug-taking, alcoholism, sexual licence and financial dishonesty, will be not simply tolerated but covertly orchestrated, sometimes as sources of private gain, sometimes as ways of distracting and immobilising large sections of the population.

On the other hand individuals could be "exposed" and destroyed by administrative fiat. Given the blocking of all means of reform and change, Australian society — not only the poor, the young and the workless — will give itself up to self-destructive and political escapology, as will many of the more tormented radicals and "small l" liberals. In doing so they offer themselves as prey to their enemies. In Australia in 1989, as in England in 1689, there will be not only one law for the rich and another for the poor, but also one for conformists and another for critics.

The level of political, financial and legal corruption will produce a situation where terms like scandal, impropriety, deception, were simply terms of art. Everyone believes all politicians and public figures are corrupt, democracy is a sham, big business invincible, and nothing can be done about it. This mood of despair and contempt for politics and politicians suits the rich and powerful down to the ground. They now have the field to themselves.

> Australians will enjoy few of the liberties and freedom from control and surveillance with which they had ended the 1970s.

A nation of hypochondriacs is always taking its pulse. Rarely does it ask for the state of the nation's health.

There are certain signposts, certain landmarks, by which all viable societies steer. The nurture of the young is one, partly because they are helpless and charming. But really because their job will be to carry on the race, to preserve the society.

Viable societies need not be addicted to a philosophy of permanent progress — they may even believe that the world is slowly getting worse — or else that history goes in cycles. But nurture the race they do, sometimes well, sometimes badly.

One of the most striking features of the 1980s will be the absence of all sense of the past, even the recent past, and a profound distaste for the future. Neither the politicians, nor the church, nor the media will appear to have any interest in a national community, let alone the preservation and nurture of the seeds from which the trees and flowers of tomorrow grow.

The society becomes disconnected from reality and everyone lives in the present, except that the present is unpleasant.

So a spirit of Nihilism will stalk the land. The worst afflicted will be the Conservative Reactionaries at the Top, who believe in nothing, say so in their cups, yet commit daily acts of greed, selfishness and injustice in the name of democracy, the State and the Community. But really, everybody will be in the same boat, suffering from the same disease. Lack of hope, lack of human concern, fear of the future and denial of the past — hence an embarrassed distaste for the young and the needy. If you like, a nation of suburban Neros, stoned out of their minds, aware of what might have been, and what they ought to have been, and awaiting the just retribution from the North.

No national community can cohere or work, or in the end survive, as an identity given the abyss of nihilistic unbelief — imperfectly concealed by a risotto of failed materialism — which will be Australia in 1989.

THE POLITICAL PARTIES

8. **Labor** — Under the weight of successive electoral defeats and continuous persecution in the extremely illiberal States of the North and the West, Labor will shrink to a demoralised rump.

A variety of factors which will hasten its decline need mentioning. The possibly indispensable, but ultimately fatal, connection with trade unionism will exact a fearful toll. Seventy years of anti-trade union propaganda, and the slavish adherence of the union leaders to the Peter Sellers stereotype, bring all the chickens to roost.

Sad for the unionists — but their total absorption with *their* wages and conditions (bugger the others, including other unionists), their massive non-involvement in the decision-taking and conduct of their own unions, (being far too busy with the tele, the tubes and the nags) will render them unsympathetic heroes or martyrs. Unions and unionists display unconcern for migrants, women, youth and the unemployed — and cynically manipulate the Labor Party for their own incorrigibly short-sighted larrikinisms.

Alas, Labor will have to defend them, while being quite unable to educate or control their boastful, unlettered and frequently paranoid leaders. But as economic and social conditions wane, the unions, or what's left of them, will go further and further left and drag the Party with them.

Yet there will be really no coherent Left any more — only a kaleidescope of tatterdemalion windbags trailing burst balloons of various colors, disputing for first use of the exit. The Establishment will have no trouble with these political gypsies, nor with their dumb suffering clients, nor their down-at-heel lawyer, the ALP. That lawyer could have taken other briefs, but had refused because of loyalty to his laborer Dad. Now he was stuck with Homo Psychopathicus who not only didn't pay his dues, but squatted in his house and abused his wife.

9. **The soft centre** — Probably the most depressing feature of the 1980s will be the extinction of that rare, rather beautiful but environmentally-disadvantaged species, the "small l" liberal. The species had been found in all parties, but never in sufficient numbers and rarely with the influence to change the harsh, narrow and illiberal policies and, worse still, attitudes of the two main parties.

The small liberals had tried to create their own political grouping before, and they will try again in the 1980s. Despite widespread public disillusionment with the main parties, they won't make it. There were never enough of them and the stifling conformity of society makes them eccentrics and professional critics. They could never agree upon a common policy, could never devise a genuine alternative.

Had Labor been a social democratic party, most Australian liberals might in the end have joined them — but Labor was not such a party.

Rather it was an unholy coalition of incompetent materialists with no other philosophy than wages, conditions and differentials, plus a far-Left rump of ideological flat-earthers and tactical somnambulists.

10. **The conservatives** — For them it will be business as usual — power without any sense of social or national responsibility, even less able to cope with the effects of devastating world depression than their predecessors in the 1930s, just as unsuccessful in reading or predicting the storms and war clouds coming up in the region, and just as prone to fall back on appeasement of neighbors as a way of life.

The regime by 1989 will resemble in some ways the corrupt, faction-ridden and repressive regimes of Eastern Europe between the Great Wars. The rulers will rule behind their facade of democratic legality, maintaining control almost by default, because of the weakness of their opponents. They were already the catspaws of conflicting major international actors, and, given the incompetence of the Australian ruling class, the country will be firmly set on an international disaster course as the 1980s draw to a close.

Although I regard this scenario as the more likely outcome of the new decade, there is another possible and more beneficial chain of events which cannot be ruled out of consideration.

It embodies not merely the hopes but many of the expectations held by a great many Australians of the 1960s and early 1970s, and underpinned the attempted Whitlam political and cultural revolution.

The disillusionment attendant upon the failure of that enterprise was profound, and still poisons the body politic, as does the intense resentment at the ways in which the experiment was first crudely obstructed and then brutally terminated.

It was rather like the Children's Crusade, and has produced questions on the part of the survivors: was it all a dream? Was such an enterprise possible? Could it ever be possible? The answers, most probably, are that most of the participants *were* in a dream; that it probably was not possible at that time but, almost paradoxically, it may be more possible to realise in the decade now upon us. That is, if by 1990 . . .

1. The late Victorian constitutional corset which was squeezing the life out of the country will be progressively loosened and finally replaced by a suitably contemporary garment. That is, the lunacy whereby a Governor-General could wield more power than the Queen, more than many elected Presidents, will end.

> Probably the most depressing feature will be the extinction of that rare, rather beautiful but environmentally-disadvantaged species, the "small l" liberal.

The powers of a Governor-General will be strictly defined and conform with what almost everyone had believed them to be — viz, he accepts the advice of the Prime Minister on all matters: if he believes that a situation of constitutional impropriety exists, he may, after consultation with the Sovereign and with his or her consent, order a dissolution of Parliament.

He may not dismiss the existing government in the interim period, unless that government has lost the confidence of the House of Representatives. Even then, he may not allow the formation of another pre-election government which itself lacks the numbers. The electoral terms are fixed and can not be foreshortened except by the personal, extraordinary action of the Head of State.

The innovatory sham of the mid-Seventies, whereby the Senate shared equal power with the Lower House, embodied in its new right to refuse Supply and indefinitely obstruct legislation for which a mandate had been received, will go.

Designed as a States House, the Senate at no stage since Federation acted as one, but rather as a flawed mirror of the previous election and the one before that.

It had served as a lush pasture for broken-winded hacks and failed circus ponies — an over-merciful prelude to the political knackers yard. It thenceforth will be a House of Review and the scene for more and more expert committees. With the phasing out of States and the meshing in of regional structures, the Senate becomes a regional assembly, with the role of watchdog, conducting expert debates on technical and administrative matters, rather than of populist ideologies, either rustic or suburban. The Other House changes into a prism of light — the old Wind Tunnel is no more.

2. The now economically and administratively fatuous system of former colonies and territories called States, which was originally designed to block substantial change or nationally-based policies — thereby institutionalising cliques of provincial businessmen, rich farmers and horse and buggy trade unionists — will progress from being an Albatross to a Trojan Horse.

Under a dense cloud of States Rights rhetoric lubricated by local newspaper monopolists, giant companies — some local but more and more of them foreign had suborned the legislatures of one State political system after another, leading them progressively to forsake their national allegiances. The leading conservative politicians spent more time talking to foreign businessmen than their people, whom they had led into the quicksands of get-rich-quick schemes.

It was suggested the growing mass of poor and the declining middle classes could feed on uranium, liquid petroleum gas and iron ore, which in reality will be carted off for the use of others. The Federal system had spawned our own ugly breed of Huey Longs, George Wallaces and Ronald Reagans.

Realising the grave dangers to national unity and economic viability of the new bogus separatism, the electorate will move to reform the whole system. Not only do Neanderthal State Upper House massage parlors disappear, so do the whole set of ramshackle stages for the paralytic posturings of the venal, senile windbags and hit-men of the provincial Right.

And so also will the Tired Tims of the Soft Centre, and the lisping Andy Pandies and smirking chameleons of the era of "responsible" State Labor Governments be pensioned off. They will all go to the cleaners, to be replaced by regional assemblies, based upon economic realities and genuine indigenous interests.

We will have a national State, a responsible government and popular sovereignty for the first time. In other words, we will at last attain the democracy we had always talked about, and taught our children to defend.

3. The problem of structural unemployment, especially of the young, cannot be settled by soup kitchens, means tests and statistical legerdemain, nor by insulting the poor or impugning the motives of the erstwhile hopeful: only by creating and preserving jobs.

Given the relentless inroads of job-shedding automated procedures, not simply through the beleaguered manufacturing sector but also into the much larger service sectors, such as retailing, transport and the clerical and secretarial callings, it becomes the height of folly to allow the liquidation of large areas of local manufacturing by tariff cutting to smooth the path of our mining and agricultural export industries.

In a world free of protection, and with relatively uniform levels of wages and welfare in the work force, we would doubtless have a duty to trade freely and allow others to trade freely with us. But we will not be able to trade freely.

As the Protection-Free Trade controversy warmed up in the late 1970s, lobbyists scuttled around estimating the cost of protection to the Australian consumer and taxpayer, bandying about figures like $5000 million a year. Such costs, they said, were one of the main causes of our slow growth and increasing backwardness. But the Free Traders never estimated the cost to the European or Japanese taxpayers of thriving, albeit "uneconomic" agricultural sectors, nor explained the apparent disconnection between these costs and the economic performance of Europe and Japan compared with our own.

Australia in the 1980s will turn away from destroying its people's livelihoods, which is not to say that restructuring of industries will not proceed. This effort won't be effected by putting people out of work, but by installing modern machinery and plant and retraining the labor force.

It will be finally noticed that Sweden, for example, spends more of its Gross Domestic Product on retraining than we do on defence. As a part of the renewed drive for import substitutes a whole new range of industries and services will be set up, thus opening up new avenues for employment and entrepreneurship.

Unfortunately, the local managerial and entrepreneurial classes by and large won't be up to these or almost any other challenges, and private capital in the hands of the large lending concerns will stay unavailable. Consequently the State will make a major entry into a supposedly sacrosanct sphere, supporting businessmen, entering consortiums with others and striking out on their own when the now generally discredited conservative faint-hearts hold back. How the public sector advances and how it will pay for it, transpires a little further on.

4. In addition to creating, or rather recreating, many jobs and preserving others, a national service corps will be founded for the performance of worthwhile and socially necessary tasks in Australia and overseas.

Designed not simply for youth, or unemployed youth, but for older people as well (such as young doctors, architects, teachers, engineers) and intended to survive the period of deep unemployment, such a corps combines the features of the post war Commonwealth Reconstruction Scheme, the US Peace Corps and the wartime Construction Corps.

Local government and community projects in particular will receive valuable boosts.

Much of our overseas aid program will be diverted to this format. An important feature of this National and International Service is training and retraining on the job, thereby drawing on unused teaching resources as conventional class numbers fall.

> Foreign control of our mineral reserves, our precious energy sources and our manufacturing industries will pass back into Australian hands.

Members of this National Service Corps receive financial benefits similar to former servicemen, for example a lump sum at the end, housing loans and opportunities for further training or education. The service is voluntary, but quite professional — not only can members leave, but can be dismissed.

There will be no compulsion to join, but the opportunities for travel, work and training, with the bonus for some of subsequent selection for work overseas, will mean no shortage of recruits.

5. The hotly-contested and finally abortive attempt to buy back the farm in the 1970s will be resumed. Unfortunately, after the frantic selling-offs of the post-Whitlam governments, very little of the farm remained in our hands. Nevertheless, the public will be far more aware of the issues at stake.

Furthermore, the flood of foreign money in the second mining boom will start to produce a momentous rise in invisible imports, as investors start to collect and send out their profits. Consequently, using lessons learned from OPEC and Third World countries, Canberra will start to pry loose foreign ownership and control, progressively reducing the role of the mining giants to those of contractors and agents.

Pricing, selling and development policies will be placed firmly in Federal hands. In some cases a two-tiered pricing system, i.e. one for Australians and another for overseas, will give much needed relief to the domestic cost structure. In this way, the catastrophic flow of profits out of the country will be staunched.

One of the most unpleasant features of those giant companies had been their ability to dodge tax, doubtless with the collusion of sycophantic Federal and corrupt State governments.

At the same time, Canberra will greatly expand its own economic activities to fill the gaps and take up the opportunities which Australian businessmen and financial institutions will refuse, as always.

Minerals and energy exploration will start with predictable success, and a variety of new manufacturing industries, many of them export-oriented, will be set up and supported. Foreign control of three-quarters of our mineral reserves and production of all of our precious energy sources and well over half our manufacturing industries will pass back into Australian hands.

Not only can the flow of profits out be reduced to manageable proportions, the very healthy returns from the new government-owned industries will come into consolidated revenue. This allows reductions in taxation and improvement of services.

6. In order to play such an enhanced role in the economy, a series of constitutional amendments will be effected in the face of the most bitter opposition from entrenched interests and great pressure from the international banking and trading communities.

But the grave shortage of world energy, the stability of Australian minerals production and possession of the food weapon will mean that the Government, by standing firm, will eventually convince our foreign friends that the old game of ripping off the colonials is over. Thenceforth economic, indeed all relations, will be as between equals.

It should be noted that the role of the local conservative political and financial establishment, and their manipulation of the media in opposing the restoration of Australian political cultural and economic independence, will reach new heights or depths, but given the change in majority attitudes the attempted replay of the events leading up to November 11, 1975 will backfire dismally.

By the time Australia is firmly set upon its new course, most of the old Establishment front figures will be broken men, having not merely discredited, but de-

INFLATIE KATIE
HARRIGAN

"You're sure getting your money's worth out of that thing."

meaned and degraded themselves in their efforts to maintain a system now widely recognised as not simply unjust, but as gruesomely inefficient and to the detriment of all but the few.

7. The two important political parties having demonstrated their inability to understand the new social challenges, a thorough shake-up of the system will follow. A new party, drawing upon the more liberal and less dogmatic sections of labor and conservative philosophies will become the engine for transforming Australia and re-educating Australians.

Small "l" liberals will come to realise that there was no necessary connection between democracy and monopoly capitalism. Indeed, some capitalist countries had never been democratic and others will turn their backs upon it, as soon as democracy becomes inconvenient. Many liberals will also lose their fears of the State — if by the State one means community participation in the whole range of political and economic affairs.

Many former Labor people, on the other hand, will come to see that public monopoly is just as bad as private power, that trade unions and blue-collar workers are not the fount of all reason, morality or even common sense. Both old conservative and old Labor people will set themselves the tasks of reducing conflict and polarisation, of involving everyone in the work process by devices such as workers participation and shared decision-making at all feasible levels.

The secrecy, lack of accountability and exercise of anonymous power in bureaucracies of every kind — government, trade union and business — will be tackled head-on. Many of the traditional decision-making structures, such as trade unions with their centralised networks of authority, will be transformed by decentralisation of functions. The work place becomes far more important, and the shared decision-making between managers and workers eliminate and defuse many of the traditional industrial confrontations.

The new party will be neither anti-union, nor anti-business, nor anti-government: but against monopoly, secrecy and the excessive differences in wealth, power, income and social opportunities that had disfigured Australian society. The new party will also be nationalistic, in the sense that Australia can sustain a degree of political and economic independence which she has never before enjoyed. Our relations with other societies will thenceforth be friendly, egalitarian and sceptically independent.

We don't get involved in the quarrels of others, while reserving the right to criticise international wrangling. Being neither trustful nor pacifistic, we attend to our defences — not that anyone in the region constituted a serious threat.

We will take ideas from everywhere, studying the social, economic and political experiments being conducted throughout the world — which is not to say we will be mendicants and parasites upon the technology, capital, politics and the lifestyles of the rest of the world, as of yore.

There will be a new realisation that Australia is a unique society, with problems of its own, solutions of its own, and opportunities of its own. The transformation of our political and social system is made possible only by two processes — important changes in values, and an entirely new approach to education.

8. There has been a famous old saying relating to social values: "What's the use of happiness, it doesn't buy money", to which the majority had long made obeisance. By the middle 1980s, the bitter fruits of this life-hating philosophy will become generally indigestible.

> ❛ The secrecy, lack of accountability and exercise of anonymous power in bureaucracies of every kind will be tackled head-on. ❜

People will start to remember the 1960s, with its talk of the quality of life, and begin to realise the fertility of this approach as against gross materialism. In any case, the fruits of prosperity will simply not be available any more to many people. The earlier abandonment of projects to preserve the environment, to reduce the growing stress and ugliness of group existence and the neglect of the health and peace of mind of the citizenry — on the grounds that it cost money and that powerful people didn't like environmentalists or quality-of-life people — will be seen to have been a ghastly mistake.

There will be a return to nation-building, not wealth-building; of making people the highest priority rather than the lowest.

9. It will be realised that past social and economic revolutions had occurred as much through changing attitudes, values and ideas as through any other means. Therefore education will be no longer just for work, although not separated from the world of work. It will be designed to help people adjust to changing life situations and work patterns.

Consequently, it can't be confined to school children, but has to be brought to bear on all people.

Those most in need of re-education will be the educationists, who had wasted their own and everyone's time by disputing between rival theories: vocational versus individual development; totally egalitarian versus elitist; private versus public; book-centred versus life-centred, and all other fatuous choices. Education and educational philosophy will become far more pragmatic and commonsensical, and less dogmatic. Equality of opportunity was a most desirable goal, but this would not make everyone equal in every or any respect.

Managers, entrepreneurs, public servants, unionists, the work-force, parents, children, new settlers and politicians will all be brought to see that they are in need, often dire need, of education or re-education. By education is not meant the imparting of skills *per se*; but neither is this ruled out.

In other words the disenchanted, low-key mood — the "where do we go from here and where did we go wrong?" feeling of the 1980s, will be turned to great advantage. Realism will turn out to be a sounder agent of reform than premature euphoria.

10. It is just as well that Australians discover some new values and rediscover some old ones. It is just as well that they will move towards unity and compatibility with one another, for the international environment will become exceedingly unstable, even downright scarey.

A series of wars will rage, creating great numbers of refugees. The world economy will be on its ear, energy shortages will produce major economic and socio-political breakdowns in many places. Authoritarian governments will be the rule, not the exception, and this includes Western Europe.

Nuclear wars and major nuclear accidents will disfigure the latter end of the decade.

Terrorism will reach epidemic proportions, including nuclear terrorism. Social unhappiness, disillusion and discontent will wrack the West; not only is God dead, but also morality. Strangely enough, even Mammon will appear to be mortally ill. The flow of world trade will be extremely disturbed, and the world monetary system in deepening chaos.

As a result of a widespread conflict and starvation, epidemic diseases will establish themselves in many countries. Distance, unity and enlightened leadership will keep Australia from the worst effects of all this, although we will suffer more than enough.

But if Australia and Australians do not change course in the 1980s, the prognosis even for survival in the 1990s will be alarmingly dismal.

JUDI

❛I'd rather spend an afternoon lazing around the house than working a nine-to-five job.❜

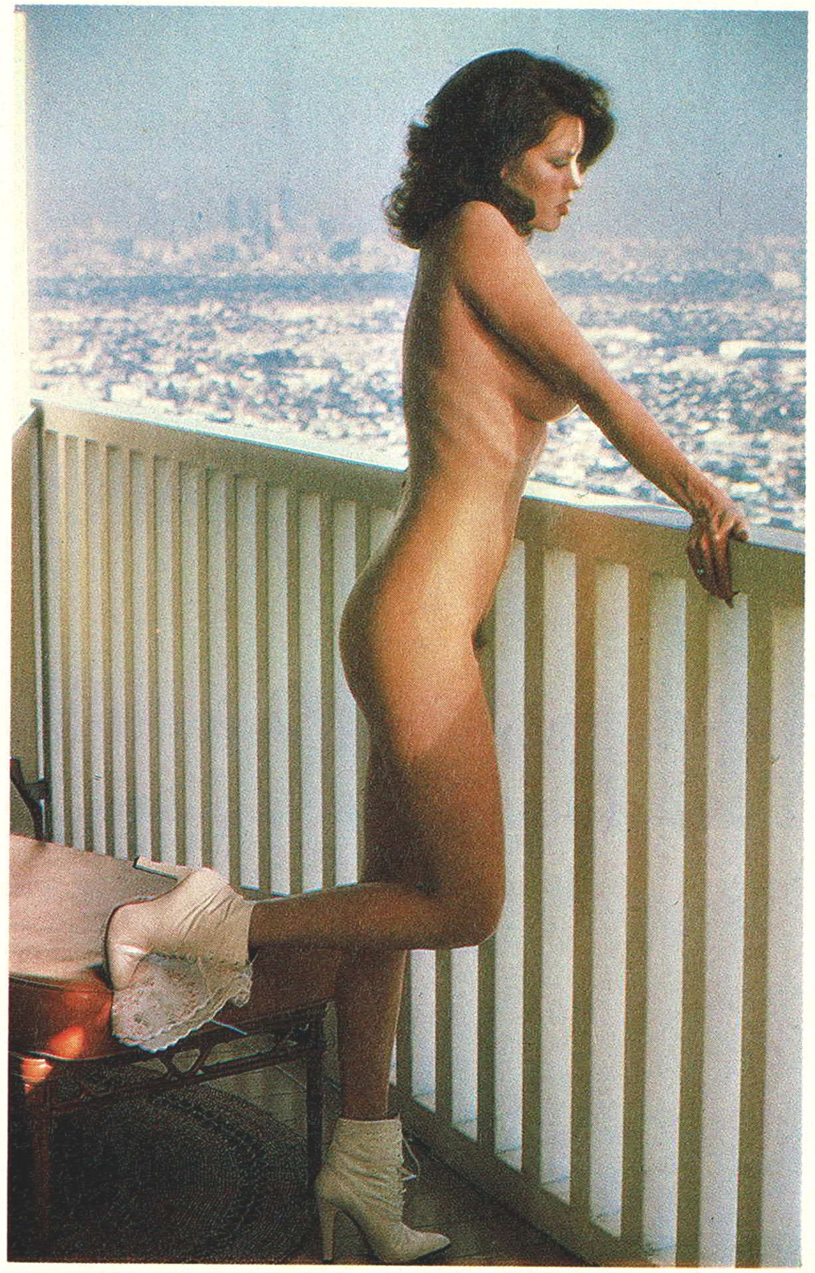
LAZY BONES

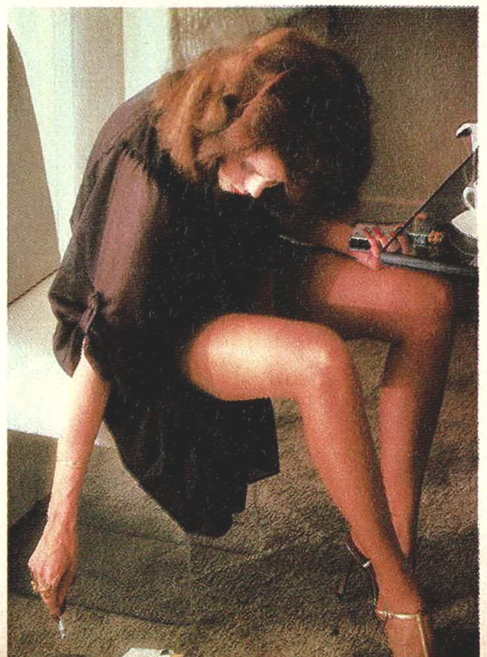
PHOTOGRAPHS BY STAN MALINOWSKI

"When in doubt, recline," counsels lovely Judi Gibbs, stifling a contented yawn. Our lady of leisure admits that she's not "terribly industrious, especially for someone born under the sign of Virgo. I'd rather spend an afternoon lazing around the house than working a nine-to-five job."

‘Appearing in Penthouse *is . . . tantalising . . . like being on centre stage for an entire month.’*

Judi’s green eyes, auburn hair and delicate features make her a photographer’s dream. Appearing in *Penthouse,* she says, is a dream in itself. “It’s the most tantalising feeling — like being on centre stage for an entire month.” Judi had her first taste of the bright lights when she won a local beauty contest, and now she aspires to a career of acting and modelling. “Someday I’ll have a star on my dressing-room door,” she claims.





Even though Judi has spent much of her life by the ocean, she's not much of a sun worshipper. ("It gives me freckles," she explains.) In her opinion, "the outdoors is something I like, but except for diving and flying, sports leave me unmoved. The only physical exertion which really appeals to me is the kind between the sheets, and even then I do a lot of laying around!"

“The only physical exertion which really appeals to me is the kind between the sheets.”

Good sex, Judi feels, is like any satisfying performance or work of art. "It has to get off to a slow, easy, drifting start, gradually build up in tension to a strong, powerful climax, then slowly drift back to reality. Men with that kind of rhythm," she says, "will always get top billing as far as I'm concerned!"

Harry Vanda and
George Young are acclaimed
around the world as
songwriters and record producers.
The most enigmatic — and
talented — musicians in the nation
are part of The Easybeats legacy.

VANDA AND YOUNG

BY ROSS STAPLETON

Glasgow-born George Young nudges closer to 150cm than 180cm, but as a musical prodigy he stands tall in the history of rock 'n' roll. His equally illustrious partner Harry Vanda, originally from Holland, more than has Young's measure at 185cm.

Harry Vanda was 16 when he was plucked from the land of milk and cheese to join his family in the new frontier of Australia, a foreign far-off land of beer and belches, sun and surf. For George Young's large family, the decision to emigrate in the same year as the Vanda family proved more understandable. For an impoverished working class family, almost anywhere was an improvement on the tenement existence that Glasgow offered in 1963.

Despite Harry Vanda's almost total ignorance of English, the migrant melting pot that was Sydney's Villawood Hostel soon threw Vanda and Young together, where they were able to communicate through the international language of rock 'n' roll. Another Dutch kid, Dick Diamonde, and two other spotty English teenagers, Snowy Fleet from Liverpool and "little" Stevie Wright, all of 13 from Leeds, completed the musical jigsaw that was to become Australia's greatest rock band — The Easybeats.

In retrospect, 10 years after the band broke up, many of the world's most influential rock critics acclaim The Easybeats as one of the seminal international bands of the 1960s.

Such grandiose ambitions were far from the minds of these five migrant kids when they first banded together to escape the drudgery of hostel life in 1963, and all the accolades in the world can't compensate for the heartaches and tribulations that were to envelop five kids who found rock 'n' roll simply an amusing and pleasant diversion in the beginning.

George Young was 16 when he moved into the hostel and rock 'n' roll was something he had only heard on the radio. Stevie Wright, although only 13 when he met Young and the others, was something of a veteran, having arrived in Sydney in 1958. As Stevie Wright tells it today, he was a "soloist" when he fell in with the others. It wasn't until the others discarded their first singer for being too shy that the perky Wright was recruited. He had the knack for writing lyrics and at first it was mainly Wright and Young who penned the band's original songs, which Wright describes as having "touches of rhythm and blues".

"Our beginning was pretty simple, really," he says. "When we had enough material together we decided to look for a place to play and there was this pub in the city in Goulburn Street, where bands were playing.

"So we rolled up there one day looking for a gig and as we walked in through the door, these pros were being shown it. Once inside there were sailors fighting and the whole place was pretty chaotic. I think we were thrown out ourselves because they said we played too loud and looked filthy."

The band naturally were among the precursors of the first days of long hair, when if you said Beatle people probably thought you meant insects. The Beatles had been happening in England, but long hair was only then making its first tentative forays into Sydney. But if The Beatles were indirectly responsible for getting them kicked out of one pub, they were just as indirectly responsible for getting them the inevitable big break.

In 1964 Oxford Street was the home for Beatle Village.

"At the time it was like The Cavern where The Beatles first started playing," says Stevie Wright. "You know the scene, you went down some stairs to this basement oven that was hot and sweaty and very smelly. There was this big guy called Tony running it and he was Dutch, so our two resident Dutchmen, Dick and Harry started talking to him and he ended up saying he'd put us on if we came back at 11 o'clock that night.

"So back we went later and everyone was just about to leave as we began to set up our gear, but they stayed on to watch us and they greeted us enthusiastically, so he asked us to return to play on the Friday and Saturday."

Back they came and it didn't take long for the word to start to filter around the rock 'n' roll traps that there was this bunch of kids going down the proverbial storm at Beatle Village. As The Easybeats' following grew, the audiences started falling off at the more established main Sydney venues of the day, The Beach House and Surf City where Billy Thorpe and The Aztecs and Ray Brown and The Whispers were the big established draws. Surf City's promoter John Harrigan eventually could

ignore this new threat no longer and the band was summoned for an audition.

By now the band had acquired a manager, Mike Vaughan, who had approached the boys after one of their gigs and said he had good connections in the recording business and his offer to manage them was quickly accepted. Harrigan began giving the band plenty of work and its following grew quickly.

Vaughan was able to persuade Ted Albert at J. Albert and Sons, a leading Sydney independent record label which was already having success with Billy Thorpe, to give the band an audition. When the band went into the recording studio, Stevie Wright and George Young hadn't been idle. They had about 20 originals, which had mostly been knocked out on an old piano at the Youngs' first home away from Villawood. Wright had started living with the Young family and he and George Young had already written what were to become some of The Easybeats most celebrated songs.

Wright says the very first song they wrote on the battered piano was For My Woman. Ted Albert was suitably impressed by these cocky kids with an average age of about 18 and a contract was offered and accepted. In March 1965 For My Woman hit the streets.

Radio hardly fell overboard about the band, and its first single struggled for airplay. In those days, apart from a few notable exceptions, Australian records were shunned by radio. One person familiar with the problem is Mike Walsh. Walsh, now king of daytime television and darling of the blue rinse set, was one of the most powerful and respected disc jockeys in Sydney in 1965. As one of the 2SM Good Guys during the heyday of The Easybeats, he was one of the very first in radio to realise that their advent was of more than passing significance for the future of the recording industry and radio.

Walsh maintains he was one of the first disc jockeys to get behind Australian bands such as The Easybeats.

"When I first moved to Sydney from Melbourne, Bob Rogers and John Laws dominated the Sydney radio scene and for some reason they would never play a Melbourne record. I played more Australian records than they did because, well, I felt they didn't understand what I felt was a swelling force — a need for local kids to have local idols.

"Apart from the Sydney mafia, which in those days was Johnny O'Keefe, Col Joye, Judy Stone and Sandy Scott, you hardly heard an Australian record on the air then. So that sort of pop thing was something I got behind and there was The Easybeats, Billy Thorpe, Ray Brown and The Whispers and Johnny Chester from Melbourne, and a couple of others came through as well."

Mike Walsh says his first memory of them was of five migrant kids: "It was written all over them when they first came into the studio. You put on their music and it was just incredible. I played their records a great deal and because they sang with an English accent, it was very "in" because of The Beatles. I even used to get them to do wild voice tracks for me (station and program identifications) and that helped get their name known too. They were very easy to promote because the kids got on to them very quickly."

After the disappointment of For My Woman the second single, She's So Fine, began to turn the tide The Easybeats way with a vengeance. While the band's following in Sydney was rising it still had to crash the southern markets of Melbourne and Adelaide and, like Sydney radio, they had their own bias towards "local" artists. It was all very well for someone of the stature of Johnny O'Keefe to have his records programmed automatically around the country, but when you're an up-and-coming band in Sydney, everywhere else is a foreign market and so it proved for The Easybeats.

By the time the band was ready to expand its musical horizons beyond Australia in 1966, they had scored six consecutive hits.

A promotional visit to Melbourne to meet radio people ended up a fiasco at the staid Windsor Hotel when the band, fed up with being abused by patrons as "long-haired poofters", decided enough was enough and a brawl erupted. The radio people decided they hadn't had such a fun outing in a long while and the next day added The Easybeats to the playlist.

The band was further aided by Ron Blackmore, who was managing Bobbie and Laurie — then the current top dogs in Melbourne. Blackmore, on hearing reports about this amazing new band in Sydney, travelled north to check for himself. He was so impressed he began promoting the band in Melbourne, and of course Melbourne's kids loved them.

She's So Fine was released two months after For My Woman and in June 1965 it hit number one. From then until the band departed for a stab at international success on July 10, 1966, Easymania enveloped Australia. Even the first single which had bombed got snapped up in the rush and made No 5 on the national chart. The band even did a Beatles and had a four-track EP reach No. 7, a then unheard-of feat for an Australian band.

Reflecting on the band's unprecedented local record sales in that period, Mike Walsh said the sales were quite exceptional: "Billy Thorpe was a big name in those days, but the band's appeal was much wilder than Billy's. They came on the strongest of all the local bands and their stage act was incredible."

Their debut album *Easy* was one of the best-selling albums of 1965 and by the time the band was ready to expand its musical horizons beyond Australia in 1966, they had scored six consecutive hits and two strong-selling albums. The second was titled *It's Too Easy* and obviously that was indicative of how the band was starting to feel, because the songwriting had begun to break out of an established singles formula.

In the only interview George Young has given since 1975 he told Glenn A. Baker, in an interview for the American fanzine *Bomp* in 1977, that after the initial success, the band went through a phase where it tried to be clever.

The changed direction of the songwriting started to have an adverse effect on record sales. Sad And Lonely And Blue peaked at 24 on the national chart. A suitably chastened composing team reverted back to the previous winning formula of what Young said was "we gave the kids what they wanted — to dance and sing to good, happy choruses". The result was Women, which hit No. 7, but by now the band had firmly decided it needed to break away from the conformity of Australian taste and chance their music overseas.

Stevie Wright told *Australian Penthouse* that while the band knew they were knocking out good records in Australia, it was still hard to relate to the best from overseas.

"I think the Australian inferiority complex in rock 'n' roll was much greater then than it is now. I'm sure we felt then that it was like all the first division bands were in England, and we were over here in the second division. It's easy to look back and see that maybe we were a jump ahead of what was going down overseas at the time, but we weren't involved then in that kind of thinking. We were still trying to crack it and until you have done that, you can't see it. And there were so many different influences coming into the band at the time. We were snowballed with them and it confused us."

"Rather than staying with the mainstream as we had been and maturing and continuing to knock them out, we didn't know what was happening. Now I can see that if we had stayed in Australia and matured our music — you can see where it has happened in places — if we had stayed together through the rough parts, we probably would have happened much quicker eventually," Wright says.

But if the band failed to recognise that what it was doing placed it ahead of comparable bands like The Who — now considered one of the five greatest bands in the history of rock music — when the band decided to quit Australia in 1966, others could see it. When Mike Vaughan signed them to a deal with the major American recording company, United Artists, that year, company president Michael Stewart observed: "I have not seen such excitement, such hysteria about any artist since we first established our relationship with The Beatles. I have the same feeling I did when I first became aware of Beatlemania."

Upon the band's arrival in England the boys began writing and rehearsing new material. They then laid down four tracks from which a single would be selected. No one could know that the first UK release would not only become a hit on both sides of the Atlantic as well as No. 1 back in Australia, but that Friday On My Mind would come to be considered by the rock cognoscenti down through the years to be one of the classic singles of rock 'n' roll.

When David Bowie recorded his *Pin Ups* album in 1973, Friday On My Mind was included. The album was Bowie's tribute to his favorite songs from the 1964-67 period of London.

George Young described the song as really working class rock 'n' roll. As hostel boys they sweated for Friday to come round! Their last Australian recorded song was released in October 1966, the same month Friday On My Mind was released in the UK. Sorry put the band back at No. 1 in Australia, with Friday in the same spot a month later. Sorry was also significant as the last hit Stevie Wright wrote with George Young.

Thereafter Harry Vanda joined Young as the hitmakers in the Easybeats, thus beginning what has been described as the last surviving great songwriting teams of the 1960s — and 13 years on they are more formidable than ever.

Wright's demise as a songwriter was, according to him, coming for some time: "By the time we went to England I started to become insecure. I was a bit homesick and I was involved with a girl here and emotionally pretty hung up. So I started to wander away from the scene and so Harry just naturally took over."

Drugs were also a key factor in Wright's withdrawal from composing with Young. By Young's own admission in the *Bomp* interview, the band had arrived in England as the days of flower power and psychedelia was starting to get under way. The swinging London of the mid-'60s, for five impressionable kids plucked from the relative naivety of the Sydney scene, provided a "get your kicks" lure they found impossible to avoid.

Over the next two years the band increasingly involved itself with drugs so that by 1968, as George Young told *Bomp*: "The band was stoned most of the time and we had been at it for a fair while. When everybody else was getting into it, we were trying to get out of it, although we never took anything in Australia funnily enough. The general lethargy of the band was due to the dope thing."

One consequence was that Snowy Fleet, after the band returned to Australia for a national tour in 1967, quit the drum chair to be replaced by another Australian, Tony Cahill, who used to play in a semi-legendary band called The Purple Hearts. Fleet settled in Perth and still lives there today despite reports some years ago that he had allegedly drowned.

But the real casualties from the band's flirtation with drugs was Stevie Wright, who ended up an addict, and Dick Diamonde, who Young has said "got religion bad and dope bad". Diamonde has dropped from view these days and is ensconced somewhere on the NSW north coast. While it seems his days in The Easybeats have made him a permanent casualty, Stevie Wright was to make two remarkable comebacks in the post-Easybeats era, the first in his career and the second in his total rehabilitation from his addiction.

They discovered powerpop and know its worth — and nobody does it better than Harry Vanda and George Young.

While the band was preoccupying itself with drugs during its time in Britain, it had got itself off to a spectacular start with the adulation and acclaim Friday On My Mind received. For a short time, as with the band's Australian debut single, English radio didn't want to know about five hopefuls from Down Under.

"We had one advantage," according to Stevie Wright. "There were a few Australian disc jockeys working on the pirate radio stations which were scattered off the English coast, and they did what they could for us without getting us consistent airplay.

"But combined with the hassle of trying to score airplay, there were all kinds of other hassles such as distribution problems which really needed to be ironed out from the word go. By the time they were solved we had scattered sales that were up and down like a roller coaster. I think if we had been organised and had released another record before Friday On My Mind, we would have had a No. 1 with more impact. But because the management scene was still being organised at that stage, it mucked it all up."

Friday On My Mind, despite the total disorganisation of the band's management, still did amazingly well on the British charts by reaching the No. 6 spot. Considering it was the first Australian band to go overseas, it was a monumental breakthrough.

But in the next three years the band lurched from one crisis to another and was never to capitalise fully on its original overseas success. No doubt the drug-taking and the disparate musical styles of their subsequent releases played a part, but in the main the band got screwed by a manager who was way out of his class.

Mismanagement and lack of money finally proved too much for the band and in late 1969, after what turned out to be a final tour of Australia, the band disintegrated. One example serves to indicate just how badly managed The Easybeats were. Mike Vaughan signed them not just to one or two different record companies around the world but to several. This most basic of management blunders led to his eventual departure as manager in early 1970. The split resulted in a series of lawsuits by both parties that continued long after the band had broken up.

Despite enormous success in Australia and many hits overseas — particularly in Europe where The Easybeats still are among the most popular bands on the continent — and the money made from touring, the band finished up all but broke.

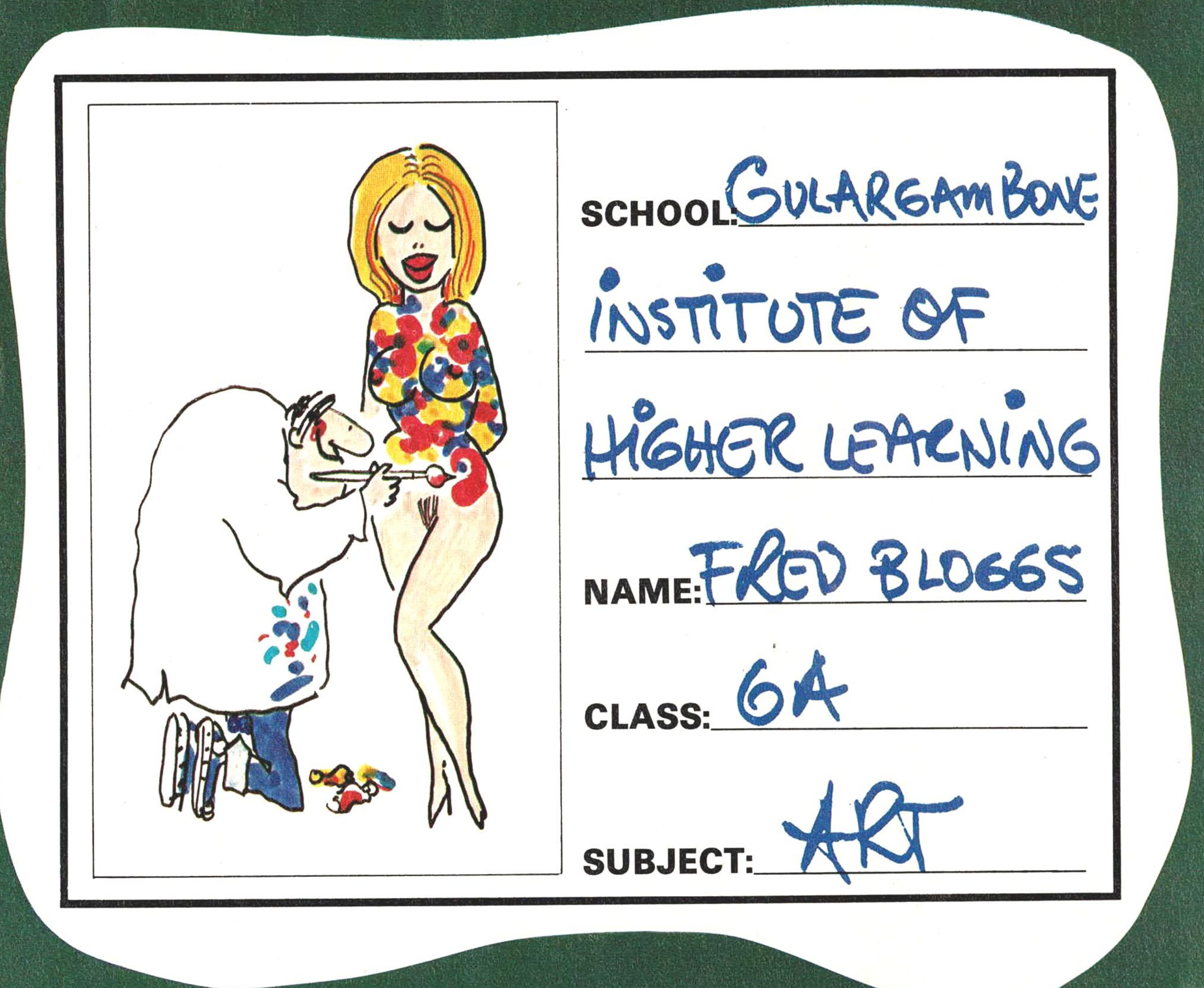
Stevie Wright blames the manager's father image for the band's acceptance of its financial situation. After all, they were only kids when success first overtook them and while lack of cash was always explained away with a rush of outward expenses, it wasn't until it was too late that the band split with Vaughan.

While Wright and Diamonde made Australia their home once more after the split, and Cahill eventually found work in America, Harry Vanda and George Young opted to continue working as songwriters.

For three years they wrote songs for a variety of people as well as recording themselves as The Marcus Hook Roll Band, Paintbox, Moondance and Band Of Hope. The different work they undertook could fill a book in itself. George Young had his own small studio, an adjunct to his London flat, and it was from there that he and Vanda began fashioning their respective crafts. It was an often boozy apprenticeship, but by the time they returned to Australia in late 1973, they were ready to

Continued on page 126

A TOUCH OF CLASS



SCHOOL: GULARGAMBONE
INSTITUTE OF
HIGHER LEARNING

NAME: FRED BLOGGS

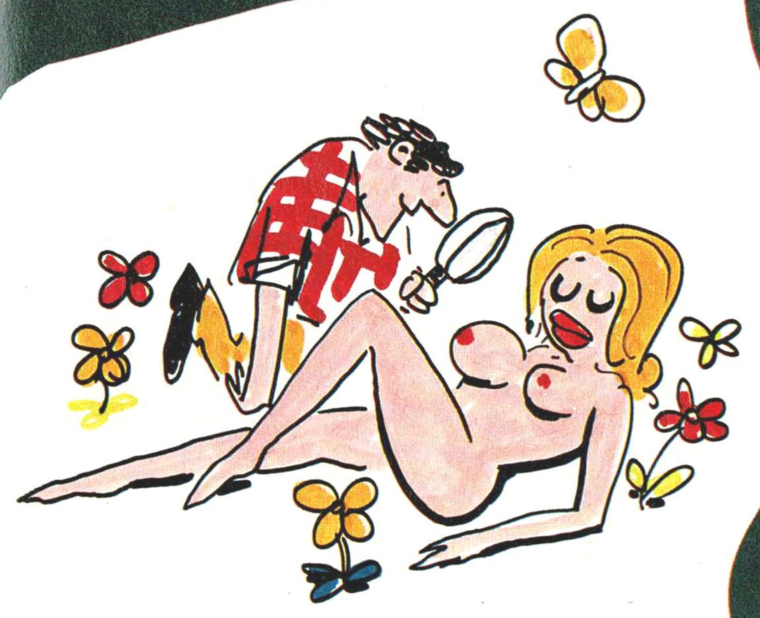
CLASS: 6A

SUBJECT: ART

For many years the supply of school book labels has been the exclusive preserve of The *Australian Women's Weekly.* Now *Penthouse,* with the help of cartoonist Alan Moir, presents a new slant on education — just for big boys.

COOKING

MODERN HISTORY



NATURE STUDIES

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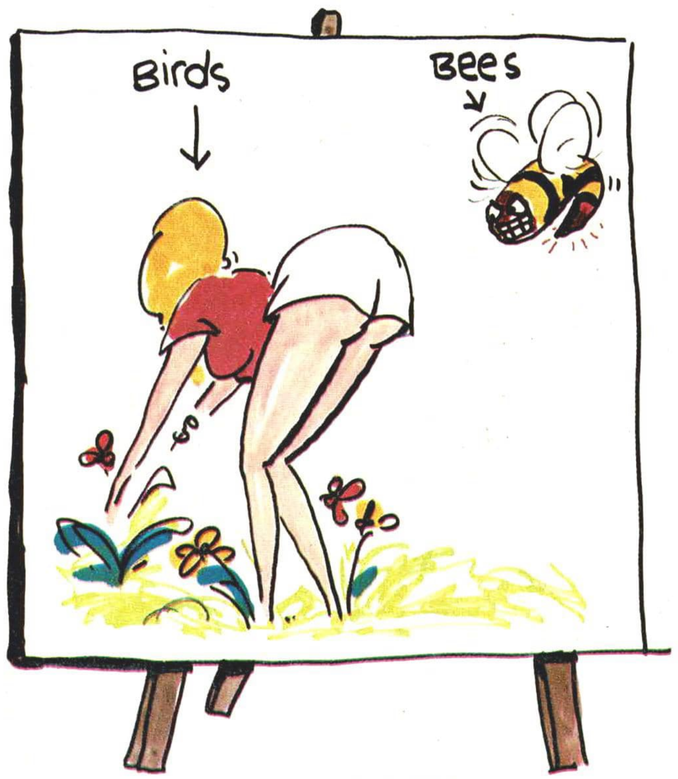

BIOLOGY

PHYSICS

CHEMISTRY

ANCIENT HISTORY

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

GREAT ROMANCES

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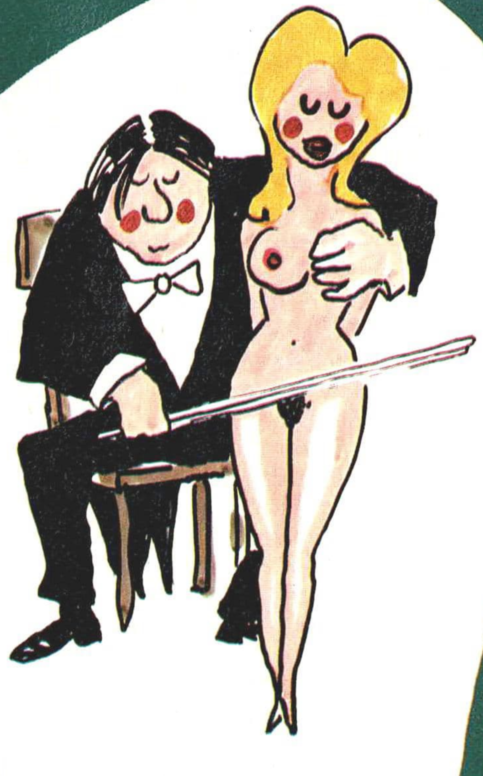


MUSIC

VANDA AND YOUNG

Continued from page 121

use their vast experience to involve them in what would become the most successful songwriting and production team this country has seen.

Wright takes up the story: "One of the reasons I had never recorded here after returning was because I never had any confidence in other producers, but I knew George and Harry and trusted them. I reached the stage where I was interested again in recording.

"Then I got involved in the production of *Jesus Christ Superstar.* I played Simon Zealotes and that took me away for about 18 months, and by the end of that they had returned to Australia."

Wright played them some material he had written and a track he had recorded then discarded. They told him it needed remixing, then wrote some more songs and they all went into the studio and recorded what was to become Stevie Wright's first solo album *Hard Road.* From the album an epic 11-minute single Evie, was released and shot to the top in Australia.

By now there was an army of old Easybeats fans who, with the fresh success of Stevie Wright, were anxious to see Vanda and Young back performing with Wright. Finally they bowed to the demand and played three concerts with Wright.

Working out of Alberts studios in Sydney, Vanda and Young began to expand their songwriting and production interests at a frightening pace. They began writing for and recording unknown artists such as William Shakespeare and one John Young, who to avoid confusion with the former pop star-turned television compere Johnny Young, was to change his name to John Paul Young.

They were evolving professionally all the time and seemingly their confidence and expertise knew no bounds. Stevie Wright is a testament not only to their ability to get the best from him, but also to extract it under the most trying conditions. Wright admits that when it came time to record a follow-up album to *Hard Road,* he was indeed treading a very hard road due to a worsening drug problem. He simply says that when he recorded what subsequently became the *Black Eyed Bruiser* album, he was "blown out".

"I was just too heavily involved with drugs. It had been coming since before The Easybeats and that was unfortunate I guess.

"The second album just didn't have the continuity of the first to me, simply because my head was elsewhere. So that was much more George and Harry's album, it had to be," he said.

Black Eyed Bruiser was nowhere near the commercial success of its predecessor, but Wright continued touring despite his drug problem before eventually in August of 1976, he was admitted to hospital suffering from an alleged overdose. It says something for his determination and spirit that he has been able to make a complete recovery from his addiction, with the help of the William Booth Institute.

When we talked, it was a clear-eyed Stevie Wright with a new-found meaning to life who spoke, free of the trauma of being "little" Stevie in The Easybeats.

Today he is a drug counsellor with the William Booth Institute and takes pride in helping others who find themselves in a situation similar to that which once claimed him.

Although he now only plays music for fun with friends, he doesn't rule out the possibility that he might give rock music another shot: "I'm in no hurry. I'm growing now and I've learnt to live for a couple of years without drugs. It's like a growing process. If it looks like I could do it again, all right, but if it looks like I'm in danger there's no way known."

> By the time the band was ready to expand its musical horizons beyond Australia in 1966, they had scored six consecutive hits.

Since we spoke Wright has twice appeared in public fronting a band. First at 2SM's Concert of the Decade before more than 100,000 people at the Opera House in November, and later at a christian outdoor concert.

His respect for Vanda-Young professionally and as people is obvious. When we discuss their character, Wright repeats a piece of advice George Young once gave him: "Never forget you're working class".

"I think that's a major part of their success," he says. "They have personal qualities of being honest working class people. They have abundant qualities of honesty, integrity and they work very hard. They're also very selfless.

"I know how good they are in the studio, and not just on the panel. Because of our relationship they are able to do things and work with me emotionally in a way that I couldn't find in any other producers."

No one has enjoyed greater success under the guiding genius of the Vanda-Young touch than John Paul Young, the biggest-selling solo rock act in Australia in the 1970s. To say he owes almost all of it to Vanda and Young is not an understatement.

JPY, as he has become known to his fans, like George Young (no relation) was born in Glasgow, and came to Australia with his parents in '66, the year The Easybeats first left it. He began singing with a band called Elm Tree. The band's one single proved a flop in 1970. He, like Stevie Wright, was a member of the *Jesus Christ Superstar* cast.

He eventually met and recorded with a producer, Simon Napier-Bell, who was looking for a singer to record a Vanda-Young song with lyrics intriguingly enough by English actor David Hemmings, called Pasadena. It was a hit, making No. 12. While with *Superstar* he recorded two more singles which both flopped.

In April 1975 the tide turned when he first teamed with Vanda-Young and hit the No. 1 spot with Yesterday's Hero. It was written, arranged, played and produced by Vanda-Young. They did everything but the lead vocal. It also broke fresh ground for a resident Australian recording artist by hitting 42 on the American chart.

"After Yesterday's Hero it became a foregone conclusion that they were my producers," a now well-off John Paul Young explains. "They're my producers, writers, arrangers, the whole bit and they've just done it all, what can you say?"

Describing a typical session for the recording of an album, he says they'll go into Alberts studio and go through anything from 10 to 15 songs on piano, with either Vanda or Young on guitar. They sing and play along for a while to check which ones the vocalist prefers. Then Vanda-Young usually go and "live" with the songs before they get down to recording the album.

In 1977 an important point was marked in John Paul Young's career when he recorded a song called Standing In The Rain. With its Latin-based rhythm it ended up becoming a big hit in German discos and established JPY as a major European recording artist, a success which also spread to South Africa.

"After the success of Standing In The Rain we sat down and thought that seeing as they liked that sort of thing, we should give them some more of it. It was just before I did my first South African tour and we quickly put down this song called Love Is In The Air, which I thought was a hit when we recorded it. Then I forgot about it for three or four months before it was released anywhere."

Germany didn't forget, however, and upon its release there in January of last year it rocketed up the charts. The story was the same the world over. It made No. 3 in the UK and No. 5 in America. Predictably for JPY it hit number one in South Africa, one of five consecutive No. 1 hits for him in that market, all by Vanda and Young.

When asked if Vanda-Young ever get excited about a particularly good song such as Love Is In The Air, John Paul Young gave an emphatic no: "I don't think I've ever seen them get excited about anything.

I'm serious. They never come up to me and say 'let's get into this, this is a monster', it's just another song to them.

"I think they're two of the best songwriters in the world and without saying they are Lennon and McCartney, they belong in that sort of ranking. I think people here in Australia probably don't appreciate the extent of their talent. But then I'd say they probably like it that way because they can retain their little bit of anonymity where they can walk down the street and not be hounded by people."

Unquestionably the money *is* rolling in for the hitmakers. As well as success with John Paul Young, they have also produced every AC-DC album except the latest (ironically the most successful AC-DC album overseas yet and with two younger brothers of George Young — Malcolm and Angus — in the band), the first Angels album, and now their own highly successful *Flash And The Pan* album.

Their *Flash And The Pan* album, together with the hit single from it, Hey St Peter, created a lot of excitement in America, particularly within the industry itself. A top record executive from their American label Epic on a recent visit to Australia, was played rough tapes of their new album and told Vanda and Young: "Don't worry about a delivery date, just deliver it when you're ready." He was over the moon about their latest product which should see local release shortly. The first album has drawn uniformly rave reviews from American critics. *Record World* said of it: "A quirkier album has yet to be made, almost an exclusive Australian novelty upon initial release until more open-eared Yank MOR outlets recently gave it a spin. Flash may well be the first true progressive disco record available."

Ron Fell of *The Gavin Report*, an influential tip sheet which recommends to radio stations in America what to play, wrote "on even the best albums we've heard this year, most artists have been ploughing the same old field — there's been little experimentation, we've heard it all by other artists. But now there's *Flash And The Pan* from Australia. They sound like they visited rock music in the '80's and are ready to lead us across the threshold."

And there are more equally ecstatic reviews coming out of America. The result has been a flood of offers from US promoters wanting Vanda-Young to tour over there, but for the moment they don't seem the slightest bit inclined to accept any of them. Speculation in the Australian recording industry is rife that they have been offered a vast amount of money by their American record company, CBS, to move over and set up a production company there to produce top-name acts for the overseas market.

Whether they can resist such overtures, as success piles on success and the offers keep getting juicier, is anyone's guess. Probably Vanda and Young don't even know the answer to that one, and if they do they sure as hell aren't telling anyone because these days they politely refuse to talk to the media.

Ian "Molly" Meldrum, talent coordinator for the TV program *Countdown,* has observed the Australian rock scene since 1966. He has no doubt that Vanda and Young are two of the greatest forces working in rock music today.

> They discovered powerpop and know its worth — and nobody does it better than Harry Vanda and George Young.

"I think their contribution as a whole to the rock scene has been immense, especially when you consider that they started back in the early '60s with The Easybeats and were the first local band to break the barrier of having an overseas hit. Now here they are back on the American charts again 13 years after they first struck with Friday On My Mind," Meldrum says.

"Lillian Roxon (author of the *Encyclopedia of Rock*) always considered The Easybeats to be one of the most talented groups in the world and always maintained Vanda and Young were probably the most inventive songwriters she had come across since The Beatles."

Meldrum also points out that they have limited themselves, to some extent by working in Australia: "There is only a certain amount of talent here, there is only a certain talent flow each year, whereas obviously if they were working in America they would have the pick of an amazing crop of people to work with."

John Brewster of The Angels, now Australia's hottest rock band, used his penchant for golf to make an analogy about the influence of Vanda and Young on The Angels, whom they originally signed in 1975. "I think they're like a good golf professional. You go to a professional for a golf lesson and he won't change your swing, he'll just get you to use it properly. They instilled in us a confidence to more or less remain true to ourselves, so you end up with The Angels and our own sound, rather than someone else's idea of how you should sound."

Brewster and Meldrum also said they were amazed at how hard-working Vanda and Young are: Meldrum in particular found their work-load enormous: "It always staggers me that no matter how much success they manage to achieve, they are always locked away in Alberts studio. They never seem to come out."

Even before the present acclaim for *Flash And The Pan,* the last several years in America has seen a steady and significant cult awareness of the legacy of The Easybeats and Vanda-Young.

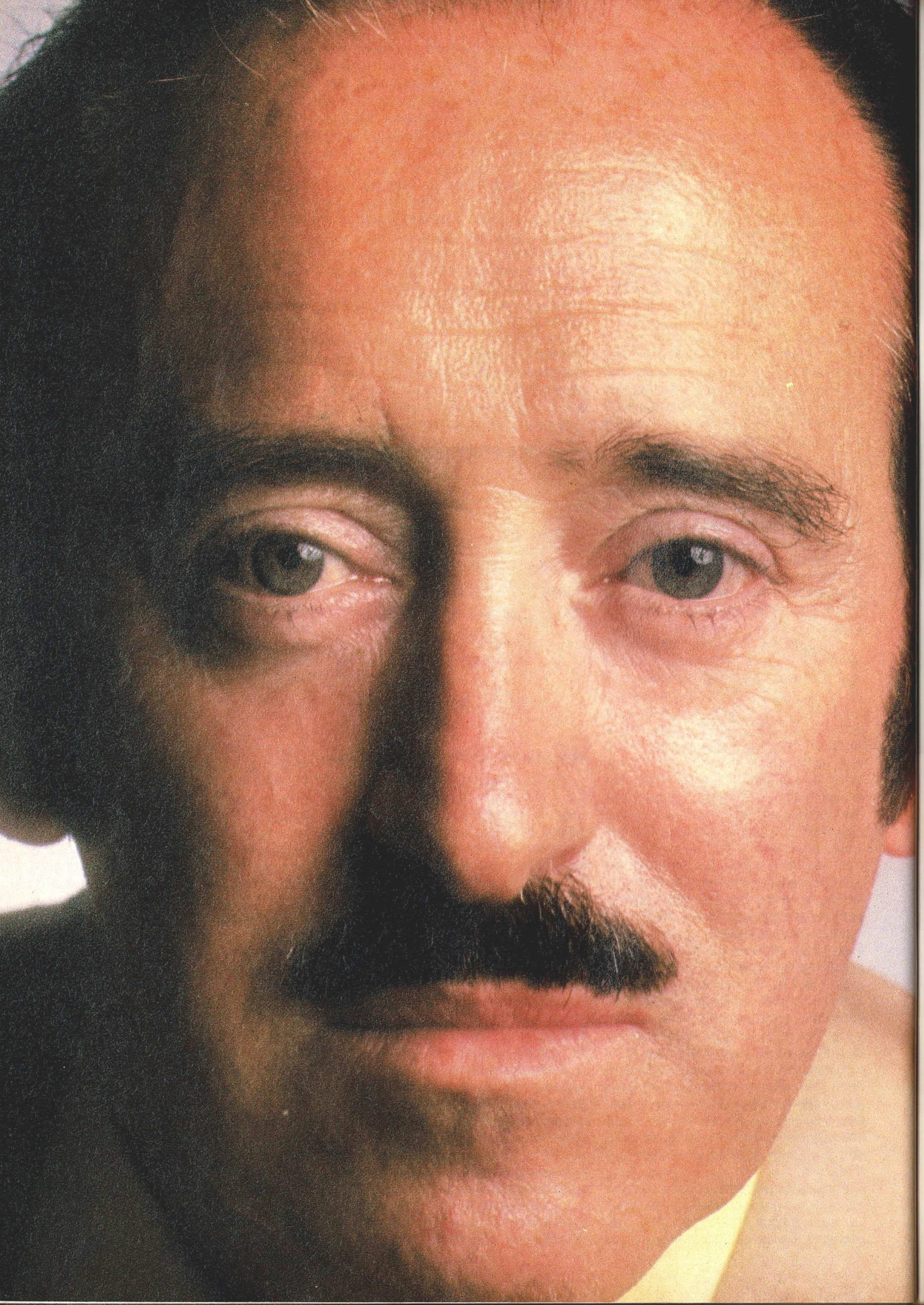
Old Easybeats records change hands in the US for anything up to $50 a time among collectors. It's understood that CBS in America now has plans to redress the balance by re-releasing the Easybeats catalogue, while here in Australia Alberts have also scheduled a double album retrospective best of The Easybeats for early this year.

Bomp magazine is committed to eulogising the sounds of the early to mid-60s as the one true golden era of pop. As such, it is a devout disciple of The Easybeats and Vanda-Young.

In its March 1978 issue, editor Greg Shaw wrote: "Vanda-Young have been making music since 1963 and have never once faltered from the ideal of powerpop. A case could be made that they created the form in fact, since they were almost certainly doing something comparable before The Who released their first record. Even the earliest Easybeats records were, down to the last detail, solid powerpop at its most exhilarating. Nobody has yet surpassed their sense of dynamics, and what's more impressive with the passage of time their music has lost none of its forcefulness.

"Those lucky enough to have access to more than a few of the great many records these two have written, produced and performed on since (let alone with) The Easybeats, will see a complete understanding of and lifelong dedication to the kind of sound that is powerpop. They discovered it, and to their everlasting credit, know full well its worth, and nobody does it better than Harry Vanda and George Young."

Perhaps its Harry Vanda who can best put it all in perspective. He said in 1974: "We never looked back even as The Easybeats. We tried everything — it was trial and error all the way. If we'd stuck to a formula like The Hollies, we could have lasted forever, but it isn't in our natures to stand still."



PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

AL GRASSBY

> ‘
>
> Racist groups have always been anti-Semetic. Then they were anti-Irish, then anti-Mediterranean, then against anybody from Asia. So if the second coming takes place next year, Christ won't get a visa.
>
> ’

The kind of sartorial flamboyance which embraces lime green suits — rather than any intellectual incapacity — has left a large proportion of Australia with the distinct impression that Al Grassby is something of a clown. This is not the case. The only possible characteristic, outside dress-sense, which Mr Grassby could share with a clown would be the bottomless well of tears hidden behind the mask of perpetual good humor. But this is not the case either. Al Grassby, Australia's first and only Commissioner for Community Relations, really is the cheerful optimist first impressions indicate, despite the impossibility of the demands of his office.

To describe the Australian Government's record in the ongoing battle against racism as anything but a shabby and sick joke would be to flatter our elected representatives. As the front-line General in our faint-hearted, token war against discrimination, Al Grassby has incurred a great deal of unjustified criticism. The simple fact is that anything he has achieved during his four, demonstrably industrious years of office, has been despite, not because of, the Government. Malcolm Fraser's regime has extended the kind of support and commitment to Al Grassby and his office that would have left anybody but Grassby with the suspicion that he was little more than an unwanted embarrassment.

If the Government had wanted to end foot-rot among sheep they would, unarguably, have spent more than the pathetic $200,000 per annum total outlay they have committed to the eradication of racism from our society. It is unthinkable that they would have expended less in terms of funding, manpower, facilities, research and community education.

As Commissioner for Community Relations, Al Grassby has a responsibility, through the Racial Discrimination Act of 1975, to combat racism wherever it may rear its head among Australia's population of 14.5 million. To achieve this he has an army of nine. And that includes clerical and office workers. For four years he and his team existed in a glorified corridor in Canberra, measuring seven metres by three metres. Their files were stored on the floor. One of the team of nine covered Melbourne and the whole of Victoria, another Sydney and the whole of NSW. The remainder were based in Canberra, leaving the rest of Australia without a permanent presence. (One man per State is laughingly referred to as a presence.)

When volunteers are enlisted to help cope with the four-year total of more than 6000 complaints, requests for help, and other matters dealt with by Mr Grassby and his team, there is no hope of recouping even basic travel and accommodation expenses from the Government. In fact when Mr Grassby's coffers ran inevitably dry last year and he asked the Government for an additional $32,000, he was made to wait eight fundless weeks, and then received only $11,000.

During this eight-week period the only incoming finance was in the form of wages for Mr Grassby and his team. The Government provided nothing for expenses like air fares, accommodation, stationery and other office equipment. This led to the humiliating practice of writing to organisations which Mr Grassby was due to meet in various parts of the country, and explaining that no funds were available either for air fares, or accommodation on arrival. In the majority of cases, the organisations concerned responded by taking over the Government's financial responsibilities. At the end of the eight weeks there was not a member of Mr Grassby's team who was not out of pocket.

The Racial Discrimination Act itself, through which Mr Grassby and his team operate, is hardly a model of enlightened, crusading legislation. It has been described by one expert in the field as "probably the most reluctant enforcement mechanism that could be achieved by the mind of man".

It outlaws very little, and imposes virtually no penalty for those who offend against it. Its evolution gives some explanation of this. On March 7, 1966, the United Nations General Assembly adopted what became known as the UN Convention on the Elimination of All Forms of Racial Discrimination. Nine years later, in 1975, 87 countries had ratified that Convention. Australia was not among them. And how could she be? There was nothing on the Australian statute books which in any way prohibited racial discrimination.

The legacy of decades of cruel oppression of the Aboriginal people, coupled with the unremitting white Australia immigration policy, had left an arid, unyeilding soil for the planting of seeds of racial harmony. It was as much due to the energies and conscience of Gough Whitlam and his Government as any other factor, that the Act finally came into being.

Grassby was Whitlam's personal choice as first Commissioner, and this fact, ironically, may have had a great deal to do with the lack of support ever since from the Fraser Government.

Lack of support is really a euphemism for what has amounted almost to open hostility directed against Commissioner Grassby by the Government on occasions. In April, 1977, for instance, he was publicly censored for making what was described as "critical public statements". The outcome of this was that from then on he had to obtain a clearance from Immigration Minister MacKellar before making any public speech, and had to furnish an advance copy to the Minister of what he intended saying.

Last year saw a classic case of Attorney-General Durack pulling the carpet out from under Mr Grassby's feet when he had the temerity to take on two Queensland State Ministers over an Aboriginal lands rights dispute. Proceeding exactly as the Act lays down, Mr Grassby had summonsed the two Ministers, and two public servants, to attend a compulsory conference to discuss the Queensland Government's blocking of an Aboriginal lease purchase. But before the conference took place, Senator Durack wrote to Mr Grassby, warning him not to proceed further with his summonses.

Mr Durack's letter stated, in so many words, that the Racial Discrimination Act did not empower Mr Grassby to direct the two Ministers to attend the compulsory conference, and instructed him to withdraw the direction. Faced with this unpalatable *fait accompli,* Commissioner Grassby responded by issuing certificates to the two Aboriginal groups concerned, thus entitling them to sue the two Ministers and two public servants in a High Court action. This case, still pending, will make legal history in Australia, if it goes ahead.

But perhaps the most bitter pill of all came when the Federal Government announced its intention to amend the Racial Discrimination Act under a Human Rights Commission Bill. At this time Al Grassby and his team had been out in the field for four years, presumably gaining certain experience and expertise in the area of race relations. But were they asked in any way to contribute to the proposed changes to the Act? No, they were not, and neither were they told any details of what those changes would involve.

Against this kind of background it is hardly surprising that Australia is being discussed at United Nations conferences in the same breath as South Africa for the treatment of her indigenous people. And it is hardly surprising that white hoteliers are turning their dogs on Aborigines for the entertainment of their clients, or that blindfolded Aboriginal school children are used as boxing booth entertainment for country audiences with a taste for something a little different. Nor is it any more surprising that allegations of victimisation, brutality and even sexual assault by police officers on Aborigines go uninvestigated.

Al Grassby has first-hand experience of investigations into cases like these. He and his staff travel into isolated, and often hostile, environments to ask a lot of unpleasant and unwanted questions about this ugly side of our country. They even become victims themselves on occasions. During an election campaign in 1974, Al Grassby was accompanied permanently by a body-guard to protect him against the flood of racially-motivated threats of violence which deluged both his private and professional life. A threat to the life of his 11-year-old daughter actually succeeded in putting his wife in hospital, close to breaking point during this period.

> "Instead of a force of 31 people, what we've had to do for the bulk of our years is to run the department with 10 people."

Given all this, and notwithstanding the evident precariousness of his position, Al Grassby would be excused for giving voice to some searing indictment of the Government's apparently calculated neglect both of his office and the rising tide of racial hatred in Australia. It is perhaps a tribute to the man that he does not do so. Instead, in this interview with Melbourne journalist Adrian Tame, he prefers to point to what has been achieved, and what is left to do.

Penthouse: Even from a cursory reading of your latest annual report it becomes obvious that you are far from happy with the way the Government has responded to the need to fight racism in Australia. Anybody reading the report in detail couldn't help but notice that on page after page, in fact in more than 20 instances, you mention cases where lack of funds, facilities or manpower has severely hampered your capabilities. For instance, you quote, as follows, from the first periodic report by the Australian Government to the United Nations Committee on the Elimination of Racial Discrimination: "Adequate provision for research and education on racial discrimination has also been stressed by Australia as important". Your comment on this was: "I would fully agree with its necessity and importance, but in fact very few resources have been allotted for its implementation. In the case of my own office, smallness of staff numbers, and the steeply increasing workload has precluded research, and severely limited community education. The result is that we are forced to provide largely an 'ambulance at the bottom of the cliff' service, instead of being able to concentrate on programs of community education to combat prejudice leading to discrimination". Give me some idea of the extent of the limitations placed upon you by Government.

Grassby: We came into being on October 1, 1975. We put forward a considered plan at that time for offices in every capital city, and for a team that amounted to 31 people. Now this meant we would have had a presence in every State. This proposal was put forward to the then Attorney-General. But, of course, 11 days after we came into being, there was a series of events in 1975 which changed the Government. So we then had to go to the caretaker Attorney-General, Senator Ivor Greenwood.

We took our blueprint to him and said: "This is what we want to do, and this is what we basically need to fulfill our functions under the Racial Discrimination Act." Well, he considered it and approved it. He said: "That seems to be a good, tight operation. Approved. Go ahead."

But, of course, again within weeks after that there was another election, and there was a new Attorney-General, so we discussed it with the new one. And then it wasn't too long before there was another Attorney-General, and then there was another election and another Attorney-General.

So we have had no continuity at all, and instead of the implementation of the force of 31 people, which would have given us a presence in every State, then what we've had to do for the bulk of the four years is to have 10 people.

But we haven't had 10, because one has been pregnant almost all the time. Not the same one, but it does mean that we've been effectively nine. This means that I've had, in the city of Melbourne with its three million people, just one officer,

"He's very tender in bed . . . sometimes downright bruised!"

acting as complaints and conciliation officer, because we all have to do everything.

There has been one person to cover Melbourne and the State of Victoria. And there's been one other moved from Canberra to Sydney, and he's everything for the city of Sydney and the State of NSW.

But for the rest of Australia we have no presence at all.

Penthouse: How realistic is it for a Government to expect nine people in a population of 14 million to make any inroads whatsoever, or achieve success in an area as vital as the supression of racial discrimination?

Grassby: I think it is a vital area. I think it is the basic building of the nation. I think all the other things fall into place, but if you can't get your population together, nothing else is going to work. In my four annual reports I have drawn attention to the lack of resources, but it was impossible for me to sit down and say: "Well, I've got nine people, and I can't do anything." So I've formed committees throughout the country with 300 volunteers.

Penthouse: But that's not to the credit of the Government. That's your doing. You have even appealed on occasion for payment for volunteers for travel and accommodation expenses. But you haven't been able to get that payment. So, all the Government has done is to give you nine people and said: "Al Grassby go out and set Australia to rights as far as racial discrimination goes." Are they in any way realistic to expect this?

Grassby: Well, I think that's unrealistic. And I've said that in each of my four annual reports. I don't think it does justice to the aims and objectives of Australia in combatting racial discrimination, and giving some example to other countries as to what our dedications are.

There is no doubt that we need more resources. There is no way that you can just carry on, on an ad hoc basis. One of my staff, for instance, fell sick because of the impossible pressures put on him, and was warned off by his doctor. On occasions the entire staff has worked for two weeks without a day off.

Penthouse: What sort of salaries are they on? For instance, your top man?

Grassby: It certainly wouldn't be $20,000 or anything like that. In the whole of our operations in every State in Australia, covering all those four years, we would have spent $800,000 to $900,000. That's been our total budget, covering the whole four years.

Penthouse: Do you think it's reasonable for the Government to expect nine people on a shoe-string budget to operate successfully? And if it's not reasonable, is that indicative of the extent to which the Government cares about ending racial discrimination? We have made claims to the world, that we will fight racism.

Grassby: I would hope that in future the deeds will match the words.

Penthouse: Going on the past, do you have any grounds for thinking that?

Grassby: As a statutory officer doing my job, all I can do is to hope.

Penthouse: It must be bitterly frustrating to work so hard, and to appeal unsuccessfully over four successive years for more staff and facilities. Doesn't this leave you with the feeling that the Government doesn't care sufficiently about the problem?

Grassby: It's not my job to assess what the Government's feelings are. All I can say is, we've been given a job to do. I've said we need more resources but we've done our best with what we've had.

Penthouse: Have you ever felt betrayed by the Government?

Grassby: No. I'm well aware of the political arena. I've taken a simple view that whatever resources I've got, it's up to me to use them. I would like more. I could have done a lot more, if I'd had the resources.

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> We're one of the great multinational nations, with 140 different ethnic inputs speaking 90 different languages and following 40 different religions.
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Penthouse: In your latest report you note that at an international conference held in Basel, Switzerland, on the eradication of racism, Australia was coupled with South Africa for the treatment of its indigenous people. This is a very damning statement, isn't it?

Grassby: We have got to be careful as a nation, not only with what we do at home, (because we're one of the great multicultural nations on Earth, with 140 different ethnic inputs into Australia, speaking 90 different languages, and following 40 different religions), so we've got a job to do at home to build unity out of diversity, but we've also got a job internationally to show what we're trying to do.

Penthouse: What is our standing, in the eyes of the rest of the world, as far as internal race relations goes?

Grassby: Well, for the first time in 200 years, we've got a Racial Discrimination Act. It's the first time in 200 years that we've even said it's illegal to discriminate on the grounds of race or color.

Penthouse: But it's not illegal in Australia to publish racially inflammatory material.

Grassby: No, that's right. It is possible to practice incitement to racism in Australia, and stay within the law.

Another weakness is that there is no provision for class actions. An Englishman can complain that he is individually discriminated against at his work place, and I can take action. But if his employer gets up and says: "I am convinced that all Englishmen should be put in gas ovens," that's perfectly all right. So the lack of group actions is another weakness.

The third weakness is that our very procedures can be discriminatory in themselves. There should be provision for me to have the carriage of matters, when the complainant is not able to carry them forward himself. An example of this would be where an Aborigine, living on a reserve, has a complaint, makes contact with me, and I take it up. But the procedures won't help him, because I have to call a conference of him and the man he is complaining against, for instance the manager of the reserve. So they are both sitting down with me in the middle. And I say to the manager: "There is a complaint from my Aboriginal friend here, that you did such and such." If he turns round to the Aborigine and says: "Now you live here with your wife and family, and you have been permitted to live here, and I've looked after you, man and boy, and now you've turned against me." And don't forget the manager is the person who has the final say over whether the Aborigine stays on the reserve or not. So how can the complainant possibly argue, even with me on his side, in that situation?

Penthouse: Do you think such a case should be heard by an independent court of sorts?

Grassby: No, we've never had a case in court in four years.

Penthouse: Don't you think you should have done?

Grassby: No, I don't. Up until now. But I've already made a decision in which I've issued certificates to two groups of Aboriginal people against two Ministers and two public servants of the Queensland Government.

Penthouse: It seemed to me that over the Queensland case, the carpet was yanked out from under your feet by the Attorney-General, Senator Peter Durack. You were virtually warned off from continuing your action against the Queensland Ministers by Durack, weren't you?

Grassby: It's my job to administer the Act as Commissioner. As long as I'm Commissioner I make those decisions. What I have to be guided by are the legal inputs and advice. I was acting precisely within the bounds of the Act when I instructed the Ministers to attend a conference.

Penthouse: And yet Senator Durack still saw fit to write you a letter, saying you were not empowered by the Act to direct a State Minister to attend a conference.

Grassby: The Attorney-General had a perfectly valid point in terms of the two Ministers, for the simple reason that in our country, State or Federal Ministers are . . . Queen's Ministers.

Penthouse: Does that mean they're above the law?

Grassby: Well, it does.

Penthouse: Is that a desirable state of affairs?

Grassby: Well, they're not really above the law, if this case proceeds. I don't think anybody should be above the law, but the constitutional position is that a Minister has that status in this particular situation. So the Attorney-General was right in saying I didn't have the power to compel them to attend. But it was still my duty, under the Act, to issue those directions. Now the fact that they exercised their privileges as Queen's Ministers . . . that's their business.

Penthouse: What were your feelings when you got Durack's letter, warning you off?

Grassby: I took the point quite well as far as the legal position was concerned about prosecuting the four people. Now let me say this by way of confession. I was aware that I was not able to prosecute the two Ministers for non-attendance, and I knew they weren't going to attend. I was perfectly well within my legal responsibilities to call for the issue of summonses against the two public servants. In fact after I got the Attorney-General's letter, I decided if the four couldn't be summonsed, then none would be summonsed, because it seemed to me to be an unfair situation if I picked on the two public servants, and let the Ministers off. So therefore I decided that it was not the major issue that they had refused to attend. It seemed to me that the major issue was the right of the Aboriginal people to get access to land. So I made that deliberate decision.

Penthouse: So, again, you didn't feel betrayed by the Attorney-General's decision?

Grassby: If I felt set back, or put down every time I received an attack or an instruction that seemed to be limiting, or my staff didn't arrive, or the money didn't arrive . . . (we ran out of money once. I had an air bill of $1000 which I paid out of my own pocket, and my wife's never forgiven me for that, my staff had to go without, we went ahead with the job anyway), but despite all those things, if you believe in what you're doing, you go ahead and do it. So I can't afford to be bitter.

Penthouse: An awful lot of people doing your job would have thrown their hands up in disgust and said: "Well, I'm not getting the support I so obviously require . . ."

Grassby: But I've had support from the community, and, after all, the people are more important than anything. The people are what it's about.

Penthouse: But it's the Government that should be supplying your needs.

Grassby: That may well be, but I'm not working for Government as such, I'm working under Governments. That's the statutory and legal position, but my dedication is to serve the people.

Penthouse: Do you feel that if a Labor Government, and possibly Gough Whitlam, was still in power, as opposed to Malcolm Fraser, that those resources — the money, the staff — would have been more adequately provided?

Grassby: What you're asking me to do is to make a political comment, and I left politics in 1974. Sorry.

Penthouse: There has always been a feeling that Malcolm Fraser resented, if not your appointment, the fact that you were so obviously a Whitlam man, and has therefore not thrown behind you the support he might have done, if you had been one of his hand-picked men.

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Grassby: Well, I cannot comment on that again. As far as I am concerned, I work at several levels. The sort of support that I've had from Departmental sources, well, we couldn't have operated at all without that support. We've had co-operation from other people, but, as far as I'm concerned, if I allowed political considerations to influence me in doing this job, I just couldn't do it. And if I got up publicly and said: "The Libs are bad, and Labor's good", or vice versa, well I'm just not doing the job. The one thing I've learned in this job is you've got to steer clear of political involvement.

Penthouse: What, if any, contact have you had with Malcolm Fraser over the four years since your appointment?

Grassby: The usual contacts I suppose permanent heads have. I see him occasionally, and that's about it.

Penthouse: Mr Fraser indicated on July 20, 1978, that, as part of the 30th anniversary of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, and its significance for Australia, that special teaching kits, including a copy of the Declaration, would be produced and distributed to schools, and ethnic and Aboriginal organisations throughout Australia. That has never been done, has it, despite Mr Fraser's undertaking?

Grassby: No. I am disappointed about that. I have no idea why they haven't been sent. I hope they'll appear one day. We've been saying we'd like to see them as soon as possible, but they haven't appeared.

Penthouse: Do you see much of Gough Whitlam nowadays?

Grassby: Ah, yes, I see him on an academic basis from time to time, and as a friend from time to time.

Penthouse: The Racial Discrimination Act is currently being amended under a Human Rights Commission Bill to come before Parliament. I believe you have not been consulted in any way about these amendments, and have stated in your report that you are therefore unaware of their nature. You add: "It is regrettable that the unique insights and experience gained by my office in four years combat of racial discrimination . . . have not been taken into account in the drafting of new proposals." This means in effect that you are given a job to do. You do it for four years, new legislation is drawn up which concerns vitally the area you have been working in, and you aren't even consulted. What about that?

Grassby: I was disappointed.

Penthouse: What about the wisdom or lack of it, of the people whose decision it was not to consult you?

Grassby: Well, I can just say I was disappointed, and that may be a human comment, and occasionally we're permitted to be human. But, having said that, we've prepared an information paper and put forward our considered opinion about the Act.

Penthouse: But you weren't invited to do that. It was something you took upon yourself to do. Do you not feel that here, again, is a demonstration, that by not even saying to you: "Right, you're the man in the field, you've been doing it for four years, we're drawing up some changes, we'd like your opinion." By not saying that, the Government was failing to observe even the most common of courtesies?

Grassby: All I can say is that my staff was disappointed.

Penthouse: It must have been very disappointing for you not to have been able to reimburse your unpaid volunteers for their expenses incurred for work they did for you in the field.

Grassby: That's very hard. What I've done for them is, sometimes I do a bit of lecturing and broadcasting, and sometimes I get paid, so I send the cheques to the committees. It's a private contribution to keep them going.

Penthouse: During your first four years of operation, five of your female staff were crammed into an area measuring seven by three metres. I believe it was little more than a foyer or corridor with five entrances, and yet this made up your main office accommodation. How could your staff be expected to work in those conditions?

Grassby: I don't know, but we did. We were all so busy getting on with it that the staff just took it in their stride, along with many other things. The files at one stage, when we had even less accommodation, were all over the floor. So we had one room in which there was nothing but files on the floor. So we used to keep it locked in case anybody stepped on the files.

Penthouse: Last year I believe you ran out of funds well before the end of the financial year. You were forced to seek additional funds of $32,000, but you were kept waiting for this for more than eight weeks, and when it arrived it was only $11,000, not the $32,000 you had requested. How did you cope without funds during that period?

Grassby: We had to put our own resources in. We had to pay up and smile.

Penthouse: Where do you see Australia's biggest problems lie in your area?

Grassby: One of the greatest problems that confronts us is attitude. I'll give you an example of how this operates. It relates to a meeting I addressed in northern Victoria a few years ago, and a man got up to ask a question, and he prefaced it by a comment. He said: "There are only two things I hate . . . racial discrimination and blacks." Now we had a lot of trouble from him, but it was all so absurd.

Another time I was at a lunch in Sydney, and at the end of it all a little lady wandered up and shook me by the hand, and said: "Son, I hope you live a long time to preach that sort of tolerance, that's what we need, more of racial understanding, do away with the bigotry and all those things." And I was very impressed with her. And then she said: "There's only one thing, if you could do me a little favor, I'd like you to get rid of all those terrible Arabs we've got, and stop any more coming."

Penthouse: I believe you've had a disturbingly high number of complaints involving police officers?

Grassby: The police reflect the population. They have the same weaknesses and strengths. The one good thing is that every police force in Australia without exception has courses to sensitise its members as to who the people are in the community. There is not enough being done, but a start is being made.

Penthouse: I believe you are currently investigating one case where a young Aboriginal girl has accused a police officer of driving her into the bush, where he allegedly stripped her, handcuffed her to a tree and sexually assaulted her.

Grassby: A police investigation was held, but it didn't produce any evidence of misconduct against the officer.

Penthouse: Were you happy with that?

Grassby: Our discussions about the matter are still continuing.

Penthouse: So you're not satisfied by the police inquiry?

Grassby: Well, more importantly, my complainants are not satisfied.

Penthouse: It's a hell of a thing for a young girl to make up — that she has been handcuffed to a tree, and sexually assaulted.

Grassby: Especially in the way it was allegedly done. I don't want to go into any details because it's proceeding.

Penthouse: Do you think there was a police cover-up?

Grassby: I wouldn't say that. I think that would be an unfair observation.

Penthouse: Another case you investigated involving Aborigines alleged that a hotel keeper had turned his dogs on an Aborigine for the amusement and edification of his clients.

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> I'm concerned about the racist groups because if you ignore them, they are like mushrooms . . . they grow in the dark.
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Grassby: Yes, that's right. It happened within the past 12 months, but I don't want to say where. The bloke got out of it without serious injury, but it's not just that, it's the injustice of it. You know: "I'm going to turn the dogs on you." The manager apparently told the Aborigine to go away, and he didn't move quickly enough, so he turned the dogs on him. He was displaying the fact to his clients that he was God's gift to the master race.

Penthouse: And what about the case where some organisation arranged a series of boxing matches between blindfolded young Aboriginal boys?

Grassby: We have taken that up with the Boxing Federation, with the police, and the State Department of Child Welfare. I don't think it will happen again. It was obvious that it was only the poor Aboriginal kids they could get to do it. I don't know if they got any money for it, they were probably promised some. They were school-age kids in front of a country boxing tent audience of 100 people or so. It was to have been a continuing thing, but due to our intervention it was stopped.

Penthouse: I realise it's an impossible question, but what is the solution to the Aboriginal problem?

Grassby: The solution is very simple. The Aboriginal people in the future need to be given the opportunity to manage their own affairs, to find their own dignity, to rediscover their own roots, to draw from their own strengths, languages and traditions, with our help. Not domination, not dictation, and not paternalism. And where this is being done, it's working well. I think they have rediscovered a lot of their roots, even in urban situations, where they are consciously rediscovering their pride and solidarity. And that will happen more and more. There is an Aboriginal renaissance. I think it's started, and I think it'll continue.

Penthouse: How bad is racism in our schools?

Grassby: Schools are often the conscious cause of more racial and ethnic division in Australia than any other single factor. This was illustrated recently by an essay competition held among 400 young Australians. The winner was a nine-year-old girl, and the first words she wrote were: "I always believed I was an Australian until I started school." That is the situation in most schools because neither the teachers nor the text books are geared to society as it is in Australia.

Penthouse: How big a problem are the lunatic fringe groups, the Ku Klux Klan for instance?

Grassby: It's not just the KKK. You've got 30 odd organisations altogether. In the past 12 months they've circulated half a million pamphlets between them. These are the racist groups that over the years have always been anti-Semetic. Then they were anti-Irish, then they were anti anybody from the Mediterranean, then they decided they were against anybody from Asia. So if the second coming takes place next year, Christ won't get a visa. There's no hope.

The quick history of the Ku Klux Klan was that an announcement was made three years ago by the Grand Wizard in the States, saying he'd started a branch in Melbourne and one other city. Nothing else happened until there was some publicity about a Northern Territory policeman being involved, and then there was a letter box campaign in Melbourne. They picked a couple of suburbs, and went right through them. They put out a brochure and a membership form, all in glossy beautiful printing. It must have cost them a fortune. But I think it'll be a long time before we see them riding up Collins Street in their nightshirts.

Penthouse: Do you see any chance of the National Front taking off here?

Grassby: They tried last year but they failed. They sent organisers and money from Britain, but they failed. I am concerned about all these groups because if you ignore them they're like mushrooms . . . they grow in the dark.

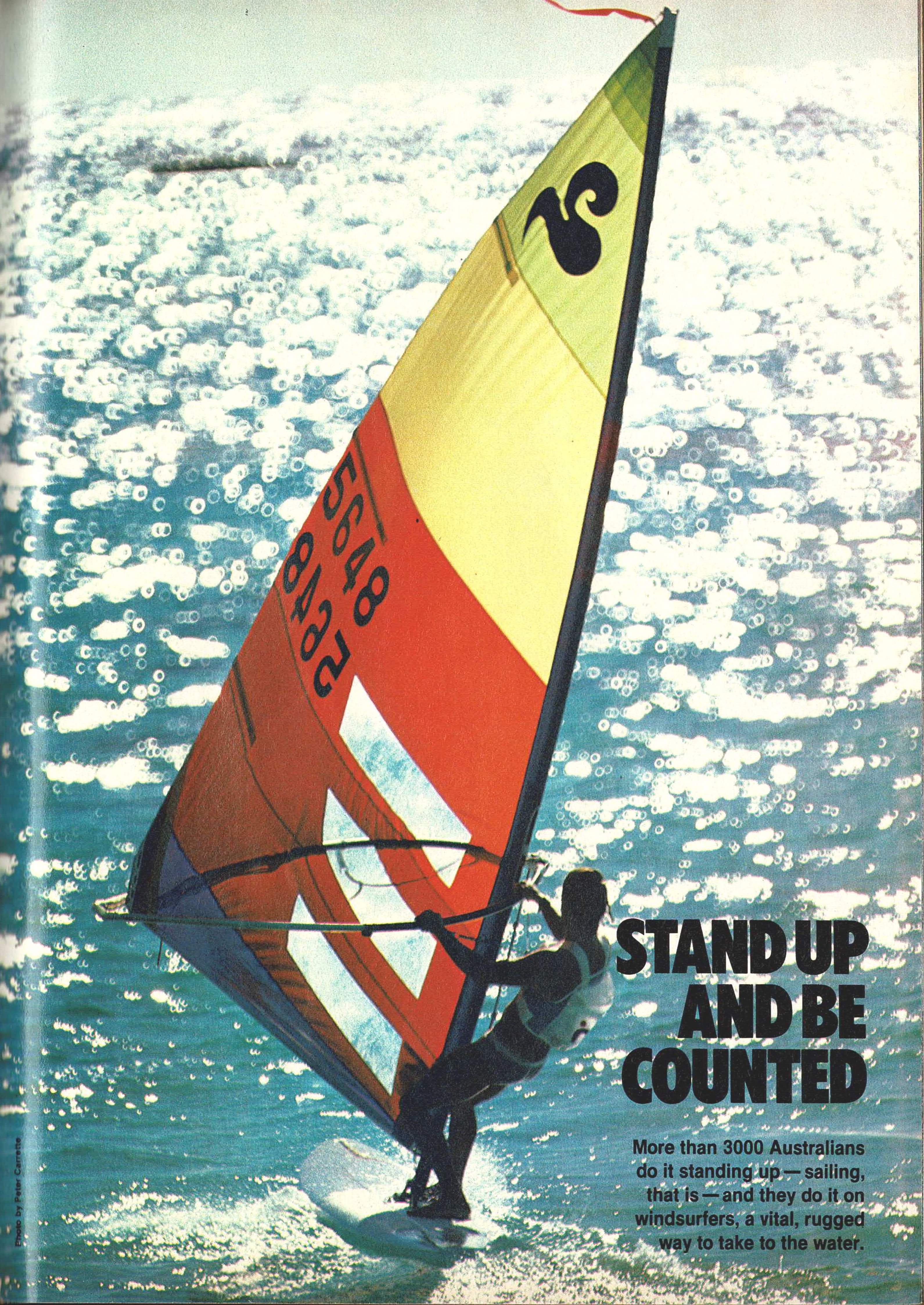


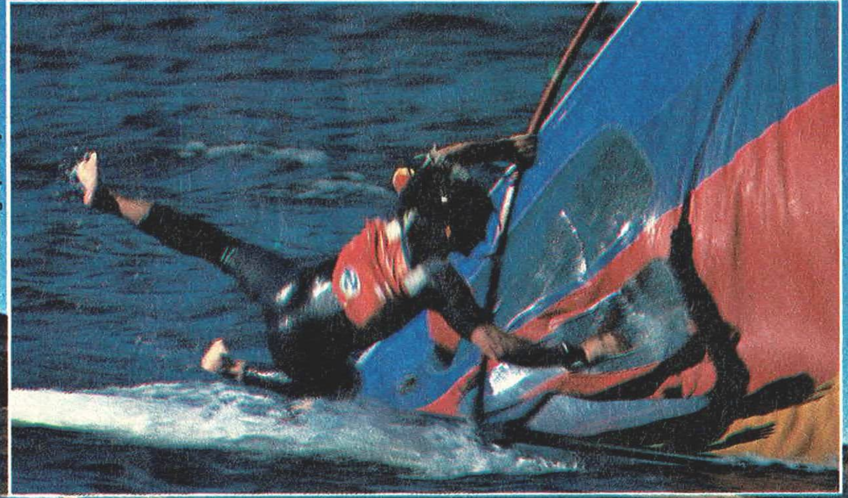
Photo by Peter Carrette

STAND UP AND BE COUNTED

More than 3000 Australians do it standing up — sailing, that is — and they do it on windsurfers, a vital, rugged way to take to the water.

Finding things to do on a summer's day is not too difficult. Spending a summer's day on a windsurfer — a gentle nor'easter, the water pleasantly calm, rays beaming through a cloudless sky, and endless hours of vital water sport ahead — is definitely not difficult. Thousands of Australians are already taking to these odd-looking surfboards with sails, and don't let anyone tell you they're not sailboats. Windsurfing could be included in the 1984 Los Angeles Olympics if the International Yacht Racing Union has its way. Windsurfers cost around $700. The normal 3.65 metres (12ft) board can be used for flat water and harbor sailing, while the new shorter Bombora (3.2m) is exclusively for venturing off beaches, wave jumping and heavy wind work. In Australia, the windsurfer is the only sailboard class, with 3000 already sold across the country. Australia's windsurfer entrepreneurs are two young men as unusual as their sailboards. Sydneysider Greg Kelly and his Melbourne mate, Roger Dulhunty, introduced the class to Australia about five years ago after "discovering" sailboards overseas. The move took Kelly, 30, happily away from his legal desk, and Dulhunty, 27, away from commerce. As windsurfing takes off across the nation, the pair sit comfortably in their expansive Sydney factory, pondering the future and, no doubt, hoping the idea of a seventh Olympic class for sailboards means international status and a sales boost for their product. Windsurfers are available through their company, Sailboards Australia Pty Limited, and lessons are a cheap way of ensuring a safe introduction into this rugged sport. The excitement is probably why Kelly and Dulhunty say *their* sailors "do it standing up . . ."

Photographs by Peter Crawford



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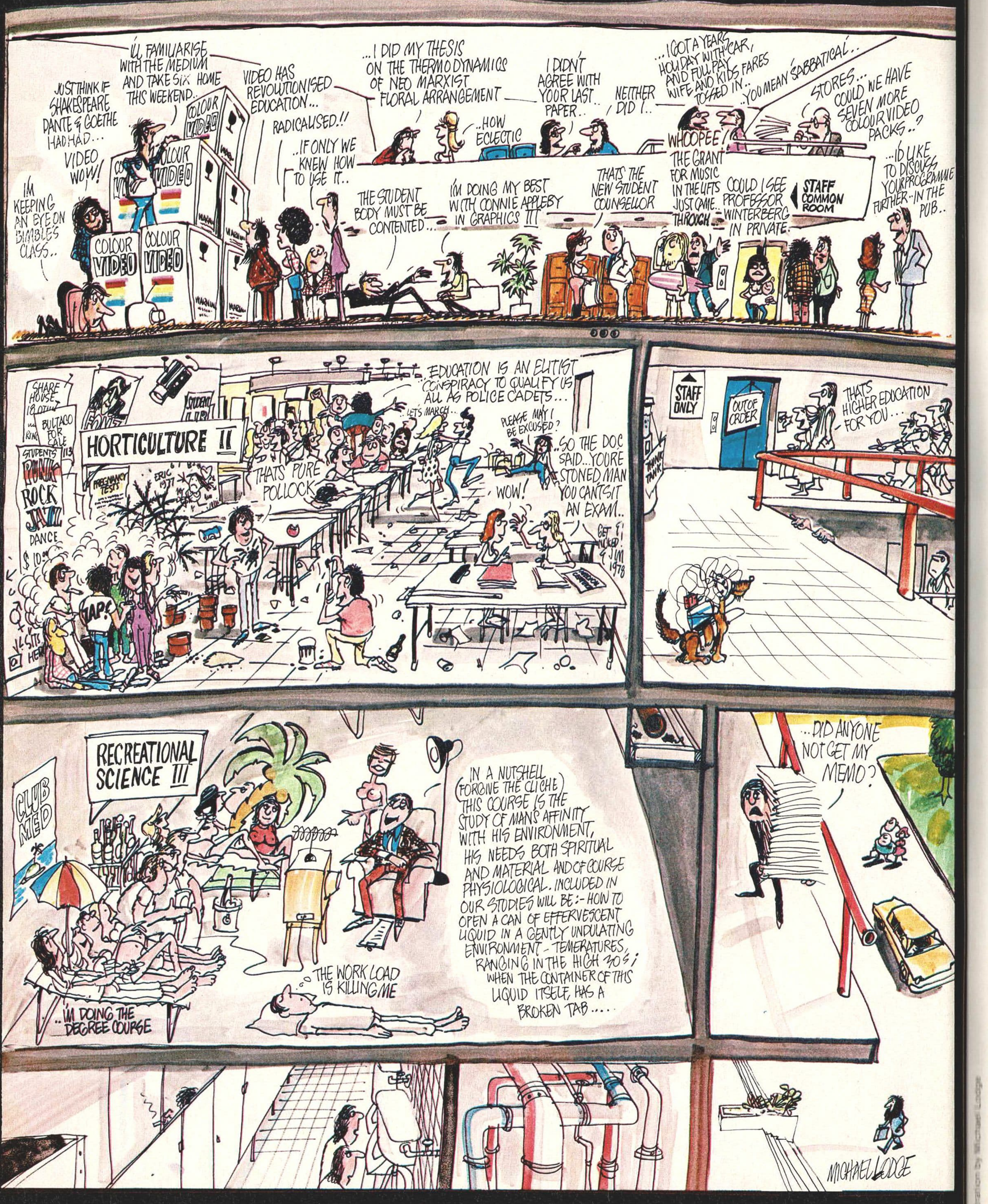
JUST THINK IF SHAKESPEARE DANTE & GOETHE HAD HAD... VIDEO WOW!
I'LL FAMILIARISE WITH THE MEDIUM AND TAKE SIX HOME THIS WEEKEND..
VIDEO HAS REVOLUTIONISED EDUCATION...
RADICALISED!!
..IF ONLY WE KNEW HOW TO USE IT..
...I DID MY THESIS ON THE THERMODYNAMICS OF NEO MARXIST FLORAL ARRANGEMENT
..HOW ECLECTIC
I DIDN'T AGREE WITH YOUR LAST PAPER..
NEITHER DID I..
...I GOT A YEARS HOLIDAY WITH CAR, AND FULL PAY WIFE AND KIDS FARES TOSSED IN..
..YOU MEAN SABBATICAL..
STORES... COULD WE HAVE SEVEN MORE COLOUR VIDEO PACKS..?
COLOUR VIDEO
I'M KEEPING AN EYE ON BIMBLE'S CLASS..
THE STUDENT BODY MUST BE CONTENTED...
I'M DOING MY BEST WITH CONNIE APPLEBY IN GRAPHICS III
THAT'S THE NEW STUDENT COUNSELLOR
WHOOPEE! THE GRANT FOR MUSIC IN THE LIFTS JUST CAME THROUGH..
COULD I SEE PROFESSOR WINTERBERG IN PRIVATE.
STAFF COMMON ROOM
...I'D LIKE TO DISCUSS YOUR PROGRAMME FURTHER..IN THE PUB..
SHARE HOUSE
BULTACO FOR SALE
STUDENTS PUNK ROCK JAZZ DANCE $10
HORTICULTURE II
PREGNANCY TESTS
ERIC 1977
THAT'S PURE POLLOCK
EDUCATION IS AN ELITIST CONSPIRACY TO QUALIFY US ALL AS POLICE CADETS...
..LET'S MARCH..
PLEASE MAY I BE EXCUSED?
WOW!
..SO THE DOC SAID...YOU'RE STONED MAN YOU CAN'T SIT AN EXAM..
GET F! NICKED JIM 1978
ZAP!
SITS HERE
STAFF ONLY
OUT OF ORDER
THINK TANK
THAT'S HIGHER EDUCATION FOR YOU...
RECREATIONAL SCIENCE III
CLUB MED
IN A NUTSHELL (FORGIVE THE CLICHE) THIS COURSE IS THE STUDY OF MAN'S AFFINITY WITH HIS ENVIRONMENT, HIS NEEDS BOTH SPIRITUAL AND MATERIAL AND OF COURSE PHYSIOLOGICAL. INCLUDED IN OUR STUDIES WILL BE:- HOW TO OPEN A CAN OF EFFERVESCENT LIQUID IN A GENTLY UNDULATING ENVIRONMENT - TEMERATURES, RANGING IN THE HIGH 30'S; WHEN THE CONTAINER OF THIS LIQUID ITSELF, HAS A BROKEN TAB.....
THE WORK LOAD IS KILLING ME
..I'M DOING THE DEGREE COURSE
...DID ANYONE NOT GET MY MEMO?
MICHAEL LODGE

Illustration by Michael Lodge

Colleges of Advanced Education go to vast lengths to justify their existence — when no justification can be found.

AUSTRALIA'S WORST COLLEGES

BY DAVID HIRST

Good and bad colleges, like beauty, exist in the minds of the beholders. If, for example, you are the son or daughter of a wealthy Canberra public servant, politician or diplomat and have an interest in free fall, kinetic, modular structural design and display with a long term view towards solar energy utilisation and a real concern about the coming energy crisis and nothing else to do, then the Canberra College of Advanced Education might well be able to fit you in.

While President Carter waits breathlessly for the culmination of your work, you could also experiment with audio-tactile screen prints and perhaps produce, direct, edit and act in your own film. In Canberra, facilities abound for creative young (and not so young) people to develop their potential.

But if you are a young citizen of Sydney or Melbourne's western suburbs with working class parents and no job prospects, you face two choices as you enter any of the flourishing CAEs or Institutes of Technology: study a technically oriented course, or prepare for a life of unemployment.

Some care in selecting a course and a little dedication to the chosen pursuit could well lead to a job in the areas which are market leaders. Computer studies are still, in general, growth areas and can be expected to remain so. Others include management, marketing, rural and forestry related subjects, catering and the general service industries.

The major area to avoid is teacher training, which in most States amounts to half of all CAE graduates. Of the 84,116 students enrolled in tertiary institutions in Australia in 1978, 42,434 were doing teacher education. As there has long been a glut of teachers on the market, it seems very likely that many of these people will become professionally unemployed. Which is what our education system seems to be geared for.

Australia's tertiary education is in a situation which calls for the immediate intervention of the National Disasters Organisation. This is a result of the dream of the Whitlam Government, the destructiveness of the Fraser coalition and the inability of the bureaucracy to rationalise either governments.

Whitlam was not just throwing money at a problem he had promised to attack. The massive increases were consistent with his desire to create a highly educated society, a more egalitarian society, to decentralise our population and industry and to provide an educational framework for what he saw as inevitable changes in the Australian way of life as we entered the Eighties.

Thus, much of the increased spending was directed at teacher training, the arts, recreation and leisure studies, use of audio-visual technologies and ethnic relations.

Fraser's "Life wasn't meant to be easy" philosophy arrived at a time when the colleges had been built or upgraded, the facilities installed and the large numbers of new staff appointed. Although Whitlam's grand design was never to be implemented, its basic infrastructure had already been established.

These factors, combined with bureaucratic inertia, have created a situation where Australia's educational structure conflicts with the Federal Government's plans for our economy and the structure of the workforce.

What were once seen as bold and imaginative initiatives are now referred to in the Education Department as "Mickey Mouse projects".

Over the past 10 years we have seen a conservative and staid tertiary education system built almost entirely around the universities replaced by a vast octopus of federal funding. This was followed by an attempt to reverse the situation. The result is that Australian education, never renowned for its sophistication, has become a complete shambles.

The worst centres for tertiary education, in terms of providing people capable of entering the workforce, are at present the ones which received massive funding increases in the mid-Seventies and are now, while fully funded, producing people whose education is entirely inappropriate to the demands of the economy.

Quite apart from the issues of how much is being spent and how high is the standard of instruction, the validity of *what* is being taught must also be questioned.

In 1974, the Labor Government took over the entire subsidisation of tertiary education in Australia and implemented a "rationalisation" of education spending on a three-year budgetary basis. As the latest triennium is now entering its second year it could be expected that our 73 Colleges of Advanced Education (CAEs) and 19 universities would be humming along in the time honored pursuit of excellence.

This is not the case. Universities, but more particularly CAEs, are instead searching desperately for reason's to maintain their staff ceilings and expenditure for the triennium beginning 1982. Many CAE's are experiencing difficulties in justifying their existence. The CAEs have begun to overtake the universities in recurrent costs, which consist largely of salaries for staff. The battle for the education buck if being fought by tertiary institutions desperate to hold the jobs of their staff members, without any consideration of the public good.

This has brought about a situation where the bureaucratic structures which are supposed to administer our highest educational levels contradict hopelessly with the present economic situation and the educational requirements of people seeking to enter the workforce.

Generally, it could be said that educational planning initiatives — such as they are — run about five years behind what would be best for both the students and the economy.

Ten years ago, decision-making in the various education bureaucracies was dictated largely by ignorance. Today, self interest dictates. When the Australian economy was in the midst of the mining boom of the late Sixties, our universities and colleges concentrated a good deal of resources in training people in the various areas of discovery and exploitation of our mineral resources. By the time these people hit the labor market the boom was over and the jobs simply weren't there.

At the same time, Australia was experiencing a teacher crisis and the CAEs grew quickly to meet the expected needs and teacher training became the most important CAE activity. When the trained teachers attempted to find work the birth rate had dropped.

As a senior Victorian Education Department employee told me: "We've now got teachers coming out our ears." These teachers are unemployed and often unemployable.

The same spokesman commented that "the only hope for many of these teachers is the single parent boom of the Seventies which has produced so many unmanageable children that teachers have to be a father and/or mother to all of them.

> Educational planning initiatives run about five years behind what would be best for both the students and the economy.

"These kids demand so much more attention that we should be putting on extra teachers in the areas in which they seem to proliferate."

This total failure to forecast or understand demographic changes which were quite evident by the late Sixties is blithely dismissed by the Tertiary Education Commission in its report to Commonwealth Parliament on Funding of Tertiary Education (1979) under the extraordinary heading "rationalisation": "Some predictions have not been fulfilled; for example, decisions made in the late Sixties to expand tertiary education were based on population forecasts which *could not have been expected* (my italics) to forsee the sharp drop in the Australian birth rate from 1972 onwards."

One paragraph of a 200-page report dismisses a massive planning blunder which many would argue could have been forseen and avoided.

At this time self-interested groups are pressing for decisions which senior bureaucrats say will prove equally disastrous. No doubt they will be reported with a similar level of critical awareness.

But these decisions will not be based on stupidity or lack of planning, as they have been.

There are now calculated and quite deliberate plans by the universities and colleges to attain their usual ceilings with what people in the departments (these include Health, Youth Affairs, and Treasury as well as Education) cynically referred to as "Mickey Mouse" projects.

When I asked a Federal Treasury official to explain a "Mickey Mouse" project he fumbled through a drawer and pulled out a typical CAE Handbook; that of the Milperra College, in Sydney and said: "Open it anywhere."

"I opened it at page 114. "Course: Ritual in Asian Societies."

"Students will be examining selected Asian rituals and be encouraged to develop skills involved in ritual analysis. Lectures will involve . . . simulation gaming and practical work."

Other favorites in the Department are such courses as "recreational management", "community studies" (which can mean almost anything), as well as other late starters, such as "playground design".

The desire to maintain funding has taxed the imagination of colleges throughout Australia. One trick used by the Newcastle CAE is to introduce new and plausible courses like "business training" but, to protect teaching staff, ensure that at least one unit of education is made a pre-requisite for the course. Through this method new courses can be introduced while the existing and otherwise redundant teachers are spared the task of seeking gainful employment.

Another trick the CAE's are becoming very fond of is increasing the length of courses for, say, primary school teachers. Ten years ago, primary teachers required two years at colleges before starting teaching. Today that is being stretched to four years, in spite of a government directive not to lengthen courses. The colleges get around this by having a "post graduate diploma course" or a "degree course" or both. Thus we have degree courses for primary school teachers.

In a monopolistic area such as teaching where credentials completely determine whether one gets a job or not, it is natural for students to stay on and attain the higher status. The extent to which the pursuit of excellence has been replaced by the consolidation of power is epitomised in the expression Weighted Student Unit. WSU is not a disease transmitted socially but the actual expression of the numbers of students enrolled in a particular faculty.

The number of students is counted in

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terms of weight and measures. These students are actually factors in the bureaucratic battle for staff finance and facilities.

A student who has successfully transferred from psychology to sociology in a particular university might feel pleased at this expression of flexibility within the university. In fact they are WSUs; numbers to be used.

While these manipulations are fairly harmless and at least keep people off the streets, they cannot go on forever. Tertiary institutions are looking at a scheme which will tie them into a growth area which, while it will give them another few years of maintained ceilings, will also do great damage to the Australian economy.

Tertiary institutions are looking more and more at the most expensive of all academic pursuits — medicine. Universities have or are attempting to establish Schools of Medicine because it is seen as a growth area and carries prestige.

CAEs have their eyes on nurse training in the hope that eventually this will be taken out of hospitals and become the new blank cheque. Of course the nurses will need more education and the existing teachers will be maintained.

With universities pressing for Schools of Medicine and the development of a doctor glut in Australia, the Committee of Officials on Medical Manpower Supply, headed by Dr Sidney Sax, produced a report to the Ministers for Education, Employment and Youth Affairs, Health and Immigration and Ethnic Affairs, dated December 19, 1978.

This was described to me by a Health Department official who has been around long enough to study many such reports, as "the worst document ever produced by the Public Service".

The total failure of the report to provide a reasoned approach to how many doctors the country needs and who should educate them is explained by the fact that the report was the result of a violent disagreement by committee officials. The fundamental argument was over the relationship between the cost of health care and the supply of doctors. One line taken by members of the committee was that an oversupply of doctors would create a free market situation and competition would bring down the cost of medical services.

The other approach was that no matter how many doctors were trained — and most people who qualified for medicine took it up because of the huge salaries available, — costs would continue to rise. Doctors would continue to tell people to come back for further consultation, refer them to specialists, and so on. As it is all coming out of the individuals' health fund they'll continue to come back.

The CAE's move into the area of health care is more ambitious and potentially more disastrous than the present oversupply of doctors. To date six CAEs have started "pilot courses" on nurse training.

Pressure from the nurses' major representative body, the Royal Australian Nursing Federation, (RANF) was responsible for the initial establishment of the pilot courses, and in September 1977 the Federal Government requested a report on the results of the pilot studies.

It could be argued that the best place for nurses to obtain their training is at a hospital, where all the facilities (many of which are extremely expensive) are available.

But the RANF was keen to see nurses given a more professional status so they could go before arbitration, wave their new degrees before the Commission and demand higher pay.

Though this in itself is not unreasonable, there is no justification for nurse training to move out of hospitals and into colleges to acquire that status.

The report said there was not enough evidence from the pilot programs to analyse their success, and therefore more and bigger programs should be set up in more CAEs so their desirability can be studied.

It was, the report stated, difficult to evaluate the success of the course because of the small scale of the existing programs. Small indeed. The entire student enrolment for the third year nursing course at the Riverina CAE at Wagga amounted to a single nurse. Second year enrolment amounted to three individuals.

This is not the case in courses related to Liberal arts or leisure. The Whitlam Government saw the eventuality of a shorter working week and established courses designed to later provide people skilled in widening community recreational opportunities and activities. One could argue as to the worth of teaching people to teach other people to have fun. But, in a society which believes that creative writing can be taught through tertiary courses, anything is possible, and the "recreation profession" was established.

Perhaps the worst of the colleges in these terms is the Salisbury College of Adult Education in South Australia. It not only provides an "Associate Diploma in Recreation" but for those who find this credential not particularly useful for entering the workforce after two years of such training, the college also provides a "Graduate Diploma in Recreation". The "Associate Diploma" guide for 1979-80 tells us that "higher and more specialised awards are planned by the college in the future." (The ambiguous use of the present and past tense suggests the author of the handbook could take a course in journalism or creative writing.)

While most of the CAEs are dominated by teacher training courses, Salisbury is almost devoted to them plus a liberal sprinkling of "Mickey Mousers". The "Graduate Diploma in Outdoor Educations" guidelines could have been lifted straight from Barry Humphries Students will learn to "develop an effective methodology for creating learning situations outside the classroom", and the general outline of the course suggests that students can do what they like as long as they do it outside and don't get bitten by a snake.

After much tossing of coins, Salisbury gets the worst college in Australia award. Of the 16,178 students enrolled at CAEs in South Australia in 1978 more than 11,000 were enrolled in either teacher education, liberal studies, or art and design. The remaining boorish studies such as agriculture, applied science, building, surveying, architecture, commerce and business, engineering and technology account for the rest.

Another reason for choosing Salisbury as the worst is that it is a metropolitan college and therefore does not suffer from the problems of rural based colleges whose very reason for being is challenged by the ending of Federal commitment of large scale funds to decentralisation.

These colleges, such as Riverina, and Capricornia, were built in the expectation that their regions would be developed industrially and expand as the colleges expanded.

The demise of the Department of Urban and Regional Development saw the return of the ride on the rural rump, which makes such units as "Child Experience in Graphic and Plastic Expression" at the Capricornia Institute of *Advanced* (my italics) Education seem a little inappropriate.

It is perhaps unkind to select Capricornia for criticism when the courses provided there are similar to those available in colleges throughout Australia. Many of the subjects studied at Capricornia are so obscure that after the course outline we read: "Text: No set text".

It would be difficult to find a text for such courses as "Simulation Games", the topics of which include: "research findings on simulation games as an instructional strategy, availability of simulation games in Australia, criteria for selection of simulation games, basic elements of simulation games, examining of selection of simulation games, creation of simulation games."

> Many of the subjects studied at Capricornia are so obscure that after the course outline we read: "Text: No set text".

Neck to neck with Capricornia must come the Riverina CAE in Wagga NSW. This college has a comprehensive nurse training section though, unhappily, only one third-year nurse. The Riverina CAE, like the Mitchell CAE and many other rural CAEs, is distinguished by the fact that more than a third of the enrolled students are "external".

These are students who enroll in a sort of correspondence course in the college and who may live anywhere in Australia. Recipients of diplomas from such CAEs should not expect immediate employment in the higher echelons of Australian administration, commerce or industry. But they do provide instant access to the Professional Employment Services of the Department of Social Security and, as such, are not without value.

Riverina offers an extensive course in librarianship which, after much infighting, is now recognised by the Library Association of Australia.

Unfortunately, there is now a glut of librarians in this country and these courses, like most on this subject offered by CAEs throughout the country, are virtually useless.

This is particularly true of the newer colleges which have young and inexperienced library teachers and poor libraries.

But the great problem with colleges like Riverina is that the expected development of the region was to have provided work experience for students. As the factories have been late in coming, little of this has been available — and employers still tend to prefer students with work experience.

It would be impossible to cover the worst tertiary colleges in Australia without mentioning what is perhaps the only case of an Australian academic striking out at the status quo and, at the same time, gravely endangering his own career in those institutions.

The senior lecturer in English at the Gippsland Institute of Advanced Education, Patrick Morgan, brought upon himself the wrath of the academic establishment in July 1977 when *Quadrant* magazine published a paper which was to have been submitted to the Darling Downs Institute for Advanced Education.

The paper is largely the product of Morgan's own experience at Gippsland, and would hopefully put that college high on the list of the worst tertiary institutions.

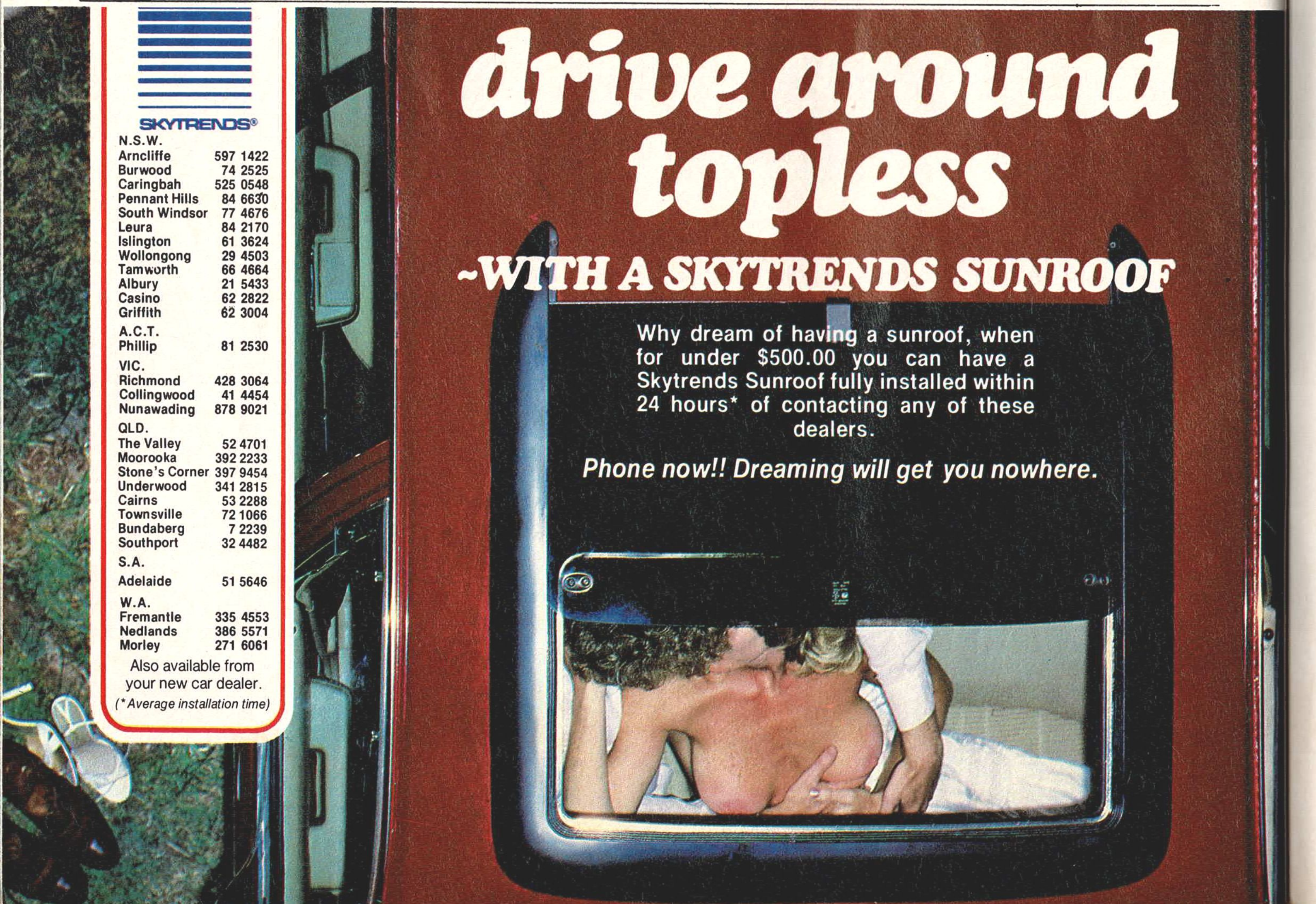
For, if what Morgan observes is typical of colleges throughout Australia, there would be good reasons to close many of the smaller ones altogether.

The GIAE, like most of the small rural CAEs, was established to serve the needs of the region. When Federal funding was instituted it became a "national" college capable of providing courses in areas which had no particular relevence to the region. When the concept of regionalism became trendy, the GIAE quickly reverted to grabbing the funding available to "serve the needs of the local community'. In a few years the college had moved from being a regional to a national then back to a regional institution. Students from throughout Australia suddenly found their college was once again designed to meet the needs of the La Trobe Valley.

Students enrolling in the GIAE should be aware that colleges such as this could well swing again towards a "national" structure, or more likely, become technically oriented.

Morgan's major gripe with colleges of this nature is that while he feels that tertiary institutions have deferred largely to the pursuit of learning rather than the establishment of irreplaceable power elites, the GIAE is built around a formal institutional structure which exists to perpetuate its own existence.

"The administration got there first and



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set itself up as the focus of the college and announced itself as such. No deference to the priority of learning was made. '*Academic freedom*' now became the hate-word," Morgan wrote.

Morgan likes to compare colleges with living organisms and points out that the main aim is to grow — or at least survive. Survival means having a fine ear tuned to the changing moods in Canberra.

"We act like an academic amoeba, ready to radically alter our shape at the slightest hint of stimuli, and ultra sensitive to the sources of light and nourishment emulating from the direction of Canberra . . . New courses are often set up, not because there is any genuine local need or because they will benefit the students for whom the whole effort is supposed to be intended, but because they can be fitted into the latest Canberra pseudo-definition," he said.

It is a pity the GIAE ranks a mention as one of the worst tertiary institutions simply on the grounds of one brave soul crying out in the educational wilderness. What is true of the GIAE is true of many other colleges except that they rarely contain senior academics prepared to risk their livelihood through a healthy bout of critical awareness.

The youth of the CAEs, and the constant changes in the whims of their administration which are in accordance with the ever-changing winds from Canberra, makes them easy targets for criticism.

But one of the extraordinary contradictions in our tertiary education system is that while the CAEs may provide many courses for which there will never be jobs, those courses are often superior to those offered by the established universities.

For some courses, the worst tertiary education institutions are the three giants of Australian academia; Melbourne University, Sydney University and the Australian National University. The poorer courses in these rocks upon which we build our faith are either the Political Science departments or those departments which have become politicised since the radical Sixties. These include courses as diverse as anthropology and town planning.

The increased enrolments in the Sixties and early Seventies meant that academics, often of dubious quality, were elevated to positions of unassailable seniority above a developing left wing intelligensia.

Radical lawyers saw the legal system as designed to keep the poor in their place. Their equivalents in town planning questioned the system of putting the poor on one side of the river — or in the western suburbs — and depriving them of social amenities available to those better off. Anthropologists challenged the orthodoxy of merely studying tribal societies and saw their science as being geared to the exploitation of those societies.

The mediocrities so recently elevated to the pleasures of cocktail party academia and mutual backslapping found their positions threatened by better informed post-graduates who were far more dedicated to their subjects.

The response of the university establishment was often either to reject the post-graduate studies of the radicals, thereby depriving them of any chance of elevation, or to squeeze them out of the departments and, inevitably, into the CAEs.

Our major universities suffered because the conservatives (whose primary concern was conserving their own jobs) made little or no attempt to meet or debate questions which could have Australia's major universities developing a true intelligensia, while those radicals who achieved academic status were often forced into the CAEs.

Thus we have the position where the Preston Institute of Technology may well provide a more rigorous and enlightened course in Town Planning than the ANU. Unhappily, the Preston graduate will not find employers who appreciate this fact.

Determining the worst and best of Australia's tertiary institutions and which courses are the most suitable is left in the lap of adolescents who are often unaware of the complexities of our higher education systems and who have every chance of remaining so. But one fact that both the left and the right of our educators tend to overlook is that most (nearly two thirds) of Australian students drop out of — perhaps leave is the better word — our education system before completing secondary education.

What our education authorities, distracted by their struggle for funds, so often forget is that many Australian youths find academic pursuits totally boring and are quite happy to be panel beaters, carpenters and laborers rather than find and climb the academic ladder.

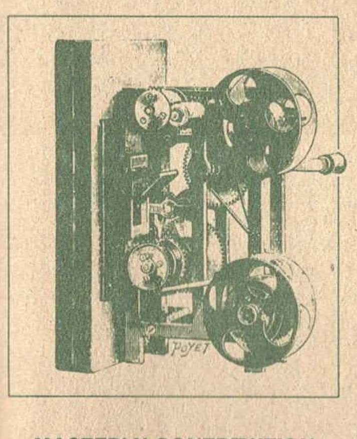
Leslie Fiedler, in *Waiting for the End*, while writing about the American author entering academia could well be speaking for the attitude of the mass of Australians in saying ". . . he is plunged into, its small politics and petty spites, its institutionalised hypocrisy, its self-righteous timidity, and its endless bureaucratic ineptitude. If it is a refuge from the pressures of real life he is after, he can find that more easily in the artificial paradises of North Beach or Greenwich Village; the world he inhabits may be artificial, too, but it is likely to be a small artificial hell, in which not only the demons who torment him (i.e. deans and administrators) but even his fellow damned are likely to be members of the local Rotary Club".

Glasbergen

"I'm required by the government to fill out an environmental impact statement every time I break wind."

REVIEWS

FILMS



MASTERLY CONTRIBUTION

"Couples should be permanently mated — like pigeons, or Catholics," states a befuddled Isaac Davis, writer, resident wit, sexual athlete and lead character in Woody Allen's latest contribution to the world of cinema. And it's a masterly contribution which has nearly all the elements a cinemaphile could want.

Some have called it a masterpiece . . . and that it is. There are faults, but few — and all forgiveable when one surveys the overall effect Allen has created.

It combines the best of Allen's unique sense of humor which he offered audiences in the Academy Award-winning *Annie Hall*, with some of the more sombre elements of moral and social concern that he presented in his self-confessed homage to Ingmar Bergman in his very intense film, *Interiors*.

Both elements are delivered in healthy proportion in Woody Allen's love song to New York . . . a gem of a film called *Manhattan*. Starring, co-written (with long-time collaborator Marshall Brickman) and directed by Allen, *Manhattan* offers the best of Allen, one of the leading social commentators on our troubled times. And it's a grim little tale that makes the core of Allen's masterful piece. Relationships, in particular urban relationships which those blase dwellers of the Big Apple tend to become involved in, are closely observed in this study of impermanence of relationships in general.

As people seek the ultimate love of their lives, they often forsake those relationships which can and, at times, do, bring a modicum of happiness to their lives.

And so most people, Allen asserts, unlike those pigeons Isaac speaks of, often mate like wary skunks or porcupines . . . afraid to touch too much or too little or too soon lest they get hurt, or miss out on something or someone better.

These personal issues are the ones with which Allen has concerned himself in *Manhattan*.

Isaac, when first introduced visually (we hear only his voice over a glorious New York backdrop in the first few scenes of the film) is having an affair with a 16-year-old high school girl, Tracy (played very sensitively by Mariel Hemingway).

She may be 16, but she can more than hold her own intellectually with Isaac and his oft psuedo-intellectual friends. Isaac's a successful television writer, dissatisfied with the "junk" he's writing. And in his affair with Tracy, he finds dissatisfaction creeping in, too.

The age difference is becoming more and more a worry to the forty two-year-old, not-so-attractive Isaac, who never seems to have trouble attracting women of all shapes and sizes.

He wants to keep it light, and says to Tracy: "I want you only to enjoy my wry sense of humor and my amazing sexual technique, no more." It's a true Allen line which brings a laugh rather than a feeling of shock or dismay.

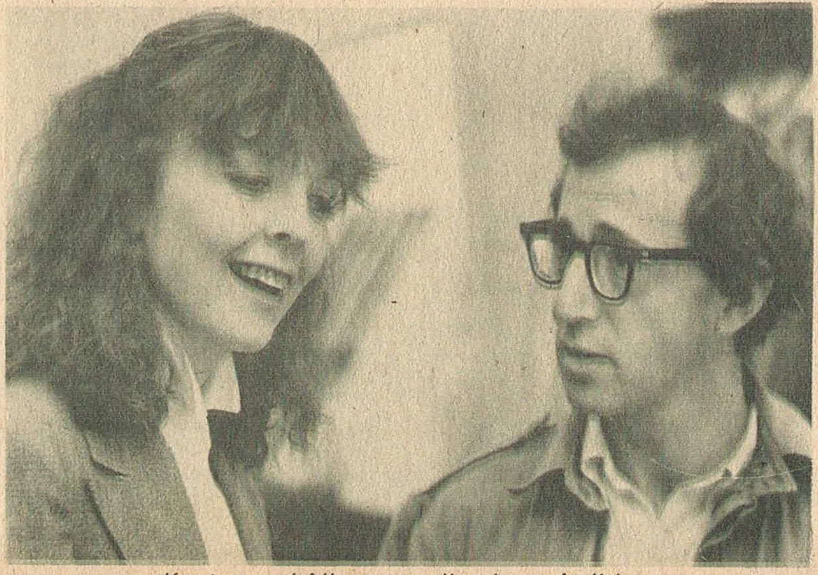
More complications arise — but don't they always in a Woody Allen film? His friend Yale (old-time Allen co-star Michael Murphy turning in a formula performance) has met a fantastic journalist and is thinking of leaving his wife, the placid, almost bland Emily (Anne Byrne).

What happens next is no surprise, as Isaac falls in love with the pseudo-intellectual Radcliffe graduate and freelance journalist, Mary (Diane Keaton doing her very best), who happens to be the object of Yale's desires.

At first meeting, instant hate develops between these two . . . but as their protective emotional armor is stripped away in a very Bergmanesque rain sequence in Central Park, the two soon-to-be lovers converse in the dark recesses of a lunar landscape within a nearby museum where they sought shelter.

There, in the dark, the two feel safe enough to reveal their inner frailties and discover a mutual attraction.

And as these two come together, Isaac finds himself still beset with problems. His last ex-wife has written a revealing, no-holds-barred book about their marriage. Jill (Meryl Streep in a far too brief appearance) left Isaac for another woman and has no qualms about revealing all. "Gossip is the new pornography," wails Isaac when he learns about the book. And no matter what Isaac says or promises, Jill publishes the "truth". Amid all this seriousness of coping with relationships, showing the more-often-than-not impermanent permanence that some people seem to seek, Allen has peppered his script with many side-clutching



Keaton and Allen: revealing inner frailties.

lines. Lines like: "Yeah, it was a great restaurant. It's the first time I've had Chianti from Warsaw," after a date with Mary. Or his heart-felt complaint about his new, but noisy, apartment: "I'm paying $700 a month and I get rats with bongos . . ."

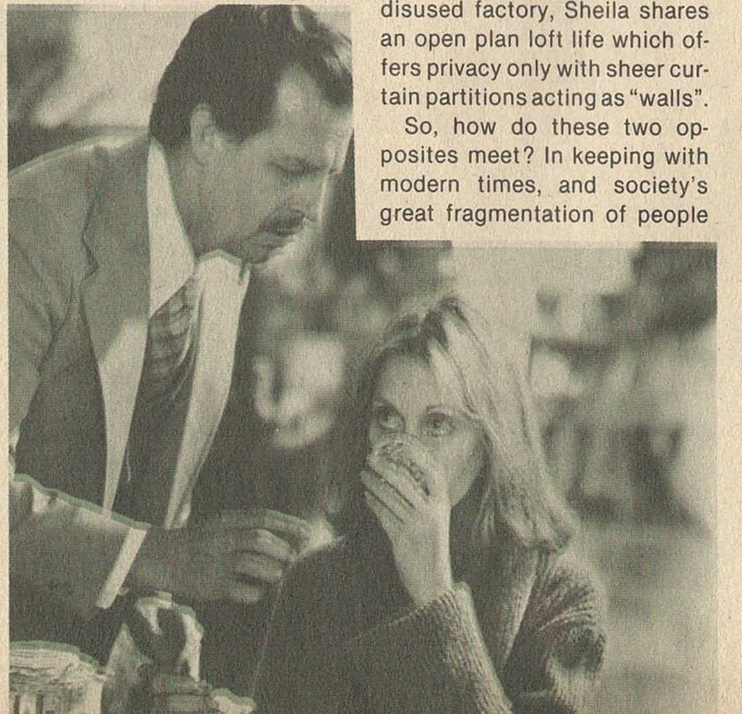
As a backdrop, Allen has used Manhattan as Monet used his water lillies on canvas. Beautiful filler, yet also the sum substance of his work of art. Colored in glorious hues of black, white and subtly toning greys by Gordon Willis' camera, New York never looked so good. Dirt, decadence and grime fade into dark shadows, and the life of the city — its lights and its people — are spotlighted.

But by the film's end, the unifying quality of the cinematography helps to provide a sense of coherence to Allen's little moral take. And so effective is the actual camera work that it works to place emphasis on what is captured on film and substantially translates images into reality. One soon forgets that monotones greet the eye because the images presented are so rich.

As a worthy accompaniment, Allen has used Gershwin tunes, most principally Rhapsody In Blue and more significantly, Love Is A Many Splendored Thing. The scoring is lush and full-bodied, performed admirably by the New York Philharmonic and conducted by Zubin Mehta. It adds a true taste of New York.

Not everyone will like *Manhattan*. But then, not everyone likes Woody Allen films and what they have to say.

Robert Altman, perhaps one of the most prolific American film directors, comes up with his 14th film in nine years, a pleasant piece called *A Perfect Couple.* Like so many of his other cinematic works, this one, too, is social commentary.



Dooley and Heflin: mismatched lovers.

Basically a romantic comedy, the film pits a budding romance between a middle-aged antique dealer and a singer in a rock band against a background of conflicting social and sexual mores.

The mismatched lovers of the piece, Alex and Sheila, are played with conviction by Paul Dooley and Marta Heflin, both fresh from Altman's previous effort, *A Wedding.* So impressed was Altman with their individual performances, that he sought to use them together in his next vehicle — or so the story goes. And whether it's true or not, one's glad that he cast them, for they are both superb.

Again, Altman utilises music as a basic ingredient in this engaging, modern romantic comedy. Like his acclaimed '76 classic, *Nashville,* music not only provides background filler, but it is, in fact, the heart of the film. This time it's a pistache of both contemporary and classic styles, presented at first individually, then merged in harmony in the film's final, fade-out fantasy sequence.

In *A Perfect Couple,* as in *Nashville,* Altman has not only given his actors a free rein where dialogue is concerned, but he has nurtured their musical abilities, too. Allan Nicholls, who co-wrote the screenplay with Altman, also wrote many of the pop rock songs presented and produced all the film's music.

Alex, the son of a wealthy, domineering Greek family of the old school, is the traditionally classic half of the duo. When he returns from his labors in the family antique business, he walks into the hill-top Los Angeles mansion to be greeted by strains of classic music. And there stands poppa Panos (Titos Vandis) conducting not a family orchestra, as the clever camera-work by Edmond L. Koons leads us to believe, but the stereo, as the entire family sits in silence. Alex's sister also plays cello for the Los Angeles Philharmonic orchestra.

Altman cuts the camera to Sheila's unusual home life. Sheila, a singer in a top rock group called Keepin' 'Em Off The Streets, not only works up front, but lives with the group in a communal high-voltage lifestyle. Residing in a loft over a disused factory, Sheila shares an open plan loft life which offers privacy only with sheer curtain partitions acting as "walls".

So, how do these two opposites meet? In keeping with modern times, and society's great fragmentation of people and their resultant isolation, Altman turns his satiric eye to computer dating. And not just in the fictional sense . . . Altman, in striving for realism, used an authentic service called Great Expectation, based in Los Angeles, as a location setting for his story.

After a successful match through the wizardry of modern technology, we watch as Alex and Sheila study video cassettes of each other in which they have confessed their loneliness, baring their souls as they reveal why they're using the services of Great Expectation. Sadly touching, yet Altman manages to show the humor of this bizarre ritual as each sits in a bare wall room — grinning foolishly at the video images of their prospective mates.

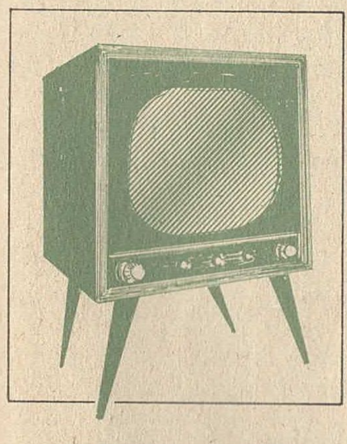
At first glance, Sheila and Alex do indeed seem to be mismatched . . . a failure spewed out by the computer. An antique dealer living in a secluded mansion in a fashionable suburb, and a rock star who lives in a loft on the wrong side of town. But in spite of differing and clashing lifestyles, both share the same complaint: loneliness. And both do, in fact, on closer inspection, share more similarities than are at first visible. Admittedly Alex is stultified by his domineering Greek family who frown upon anything modern, anything slightly unconventional, but isn't Sheila just as stultified by her "family"?

Alex and Sheila's path to love is not smooth; it's a bumpy road the director leads them on. It's this over-coming of modern-day hassles with wit and with love which speeds the mismatched couple to their destinies.

Even though both must forsake their families in the end to achieve their togetherness, Altman, the pragmatist, never once during the film's two hours says they'll ever live happily ever after (does anyone?). And he achieves his goal in a simple, age-old cinematic manner.

That's why this is one of Altman's most telling tales. There are several flaws — a profusion of pop numbers, as well as several repetitious scenes. So, *A Perfect Couple* may not be entirely perfect, but it's close enough for me. — *Alex Anthony.*

TV



IDENTIFYING THE NORM

Possibly the most useless television commercial of recent memory — and, God knows, there have been plenty — was the one urging Australians to be uncomfortable. Yeah, that one!

You may recall this unique, if not magnificent, example of the thinking processes of those who toil in the sterile fields of television advertising.

It featured a cartoon character called Norm. He was pictured sitting comfortably in an armchair, one hand agreeably clasping a can of beer, while watching sporting programs on television.

Quite content, he happily sipped his beer and at the appropriate time gently murmured: "Bewdy Newk!" Content and peaceful. Troubling no one.

He wasn't, for instance, at the Melbourne Cricket Ground throwing beer cans or fists or flip-flopping naked across the field being pursued by two policemen and Greg Chappell. He wasn't at Randwick hurling abuse at a losing jockey. He wasn't at Lang Park demanding the immediate execution of the referee.

He was sitting peacefully at home. Yet, this inane commercial, this bogus call for activity, demanded that he arise from his comfortable position and get involved in something called LIFE.

Of course, the viewers were meant to despise Norm. They were supposed to think, hey, look at that fat slob sitting slovenly in front of his telly when he should be out playing the game instead of merely watching it. Or at the very least taking his dog, and possibly his wife, for a walk.

That's what we were all meant to think. But we didn't. We liked Norm. We identified with him. We may even have been a trifle envious of his contentment.

For the simple truth is that Australians are armchair sportsmen (and, of course, sportswomen). No advertising campaign devised over long, sodden lunches will ever change that fact.

We prefer the comfort of an easy chair to the hard wooden benches at a football ground. We would rather watch cricket on the small screen than stand on The Hill with the danger of being decapitated by a flying flagon of Penfold's.

Take, for instance, the Hardie-Ferodo 1000 motor race at Bathurst. Between 30,000 and 40,000 bothered to get into their cars and fight traffic jams and belligerent policemen to witness the event at the Mount Panorama circuit. Almost five million watched it on television. And why not?

Television can cover an event much better than the naked eye, or even one wearing glasses. The camera can peer into unlikely places, can observe what the referee misses . . . which is quite considerable, and proves he should be executed immediately, if not sooner.

Ian Chappell

A survey taken late last year showed that tennis and cricket were the sports most people preferred to watch on television. Then came Australian Rules football, snooker, Soccer, motor racing, Rugby, golf, swimming and horse racing. I cannot understand the preference for tennis, although everyone is, I suppose, entitled to their deviations. I gave up watching tennis years ago when it became a circus — and not a circus of thrills but one of farce.

Now, I have nothing against circuses, but I'd rather the animals in them be monkeys than humans trying to act the part.

I'm inclined to agree with the American tennis promoter, Donald Dell, who said during the tantrum-ridden Australian Open: "At the moment, overpaid, wealthy and spoiled players are ruining the game. The tail can't be allowed to wag the dog or you get what we have in tennis now — chaos!"

For tennis you could easily substitute cricket. The noble game is heading in the same direction. The ugly Dennis Lillee throwing his infantile tin bat to the ground. The even uglier Ian Chappell shouting at the umpires.

This is somewhat disturbing to the gentle Norm sitting quietly at home doing nothing more alarming than saying "Bewdy Newk!" even if he is watching the cricket.

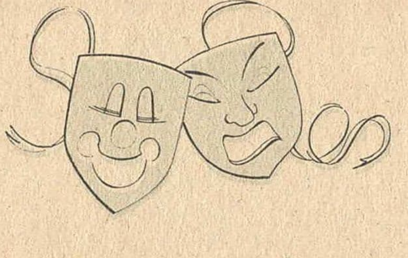
That is annoying enough, but even more infuriating is the way the Nine Network, the pride and joy of Kerry Packer, chooses to cover, or I should say smother, the game.

Once upon a time, in happier, more innocent days, cricket was telecast without commercials, which is how it should be. It is a leisurely game, full of complicated movements and subtle cadences and should flow like a grand symphony.

It should not be interrupted at the end of each over by advertisements for fly spray or rental cars or hamburgers or new, dryer napkins for infants.

The time now given to commercials was once spent in quiet contemplation of the game as men like John Arlott and Charles Fortune (admittedly on radio) gave of their wisdom (and Wisden). Now we hear the wooden voices of Richie Benaud and Tony Grieg, spitting out statistics like dry splinters, before we are exhorted to buy fly spray and hamburgers.

And then there are the Instant Replays. The Nine Network must be excessively proud of its machines, because it will screen Instant Replays from three different angles at the drop of a ball. It will also screen them when a ball is not



dropped, when it is hit timidly and, good God, even when it is played gently back to the bowler.

On the other hand, or foot, the various codes of football — Rules, League, Rugby, Soccer — are natural for television and the Australian stations cover them better than anywhere in the world.

I foresee the time when football will be played only for the benefit of television cameras. In fact, Channel Ten does precisely this with its coverage of the night Rugby League competition in Sydney. A few hundred turn up to see the game played under lights. Half a million watch it at home.

Motor racing is another sport which comes across splendidly on television, if only for the reason that no one spectator can see an entire circuit, whereas there are no limitations on cameras.

Easily the best sporting coverage of the past 12 months was Channel Seven's coverage of the Hardie-Ferodo. The station installed 17 cameras around the circuit, including one in Peter Williamson's hard-driven Celica. It was a stunning sight. "Bewdy Newk!"

Taking another tack, so to speak, I cannot see anything to excite the television viewer in yacht racing. Yet the four Sydney stations showed the start of the Sydney-Hobart yacht race, a spectacle that was not only confusing but patently boring. It looked exactly the way Sydney Harbor looks every Sunday afternoon.

One suspects that the interest by the various stations in yachting stems not from sport but social snobbery. It is well known that senior television executives spend a considerable amount of their time on Sydney Harbor, toiling on behalf of the viewer over a dry martini and a flapping mainsail. Because they putter around in expensive boats, they believe the public at large is also interested in whatever happens on the water.

And that, apart from snooker, golf, Soccer and horse racing, is about all Australia has to offer in sport.

Other countries, like the US and Britain, do it much better. In America, the major networks devote Saturday and Sunday afternoons to a wide coverage of various sports, switching around the country selecting the best events of the day.

In Australia, only the ABC attempts to do this. For most of the year, the commercial stations spend vast sums, anything up to a couple of hundred dollars, in screening old *Hercules* movies starring Steve Reeves and Martin and Lewis comedies made in the Fifties.

Surely there is room for a commercial network to cover several sports on a Saturday or Sunday afternoon — say, a quarter of Aussie Rules, the final half of a League match, a couple of track and field events, horse races, show jumping, surfing, speed boat racing and the finals of the annual peanut balancing contest in Kingaroy.

With modern technology, it should not be that difficult, although I know that television executives will blow their whistles at the thought of the expense and rush to the vaults to find a battered copy of *Hercules in Chains.* But such a coverage would make Norm happy. He would not have to stir from his chair for the weekend, except to go to the refrigerator or bathroom. And that surely is exercise enough for any man. — *Neal Akerman.*

Mental As Anything: public bar anthem for the 80s.

SOUNDS

ENCORE

What to review? This reviewer, laboring under the cumulative ill effects of massive self-induced brain damage, jet lag and obesity, has decided to opt for the simplest solution. Casting his slits-that-once-were-eyes across the room he will now review the discs which have never strayed far from his turntable this holiday season past. Some of them fairly new, some of them possibly sleepers and some of them just plain silly.

Mental As Anything's debut album, *Get Wet* (Regular), has given me a lot of pleasure. Released late last year, it is probably about to receive a new lease of life in response to its European release on Virgin, and so it should. It's an album which bears repeated listening, full of funny little touches, nice riffs and sound ocker logic. If Skyhooks had survived adolescence and become funky they would have sounded like this.

The Mentals know all about antipodean cultcher and playing in rock and roll bands, and their observations are both funny and endearing. The Nips Are Getting Bigger, the single cut which opens the album is simply a great song — a public bar anthem for the 1980s. Sheilah (no apologies to Tommy Roe) and Possible Theme For A Future TV Drama Series are also perfect Top 40 material. In fact there are few songs among the 14 offered here that wouldn't make the playlists.

Martin Plaza and Reg Mombassa have the knack of writing songs for mass consumption, and sharing guitar and vocal duties they keep the band tight and light. Short cuts, no frills. My particular favorite is Talk To Baby Jesus, sent breezing along by Greedy Smith's harmonica. "He's got his own Falcon and he drives it like a tank." Oh, these boys know where they're going all right — straight to the red-tiled heartland of disposable income.

Shoes: early Beatles, Who and Kinks in disguise.

Joe Jackson: a smirk rather than a scowl.

Somewhat belatedly I've discovered ***Joe Jackson*** by virtue of his second album, *I'm The Man* (A&M). *Look Sharp*, his debut last year, escaped my attention, probably because of Jackson's physical and stylistic resemblance to Elvis Costello. I like Costello but I'm always wary of imitations.

Anyway, on closer inspection it turns out that Joe Jackson neither sounds nor looks like EC. And he sings with a smirk rather than a scowl.

I'm The Man is beautiful. This stupid looking guy stands there bald-faced and pours buckets of shit on the world from the safety of a sleazy tenement window. On Geraldine And John, happily married trendies are the targets, while Don't Wanna Be Like That broadens it to trendies in general. Women cop theirs on It's Different For Girls and the whole sad rock business suffers Jackson's wrath on The Band Wore Blue Shirts. These acerbic comments are delivered in between staccato bursts of tight '60s rock (with appropriate references to latterday New Wave) or hopped-u- reggae, and from the first cut, On Your Radio, Jackson's four-piece unit plays its mean little heart out. Kinda Kute on side one is the first opportunity the band has to really open up and work on Jackson's jangling piano lead. By halfway through the second side I wanted longer songs and more solo breaks, but Brit rockers don't play that way any more. I had to be content with the jazz-flavored bass runs of Friday (shades of Randy California's Spirit in their *Fresh Garbage* days), but I'll be waiting in line for Jackson's next.

In a similar vein I've been playing *Reggatta de Blanc* by ***The Police*** (A&M) with monotonous regularity. One of the better '60s bands unleashed in the US as a result of the phenomenonal success of The Knack, The Police prove with this outing that they can't be pigeon-holed as either basic rockers or New Wave stylists.

Here they tackle just about everything with energy and just enough originality to get away with stealing riffs left right and centre.

The best songs on the album, Message In A Bottle and It's Alright For You owe a lot to the Who, and Peter Tosh can probably claim at least some of the credit for The Bed's Too Big Without You. But elsewhere, on cuts like the title number and Walking On The Moon, the trio shows an inventiveness that carries the day.

Shoes, a band from the American midwest, are slightly less successful exponents of derivative rock, and yet *Present Tense* (Elektra) is a lot of fun at a party. They look like nice boys and they work their way through early Beatles, Who and Kinks, vaguely disguised as original songs. Cruel You is the best and ballsiest cut, but none of it offends. What more can you say?

Now, if ever a record was more suitable for listening in a totally wasted state than is ***Gary Numan's*** *The Pleasure Principle* (Atlantic) then I'm afraid I've missed it.

This is robot rock at its synthesised best, totally mindless and soulless and able to be digested without the slightest physical or mental exertion.

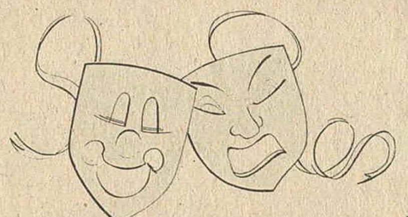
All the songs sound the same. The words mean nothing and it's painless from start to finish.

The early European space rockers (mostly Dutch and German for some reason I could never fathom) had the annoying habit of blowing you out of your chair with feedback every five minutes just to keep it interesting.

Gary Numan — bless his metal bolts — feels no such compunction. There are melodies and they are occasionally enhanced by Billie Currie's interesting experiments with the violin.

It's the kind of record you should put on when you're not altogether sure you can get it

PLEASURE PRINCIPLE



together to remove the inner sleeve from the outer sleeve and find the roving hole in the middle of the disc. As Numan confides on the opening cut: "Plug me in / and turn me on / Oh everything is moving."

You will no doubt have observed that this is the Back To School issue. It is therefore fitting that the reviewers whose work appears in these pages commend to you some recorded sounds which may render the scholarly road somewhat less painful.

The afore-mentioned Gary Numan has manufactured perhaps the most appropriate soundtrack for swot studying in the 1980s, *The Pleasure Principle* (Atlantic).

Also highly commended to those in search of stupor induced by more natural means are Michael Jackson's *Off The Wall* (Epic) and side one record one of Stevie Wonder's excellent *Secret Life Of Plants* (Astor). Pink Floyd's *The Wall* (CBS) is guardedly recommended for students whose exams are at least two days off. Too close to the mark could be fatal.

Finally for students whose term assessments render their exam results meaningless, in other words all you real bad little mothers out there, look no further than Frank Zappa's *Joe's Garage* (CBS).

Here-in lies the secret to the universe, if not the key to duxhood.

Bread and Roses: all-star line-up lays it down with spirit.

Often when television stars turn their attentions to recorded music the results are quite disastrous (eg. David Soul, Cheryl Ladd). Not so with Jim Henson's ***Muppets.*** They are true multi-media personalities, and what the *Muppet Movie* soundtrack (CBS) lacks in the way of beat, melody and lyrics, it more than makes up for in . . . err . . . Muppets.

Kermit makes a fair fist of the Andy Williams style on Rainbow Connection, Miss Piggy outsnouts Judy Collins on Never Before, Never Again, and move over Tom Waits, when Rowlf tickles the ivories on I Hope That Something Better Comes Along he's a real dawg.

But the real prize is, of course, the contribution of Dr Teeth and his funky git-down band, The Electric Mayhem, complete with a steaming sax break from the one and only Floyd.

This album is great, it really is. Put it on the top shelf or the kids'll put their greasy little fingers all over it. — *Phil Jarratt.*

Kermit: move over, Andy Williams.

Bread and Roses is a nonprofit organisation which takes free live music into hospitals, prisons and other institutions in the US. Its executive director is Mimi Farina, wife of the late Richard and sister of Joan Baez.

In existence for six years, Bread and Roses stages some 30 or 40 concerts a months using funds made possible by grants, private contributions and benefit performances. Farina believes the organisation's main function is to reach out to people who, by being institutionalised, are deprived of the nourishing human contact the performing arts can provide.

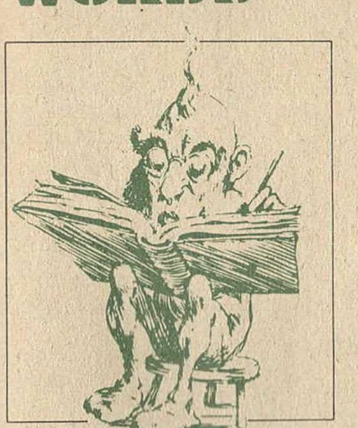
This sort of thing has happened in a small way here in Australia, and already we've seen concerts in prisons which have later been released on record. More of the same would be encouraging, and perhaps some of that all-important government support would enable a similar project to be set up here.

The first Bread and Roses festival, held in October 1977, was recorded and has now been released on the Fantasy label and is aptly called *Bread and Roses* (a festival of acoustic music recorded at the Greek Theatre, University of California, Berkeley).

And an impressive collection it is, too, with more than 20 top artists giving their talent to this worthy cause. The set is good value at $10.99 for the double.

To describe and criticise every track would take too long, but suffice it to say the warmth and communication of spirit which comes from Joan Baez, Pete Seeger, Richie Havens, Mickey Newberry, Dan Hicks, Jackson Browne and Maria Muldaur, to name a few, is worth the price of admission. — *Carol Ashdown.*

WORDS



FANTASTIC VISION

They say it's good for the soul to seek insights into what makes the human race tick, but it can also be a good way to bring any latent suicidal tendencies to the surface. When we do succumb to an attack of the glooms from reading about the present state of the species, we turn to the visionaries in the hope they'll give us a more attractive picture of what we may become.

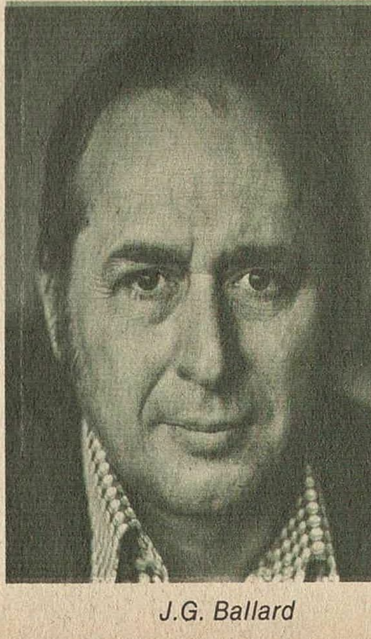
This makes being a forward thinker tough work. Firstly our visionaries have to be credible, their futures believable within the context of life now. As a result, prospects for a bright forecast are pretty slim. Their visions might be purely mechanical, purely allegorical or something in-between, but if all links to conventional thinking are cut the vision becomes merely an oddity instead of a spur to serious thought.

Secondly, in offering an alternate reality the visionary has to decide whether to take what might be called the "flight-of-fancy" approach, or the academic approach. Is a science fiction writer's vision of the future less valid than Herman Kahn's, simply because the SF author uses no footnotes and provides no bibliography?

While Kahn successfully predicted effective antiballistic missile defence from the ground and supersonic passenger transport, he also predicted in 1974 that there would be a relative surplus of food and energy by 1977, and that oil prices would decline dramatically by 1975. Ho ho.

On the other hand, the man generally regarded as the father of modern science fiction writing, Hugo Gernsback, published in 1925 an abominably-written book called *Ralph 124C 41+*. In it he successfully predicted television; wireless power transmission; transcontinental air services; photographs transmitted by radio; solar cells and energy in practical use; entertainment programs transmitted into homes; use of geothermal energy; synthetic milk and foods; artificial fabrics; use of voiceprints for identification; tape recording; spaceflight (of course); and other things which appear close to realisation. In a book written in 1959 he also predicted many more things, of which spy satellites and videotape systems are two now existing.

The point of all this is that science fiction has traditionally been the venue for quite serious speculative thought, as well as fulfilling an entertainment role. The line between SF and "real" literature has become increasingly blurred. No longer do we see writers such as Kurt Vonnegut Jnr strenuously trying to divest themselves of associations with science fiction.



J.G. Ballard

One author who first received acclaim among SF audiences and later much more widespread praise as an incisive social commentator is J.G. Ballard. His latest flight of fantasy, ***The Unlimited Dream Company*** (Jonathan Cape, $13.40) achieves two important realities: the fantasy occurs in such a flowing, cohesive way that a feeling of "natural progression" operates to suspend our disbelief; and the nature of the human relationships he invokes is highlighted, rather than distorted, by the fantastic backdrop.

Briefly, the story details the apocalyptic advent of Blake among that ultimately suburban community of Shepperton. After crashing a stolen plane into the Thames, Blake is rescued and a series of progressively more radical events isolate the community from what we might call reality.

This seed of mighty change is expressed in Blake's adoption of a pantheistic presence, until a mass metamorphosis is expressed in Blake's teaching the people how to fly unaided. It is the popular and various response to Blake, as well as his own response to the powers he assumes, which generate the energy for the book's sweep in allegorical, almost prose poem bursts, without losing that vital link to our mundane psyches rooted in today's truths. This is one of those books which, as it takes our breath away, reminds us that there is more than one reality.

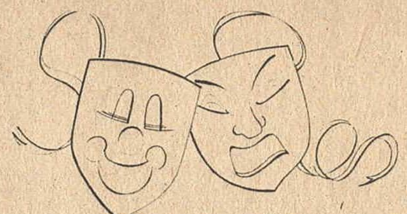
Dennis Altman defines the Vietnam War and the Whitlam Government as two key events in Australia's recent political history, events which made a whole generation more radical and more cynical. Equally, Altman himself has to be considered a key influence in our recent social history.

In most people's minds he is instantly recognisable as an articulate advocate of homosexual rights, not only in this country but also internationally. This precise response to his name is probably not resented by Altman, since it lets him cut through recognition barriers immediately; but it must also be somewhat of an annoyance when he tries to talk "non-poofter" to those outside that academic (or would-be academic) coterie which forms most of his audience.

In fact, Altman is a concise and often entertaining observer, with provocative views on a broad range of topics. Naturally, ***Coming Out in the Seventies*** (Wild & Woolley, $12.95) devotes more than a third of its contents specifically to the gay struggle, with occasional references in the other sections — The Counter-Culture, Politics and Revolt, The American Dream and Literature. As Altman states quite clearly in his foreword (yet again), he eschews what he sees as spurious attempts by social scientists — the very term is questioned — to retain objectivity no matter what they study.

Yet Altman proves that holding this view and homosexuality do not preclude the ability to think clearly.

If that appears patronising or tolerant, it isn't. Besides, I have no wish to be cast by Altman in the same mould as Helen Gurley Brown, who advised



single girls that homosexuals could be very "useful" to have on tap.

Above all, Altman is not afraid to entertain as he tells us what he sees, in case we doubt his credentials as an observer.

Most entertaining are the pieces on James Baldwin, Gore Vidal and William Burroughs. Their impact is enhanced by the precision which marks most of Altman's writing.

There still exists among the young people in this country an almost genetic urge to get out and see the rest of the world, or at least as much as can be managed. If the emphasis has switched from catching "secretary bird special" liners direct to Southampton, to following the "hippie trail" through Asia to Europe, it's still much more a case of when the Great Trip begins rather than if.

On this basis Ted Simon's account of his world travels by motorcycle will attract a lot of interest. ***Jupiter's Travels*** (Hamish Hamilton, $19.95) is not so much a definitive travel guide of where to go and how to do it, as an intimate story of physical and mental endurance.

As well as the Triumph Tiger 500cc twin, Simon rode a manic-depressive cycle from 1973 to 1977 into some of the hardest country in the world. His perceptions are therefore sometimes warped almost to the point of psychosis, induced in some cases by simple geographic juxtapositions. If, after months of pushing through South and Central America, he is unable to distinguish where Los Angeles ends and Disneyland begins, can we say whether his vision has been distorted or refined?

There is no obvious attempt at deception, but neither is there an absolute commitment to accuracy as his map of Australia shows: Simon apparently found Canberra in the middle of the Snowy Mountains, just south of the Victorian border.

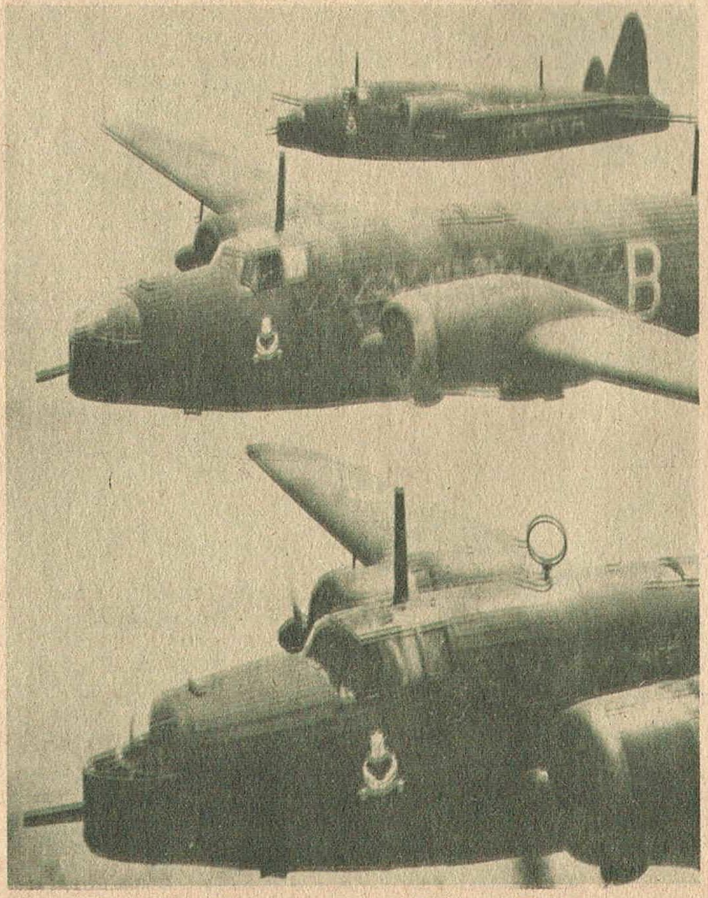
But as an entertaining and subjective account of one man's determination to make the Great Adventure, it has a personality and warmth which won't be found in the average travelogue.

The enormous amount of paper which continues to be unearthed relating to the Allied effort in World War II keeps expanding our awareness of seemingly ordinary events which yet had far-reaching effects on the way we fought the war.

The great difficulty for any writer presenting this type of material is to keep it from becoming just another dry tome of historical data. Max Hastings has managed it superbly in ***Bomber Command*** (Michael Joseph, $22.50) by tracing the activities of six squadrons operating with different aircraft at different periods of the war, fleshing out the bones of the dates and times with previously unpublished notes and diaries.

Yet the most absorbing material concerns the personalities at the British end responsible for deciding how Bomber Command would function, and those at the German end who responded to those decisions. Amid the brilliant and brilliantly lucky moves which produced success are tales of appalling stupidity and sometimes almost criminal disregard for the national good as internal bickering took over.

While Hastings is careful to pay full tribute to the aircrews who suffered dreadful losses as they carried out their orders, their exploits take on a new light as he delves into what kept them in the air — not at all an easy job with a subject so well covered in the past 35 years. — *John Hampshire.*



9 Squadron Wellingtons from Bomber Command.

Roald Dahl's Uncle Oswald is the kind of despicable, fornicating bounder that George McDonald Fraser realised would sell a million copies when he penned the Flashman series. Selfish, lascivious, riddled with greed and completely unscrupulous. The perfect anti-hero for the Me Decade, and whatever it is we end up calling the 80s.

My Uncle Oswald (Thomas Nelson, $12.95) is actually the bounder's third outing in print but a debut novel for both he and Dahl. The writer first introduced his amorous uncle in a short story 15 years ago in which Oswald had it away with a female leper in the Sinai Desert. Ten years later Oswald reappeared in 1920s London jumping in and out of the cot with society matrons.

Now, in the fine lurid detail one expects from a novel, Dahl traces his adventures in Europe and North Africa between 1912 and 1919. During this busy and war-torn period Oswald manages to build his first fortune selling aphrodisiacs to Parisian diplomats. He is denied his second (and much larger) fortune when his partner in crime, the extraordinarily beautiful and randy Yasmin Howcomely makes off with the celebrity sperm bank the two have collected.

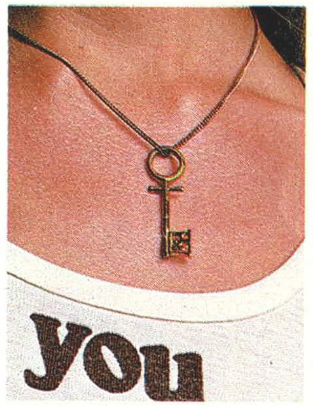
However, Oswald is nothing if not resilient. Dahl leaves no doubt in the reader's mind that his uncle will be back, fighting fit, in future volumes.

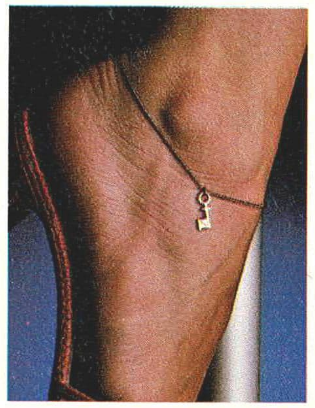
Dahl, whose career thus far has been dominated by short stories and children's books, shows every indication of turning into a first-rate novelist. His turn of phrase is light, breezy and frequently hilarious.

My Uncle Oswald's one great failing is that it dwells on one idea for far too long. Dahl needs to differentiate between a very long short story and the twists of plot which make a novel. — *Phil Jarratt.*

you
won't be
disappointed

You won't be
disappointed





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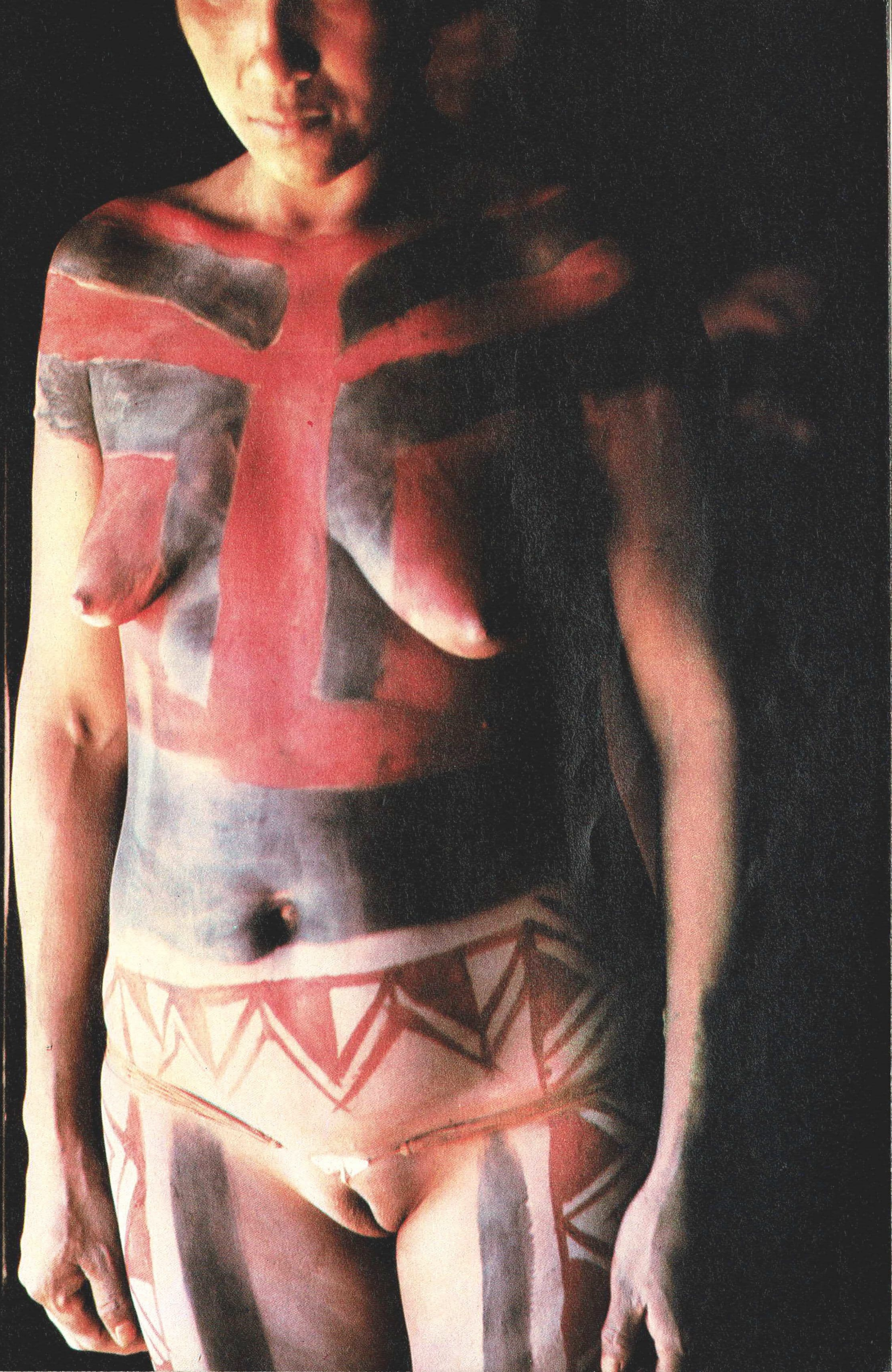
PAINTED LADIES
THE REMARKABLE XINGU

From a stunning new book soon to be released in Australia comes a look at life in the ultimate alternative society — people untouched by materialistic pressures, western morals and sexual hangups.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MAUREEN BISILLIAT

Maureen Bisilliat's pictures in Xingu *won the critics' choice at the Sao Paulo Bieniale of 1975 because of their power and sheer natural beauty. To the Xingu, the body is no source of shame, but must be divested of hair and shine like a mirror in the water. The paint is both ceremonial and practical as a protection against mosquitoes.*



Left: The Yamuricuma is a women's festival. The participants are combed, painted and bedecked with garlands of wild vine. Right: Women wrestle during the ceremony, their bodies toughened for combat by scarification, in which arms, legs and thighs are scraped with a section of calabash inlaid with needle-sharp dogfish teeth, causing superficial abrasions which are rubbed with astringent leaves for rapid healing.

BY ORLANDO and
CLAUDIO VILLAS-BOAS

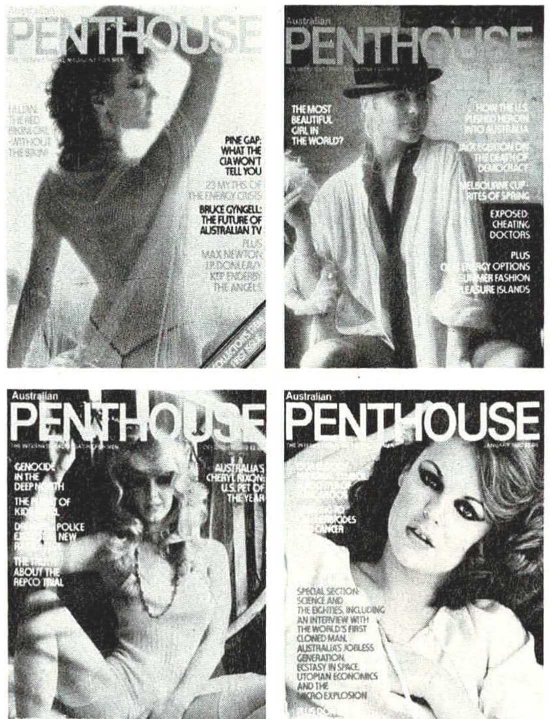
At the time of our first expeditions to the plateaux of Central Brazil in the early 1940s, national policy saw only one possible answer to what was regarded as the insoluble dilemma of the Indian: he was to be integrated as swiftly and thoroughly as possible into the ranks of the national community — this was an inexorable, inevitable and indisputable necessity. Throughout those long months spent braving the rigours of trackless terrain and mapping the airfields that would one day expose these regions to the requirements of civilisation, we were to be surprised by frequent visits from local tribes unknown to us, many of whom had never before been in contact with white men. What we saw and felt during these first encounters with the indigenous population sufficed to convince us that, were the Indians to survive as a race, they would have to do so within the ambit of their own culture, for — of this we were certain — there was as yet no place for them in the framework of our society. Tribal unity is based on mythical reality. Take away that reality and you take the first step towards the disintegration and final extinction of a race. Although it may seem hard to believe, two tribes still exist in the Xingu area which have never yet come into contact with other Indians or white men. Although

The ceremony begins early in the morning with the low chanting of the women, rhythmically shuffling their feet in time with their voices. They enter every hut in the village, and slowly the pace accelerates and the voices gain in fervour to become a war chant.

Australian **catch up with**

PENTHOUSE

Limited copies of the first four issues of Australian Penthouse (national edition) are now available.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THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE WORLD?
EXPOSED: CHEATING DOCTORS
AUSTRALIA'S CHERYL RIXON: US PET OF THE YEAR

The October edition of Australian Penthouse is already a collector's item. Featured are Lillian Gasinskayay — the girl in the red bikini — without the bikini, Cheryl Rixon and Verity Hamilton. Also exposed in the first issue are the 23 myths of the energy crisis and what the CIA doesn't want you to know about Pine Gap. November features Joanne Latham, the English girl said to have the most beautiful body in the world, plus two more Australian Pets. In this issue you will also learn how the US pushed heroin into Australia and who are the doctors behind the great Medibank rip-off. Australian TV star and model Cheryl Rixon, voted Pet of the Year by US Penthouse readers, is the subject of an 11-page color pictorial in December Australian Penthouse. December Penthouse also uncovers the brutal children's rehabilitation system and the power of the trade unions and the battle between the unions and your freedom. The January issue of Australian Penthouse features a special section on science and the Eighties, including an interview with the world's first cloned man, utopian economics and the micro explosion. In this issue you can read the story which started the Agent Orange controversy, and you meet Kelly and Kerrie, our Australian Pets.

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we have a somewhat vague inkling of their whereabouts we have deliberately avoided all contact with them, living as they do in an area still unmenaced by civilisation, for we have learned from hard-won experience that contact is justifiable only in cases of the direst necessity.

The Indian is a part of nature, which may explain why he finds it unnecessary to comment on its beauty. When we see a waterfall sparkling in the forest we find it beautiful, powerful, evocative. If we were to ask an Indian his impressions he would probably reply: "It's hard to cross."

The Indian is not only at one with his natural environment but perfectly integrated into his society. His behavior is that of an essentially balanced person, free to dwell in a community where people can afford to live under no physical authority and no one has the right to command.

Power as we understand it does not exist in an Indian tribal community. No one may profit from power or exploit it. Measured dignity, not power, is the main characteristic of a tribal chieftan — he who from childhood lives divorced from the frolics of youth.

Freedom without fear is the basis of this culture. A father converses with his son as if talking to an adult, in mutual respect and without sentimentality. A child need not fear recrimination on his parents' part, he knows that he will not be punished by either of them. A youngster may inadvertently set fire to his village — as actually happened a few years ago in the village of the Txicao — and the inhabitants will merely laugh.

Anyone making a river trip from the Upper to the Lower Xingu will be astonished by the changes that occur in the scenery, depending on whether it is winter or summer, and will find it hard to recognise the same spot at different seasons.

During the months when the rivers swell and their waters cover the smaller trees growing high on the river banks, the forests are silent save for the nocturnal scream of monkeys because the birds have flown off in great flocks. In May the seagulls return.

The Indian has the greatest respect for the seagull and calls him "paje", which is the name he gives to his tribal shaman. In the figures he carves, in the rhythmical swaying of his dances, in his gestures and high-pitched cries, the Indian mimics the birds and animals of his environment. More than mere empathy with nature, this is a reminder of totemic structures whose meanings, buried deep in the past, represent hidden pointers to the continuance of tradition.

Traditions are handed on by the keeper of the spoken word, the tribal historian whose mission it is to preserve the ceremonial customs of his people and recount the sagas of their legendary past. When we first arrived in the Xingu, heedful of these oral traditions, we heard repeated references to the existence of a sacred pool. A chief named Tamapa told us that this pool would only be discovered when a very special person, a paje of great spiritual strength, had the courage to dive into its waters. Little did he know that this paje would be his own son, Tacuma, who found the sacred pool, dived deep into its waters, and brought to light vestiges of an ancient culture.

The Xinguanos' staple diet is a poisonous manioc which must be scraped and washed until its toxic properties have been reduced sufficiently for it to be made into the flour used in beiju pancakes, the Indians' bread. The juice of this poisonous plant is boiled for many hours to make "nucaia", the gruel that constitutes the last meal of the day. There are always pots on the boil — capacious clay vessels filled with bubbling liquids. If the liquid is pale grey it is manioc juice being reduced; if bright red — like lava erupting from a volcano — it is a decoction of urucum being boiled down to make the thick paste the Indians use as body paint. They are for ever daubing their bodies with urucum paste moistened with the oil of the pequi fruit, coating their skin in thick layers which are not only an outward display of sociability but also provide protection against mosquitoes.

There are very strict rules of what we would call etiquette — a way to invite guests, receive guests, be received, and so on. These are things that have been transmitted since childhood and form part of the equilibrium of everyday life. When a meal is over the men may work on their head-dresses, sharpen arrowpoints or mend fishing nets. The women may bath their babies using the lather of wild roots as soap. Xinguanos are very conscious of cleanliness, though not in the sense of moral purity. The body is not a source of shame but must always be well tended and the skin divested of body hair so as to shine like a mirror in the water.

An important factor in inter-tribal relations and one of the secrets of the tribal economy is the "moitara" (barter or exchange). Almost every tribe living in the Upper Xingu has some very distinct speciality to offer. At the moitara the women become particularly active, cajoling and haggling in a noisy and excited fashion until every bargain has been struck to the satisfaction of all. One item of apparel which is never bartered, however, is the "uluri". The uluri is a belt made from the twisted strands of the buriti palm joined together by a leaf which, when dried, resembles the graceful curve of a sea-shell. The number of strands indicates whether the wearer is unmarried, married or widowed, and the belt — reputedly sexually provocative — is said to regulate sexual relations depending on whether it is worn with or without the thin strand that passes between a woman's legs during the menstrual period.

Man is fire, woman is water . . . It is woman's work to fetch water. This a man may never do unless he wishes to invite ridicule. Woman is in general the carrier, and it is she who bears the heavy burdens on her head during long overland journeys while man travels light with bow and arrow poised for immediate defence. Although it cannot be said that women lead a harder life than men, their life-span tends to be shorter, mainly because of their exertions before and after childbirth. The average woman bears three children at most and becomes sterile by the age of 40.

Boys and girls are free before reaching puberty. A young girl may go with anyone she pleases and enjoys sexual freedom, yet the society that grants her this freedom will not accept her child if she becomes pregnant. A child born out of wedlock must be killed at birth. There is no criticism, no comment or open condemnation as the passing months reveal an unmarried woman's condition. Just before her time comes she goes alone into the forest and gives birth, then kills her child and gives a piercing cry to summon her kinswomen, who will comfort her, take her by the hand and conduct her back to the village. No one will censure her, for she has acted in accordance with the unwritten laws of tradition.

An Indian girl goes into seclusion as soon as she reaches puberty. A place in the family house is set aside for her, screened by a curtain which enables her to learn the ways and works of women in privacy. This period can last for as long as nine or 10 months, during which the girl remains hidden, talking only in whispers to her kinswomen and seeing only shafts of sunlight. She remains in seclusion until her hair has grown long enough to cover her chin.

On the day she is released her hair is fringed and her body again exposed to the sun, and within a few days she is married to the man of her parents' choice. She marries him but is not obliged to be faithful; infidelity is an accepted social condition, not a crime. She may even persist in consorting with the lover she had before marriage.

Assume that her husband goes fishing one day . . . she meets her lover in the forest. Any returning husband who learns of such an assignation is duty-bound to beat his wife, but only on the buttocks, not the head, breasts or stomach. This is a form of symbolic chastisement. Unless this duty is performed, the husband may himself risk being beaten or deprived of his spouse by an irate father-in-law.

A husband, too, may have relations with other women of the village. His wife will react by pulling his hair, pummelling him with her fists or chasing him with red-

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hot embers, but he can only laugh in feigned amusement at such goings-on.

A father *talks* to his son; this is the all-important secret of their relationship. By the age of 12 or 13, a boy already senses his capabilities and knows what he wants to do in life. Having watched and shared in every adult activity from early adolescence onwards, he very quickly attains the status of an independent human being. He knows everything an adult knows without, of course, possessing the adult experience which comes with the living of life and the passing of the years. Although hammock-weaving is woman's work, a man can weave a hammock if he has to — not a perfect one but good enough to sleep in; he can also make a pot — not a perfect one but good enough to cook with. He need depend on no one for his survival.

When a boy reaches puberty he, too, goes into seclusion. The seclusion marks the threshhold between boyhood and manhood, the period during which he must gain the strength needed to carry him through life. While in seclusion — for perhaps three or four years — he must eat special food and is instructed in the tribal way of life and history. An adolescent boy may remain confined for three or four years — or, if he is a chief's eldest son, eight or nine years for eight or nine months at a time. He is sometimes given the poisonous sap of a wild vine — the mucura — as a tonic and purgative. This can be very dangerous. If the beverage is administered during the winter months the toxic effect will be less pronounced because the vines have been soaked by the downpours that descend on the forest during the rainy season; if mucura is taken during the dry season the poison will be more concentrated and cause severe vomiting. Soon after emerging from seclusion he will marry.

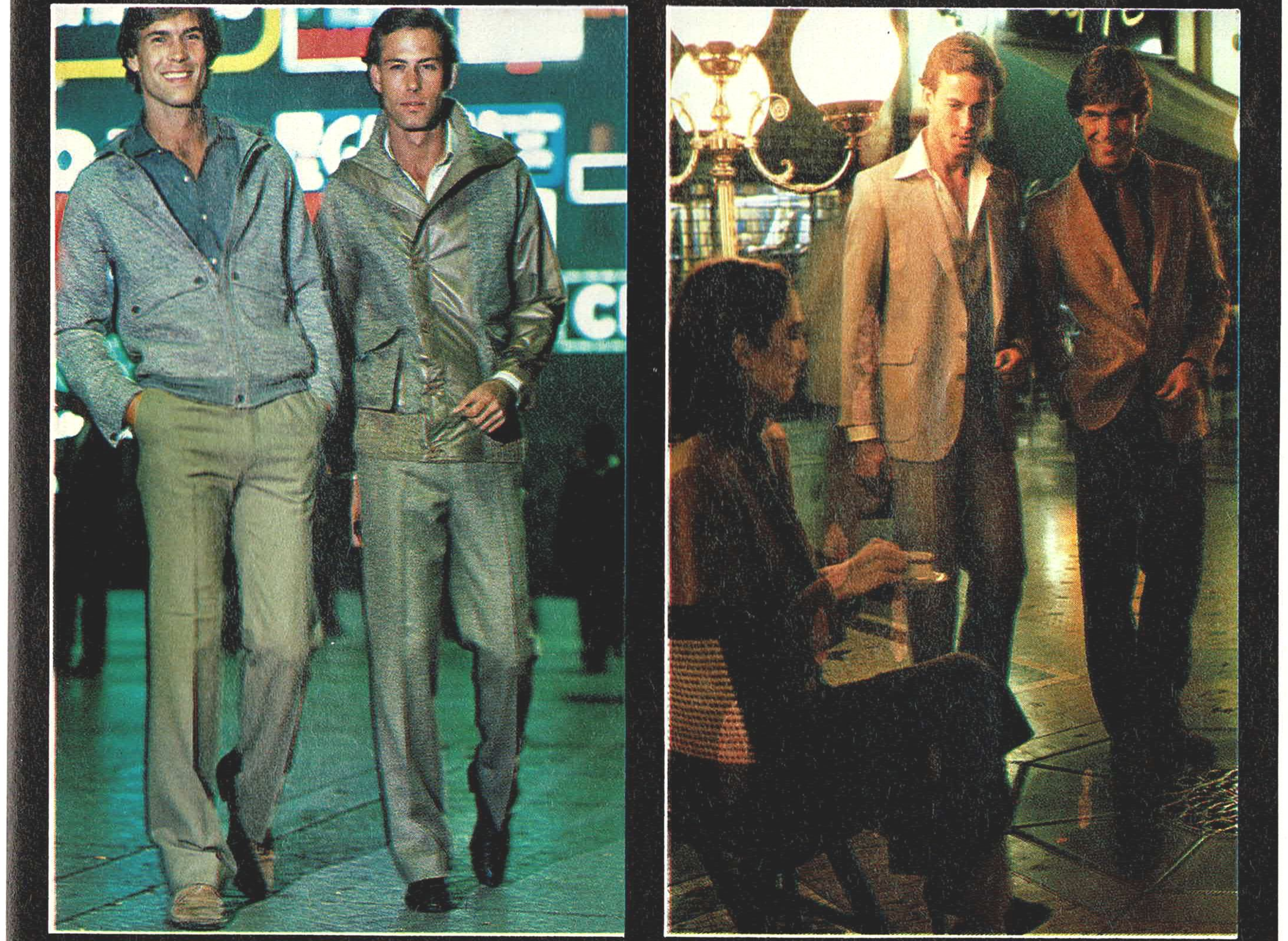
Neither boys nor girls rebel against these initiatory rites, which are an important part of their tradition. Though free to come and go, no Indian fails to marry during his or her lifetime because an unwritten law forbids any person to remain single. If a married couple do not produce a child during the first two years of marriage, their union is dissolved.

Men consider themselves reborn through their grandsons, so the Indian's prime ambition is to have children. The community does not accept a man or woman who fails to marry, just as it will reject any person devoid of the basic equipment for survival. An Indian born physically defective is killed at birth, and although an Indian may live to an advanced age, he never becomes senile. As soon as he finds his vitality waning and his mind failing, he deliberately induces his own death. Going out into the rainswept forests, he speeds his end. ✝

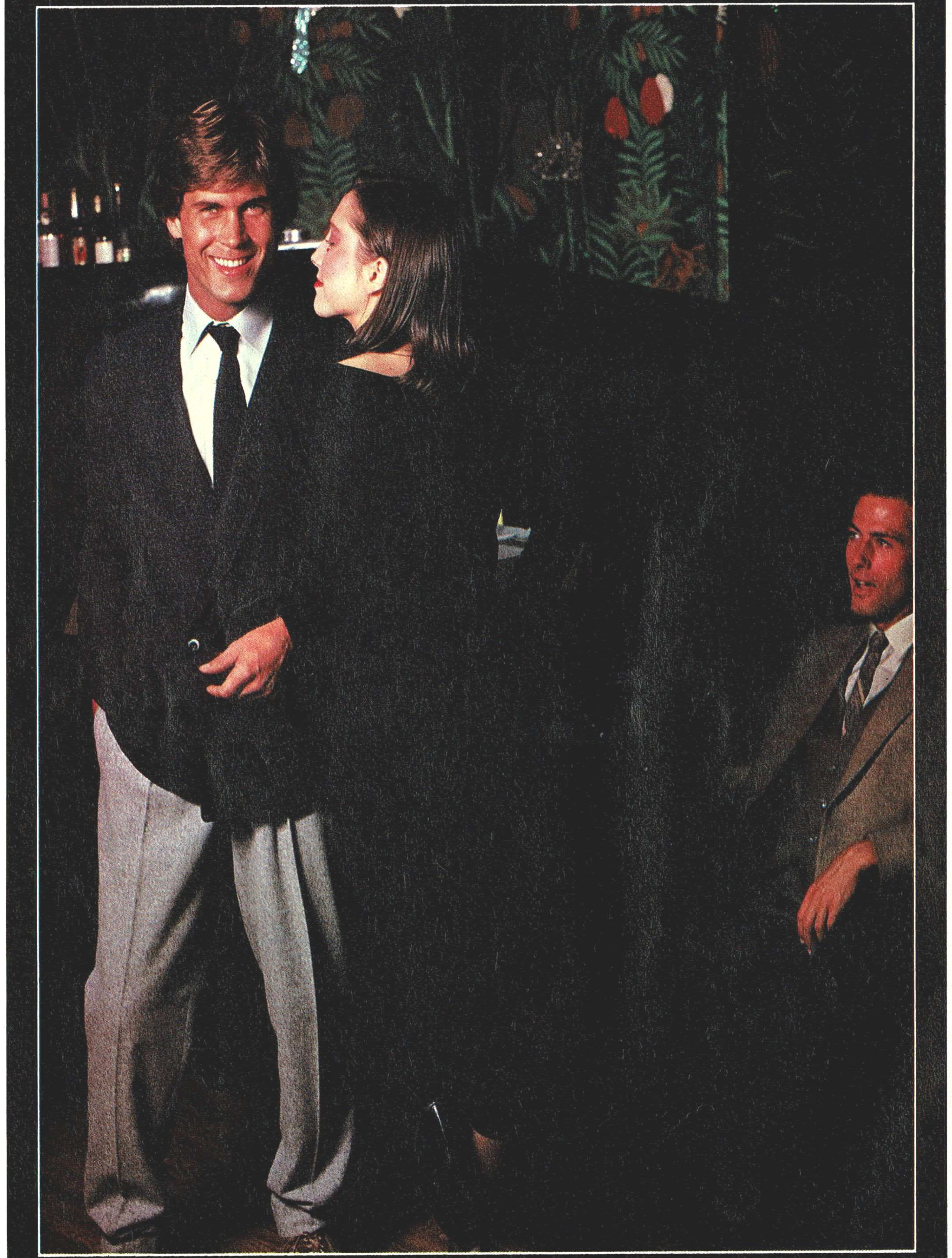
From Xingu © Maureen Bisilliat 1979. Published by Collins. Recommended price, $52.

HOW TO GET FLEECED

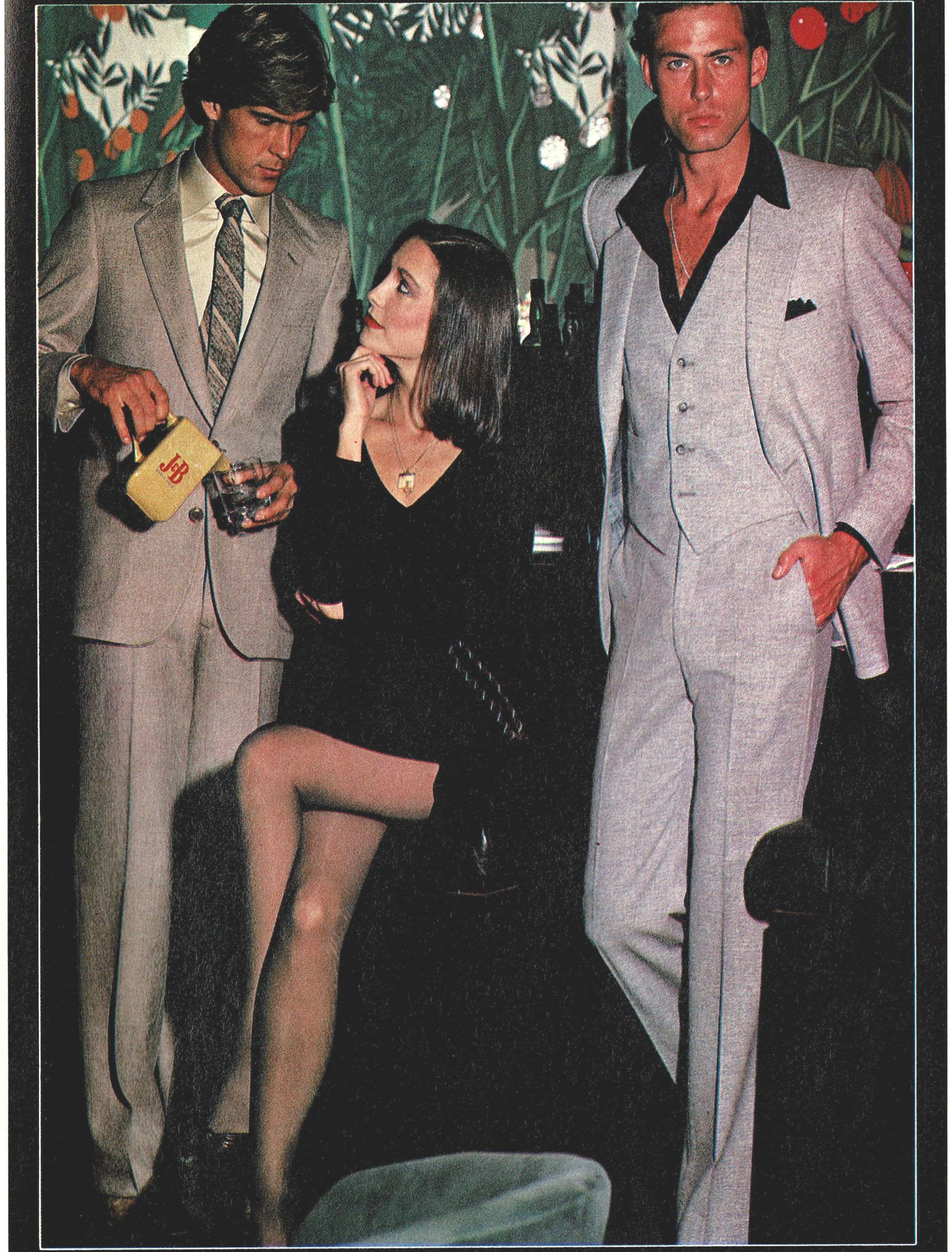
Millions of sheep can't be wrong. Wool is the natural fibre of the Eighties, and pure new Australian wool and wool blends are being used by top international designers for garments of style, quality and elegance. The versatility of wool is shown in these photographs, taken in Milan by Jurgen Ryck for *Australian Penthouse*. These garments, assembled by the Australian Wool Corporation, range from elegant three-piecers and less conservative business suits to go-anywhere casual clothes in mix and match Autumn tonings. Available in Australia from leading department and men's wear stores. Prices may vary from State to State.



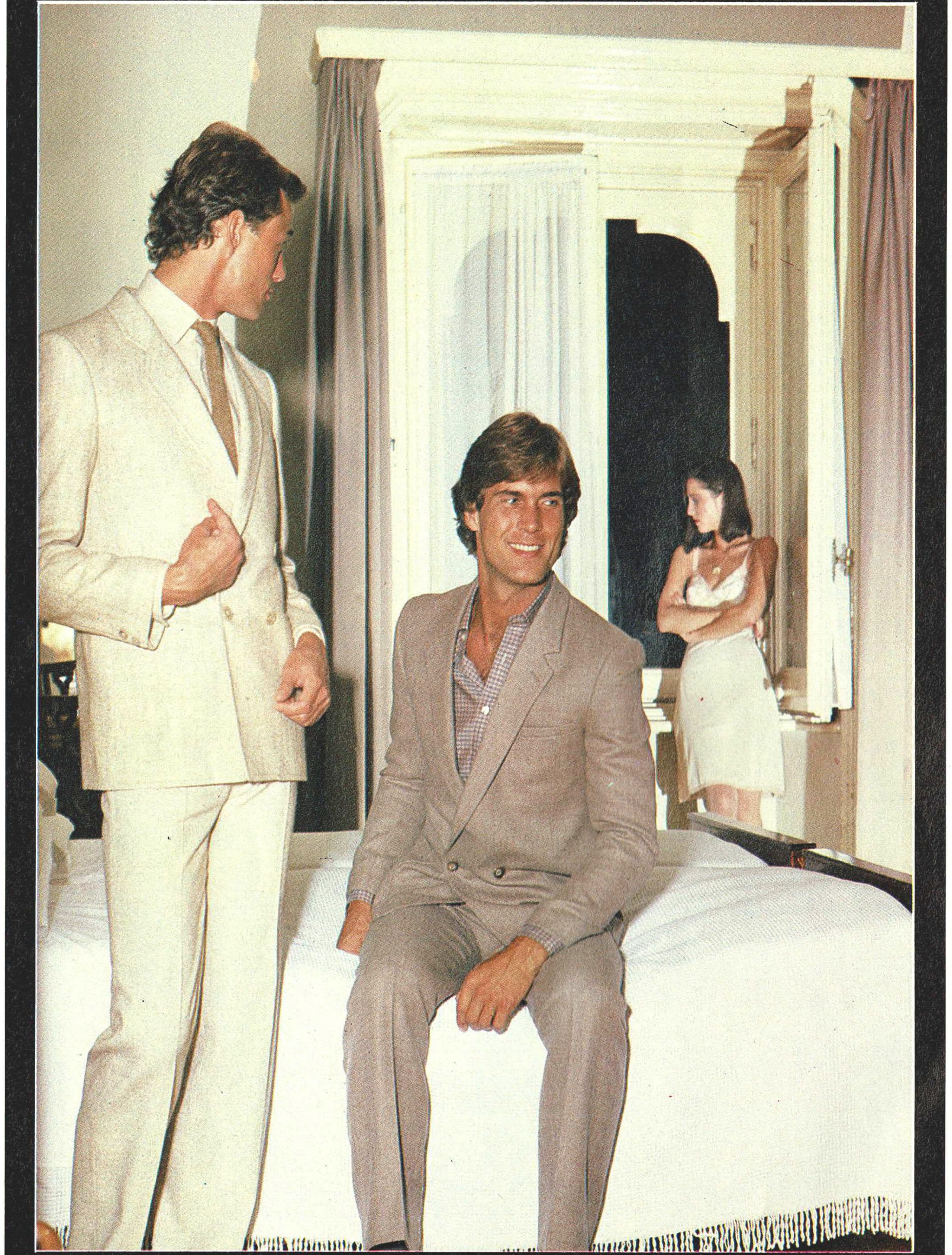
(Left) Mike Treloar dresses both these men. On the right is a knitted chintz/tweed mushroom colored Woolblend jacket, $145. At left is a Woolblend blouson grey/camel tweed jacket, $75, with a Woolmark grey shirt, $65, and olive flannel trousers, $54. (Right) From Plot, at right, is a reddish brown and cream tweed jacket, $120, with tan trousers, $45. At left is a Woolmark grey suit by Tres Bon.



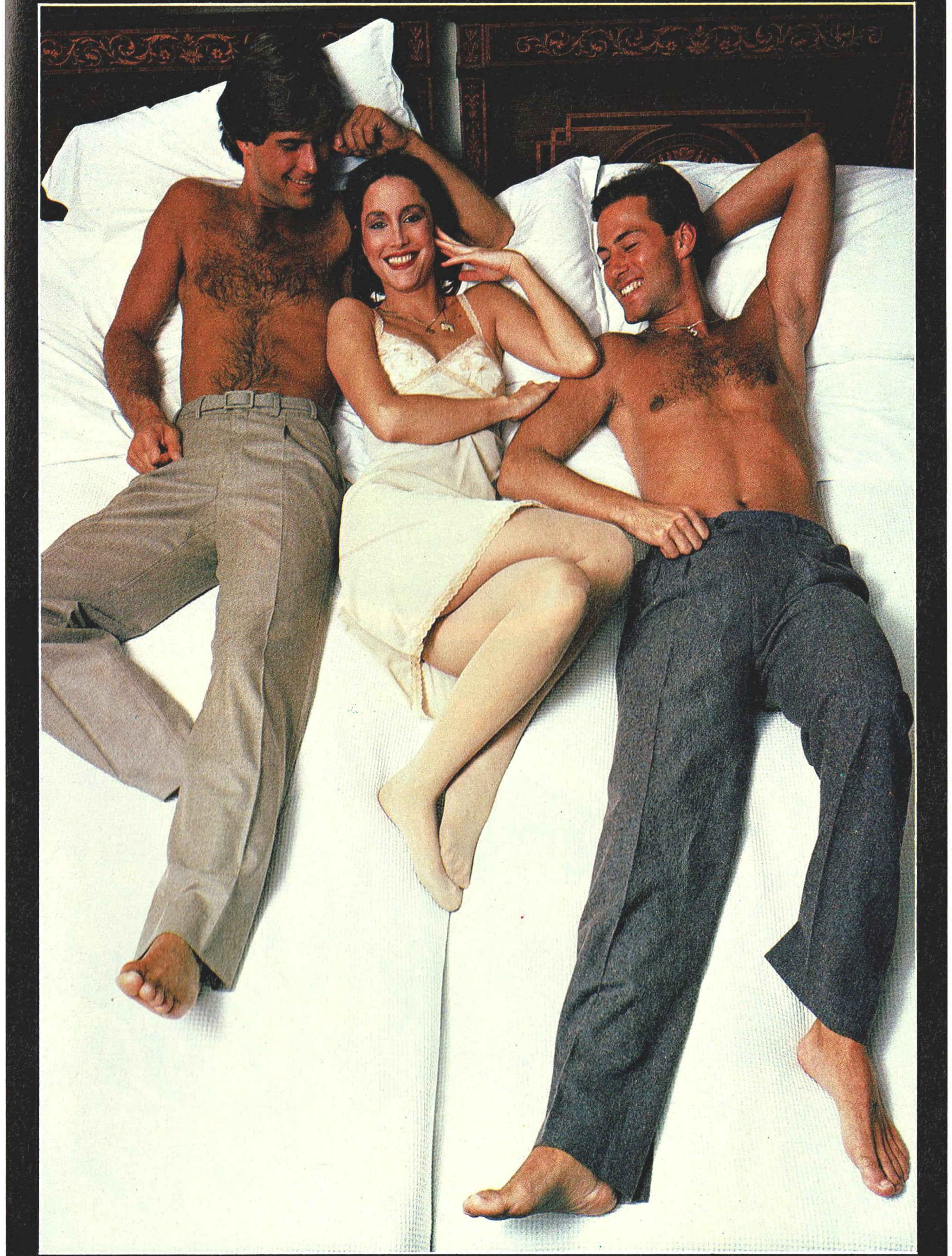
The man on the right waits patiently in style in an olive/camel tweed Woolblend jacket by Travellers with matching vest and trousers, $225. His mate wears a Phil Kleids double-breasted Woolblend jacket in black with white flecks, and grey flannel trousers. The young lady is dressed in the finest Italian Woolmark fabric.



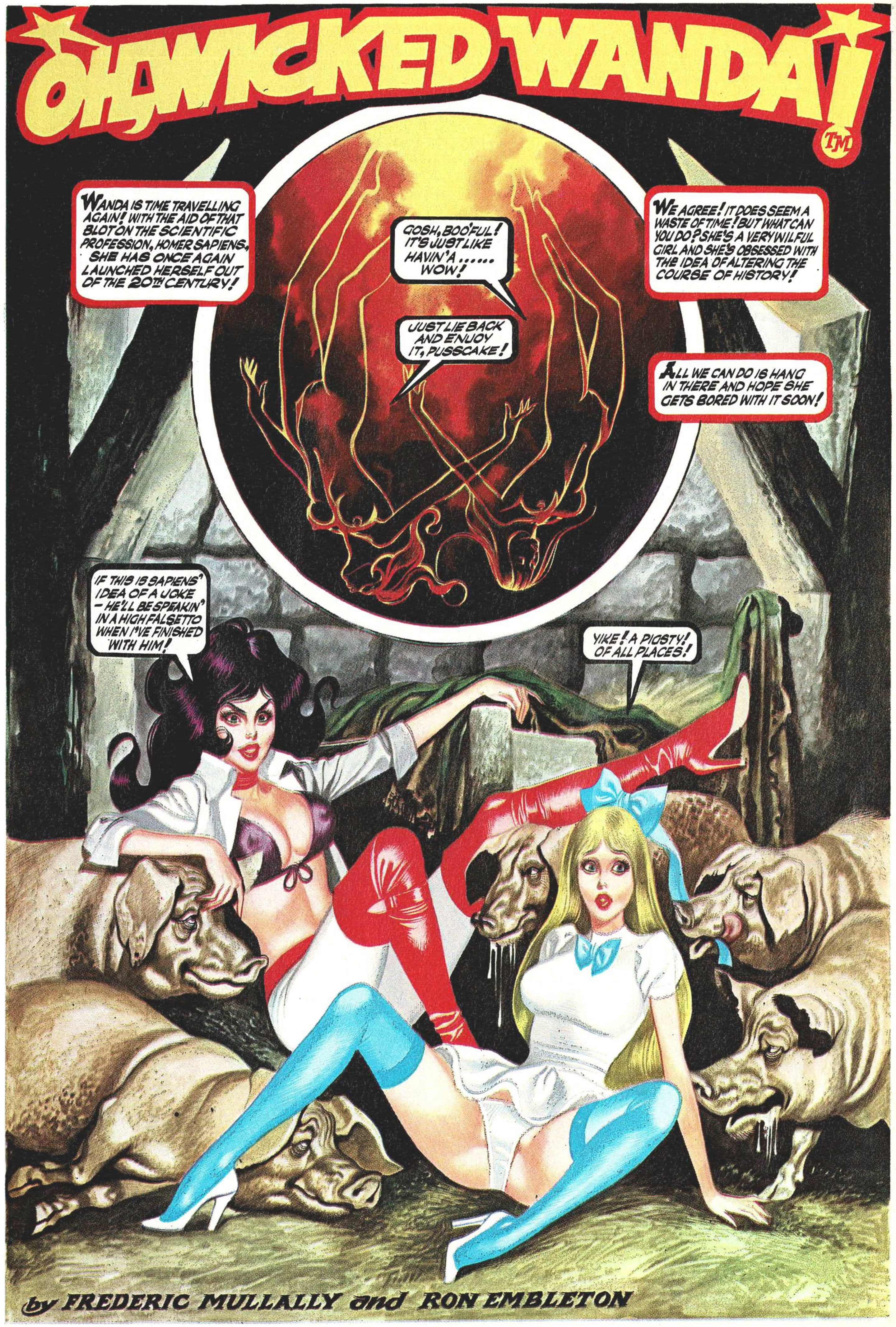
The elegant light grey, small check three-piece Woolmark suit, at right, is by Travellers, $225. It can be worn with a black open-neck shirt for a casual look or add a business shirt and tie for any board meeting. At left is a mushroom/grey Woolmark suit by Tres Bon, worn with a cream shirt and textured tie.

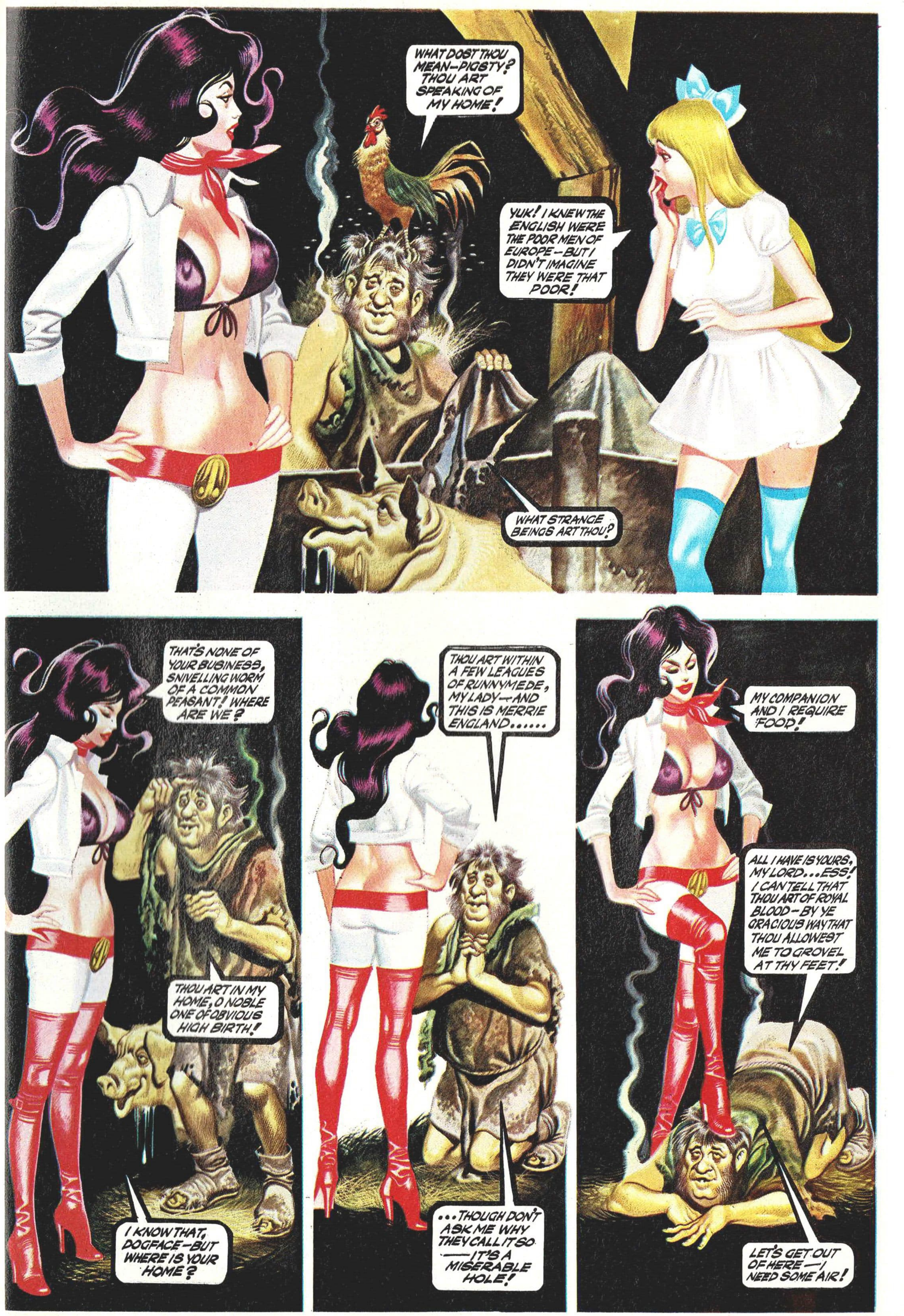


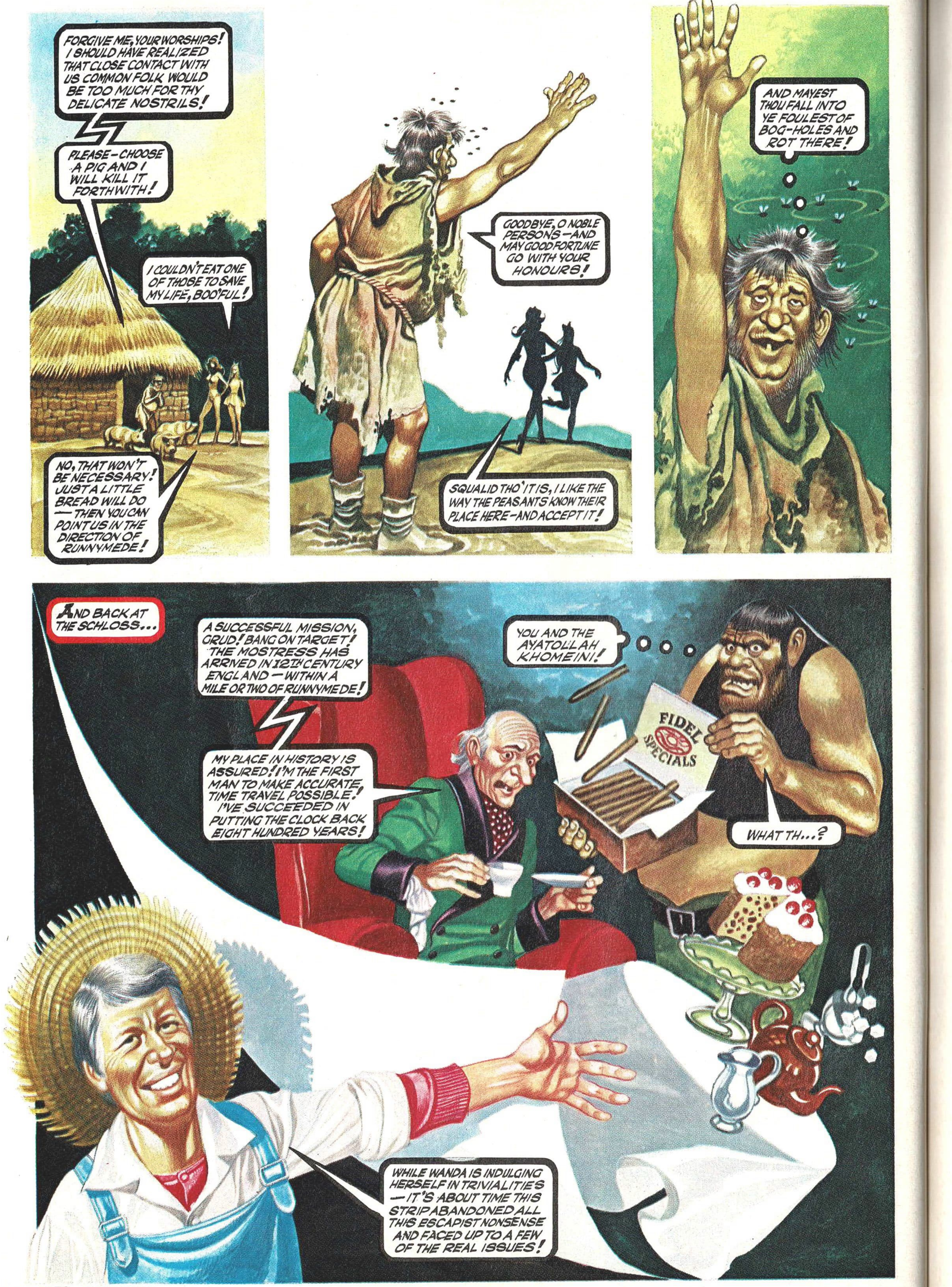
At right is a grey/mushroom Woolblend suit by Rodmil, $210, worn with a toning check shirt, and at left is a cream/bone small herringbone Ponti Woolblend jacket, $130, with sand tweed Woolblend trousers, $42, cream shirt, $25, and a mustard tie, $8. She's wearing slinky Italian underwear.

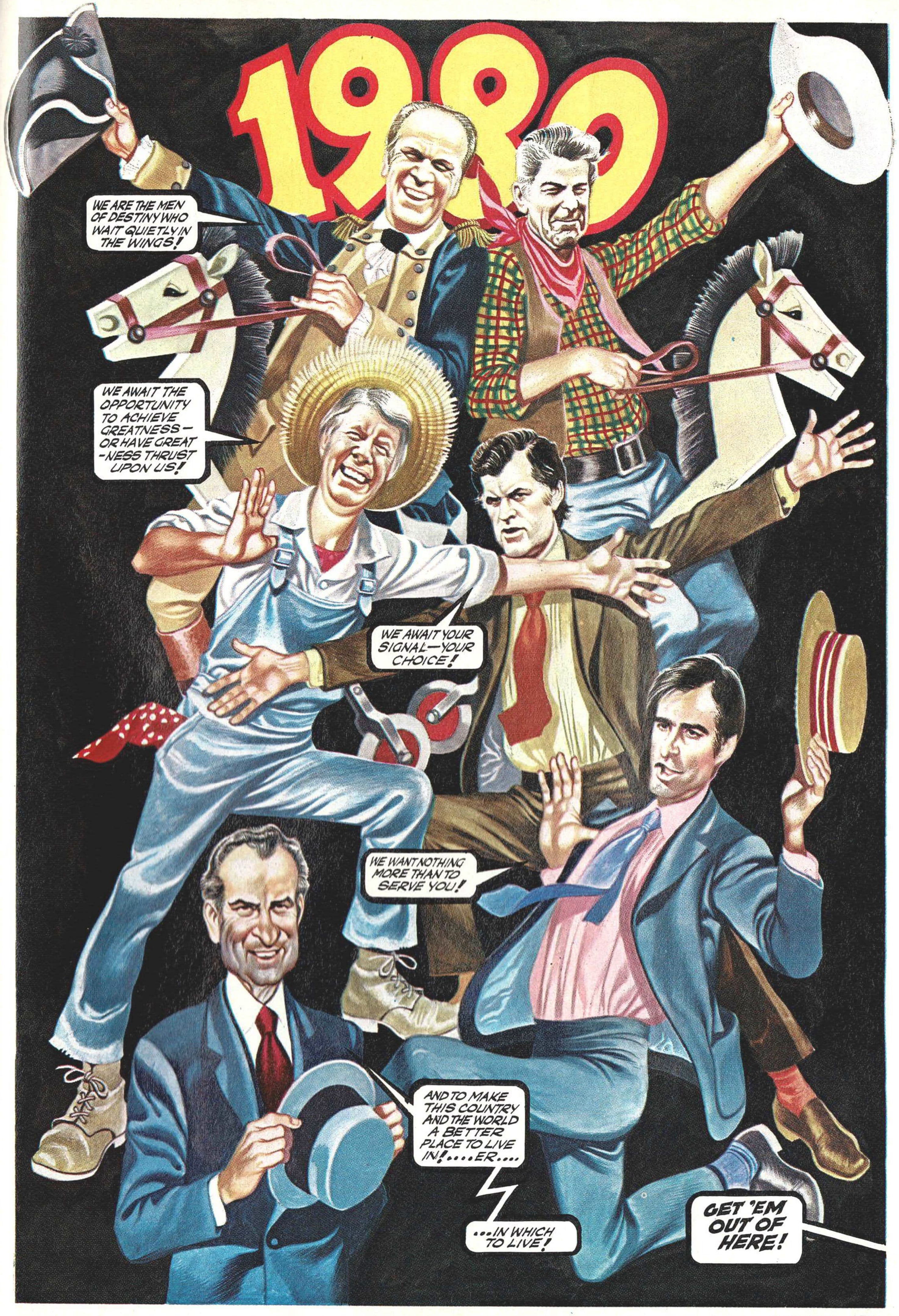


The man on the right is wearing the bottom half of a trendy Ponti outfit. The steel blue/grey flannel trousers, $45, have a matching mauve/blue tweed jacket, $130. The man on the left is wearing olive flannel trousers by Yves Saint Laurent, $85, which belong to another missing jacket in an olive/cream tweedy design, $210.

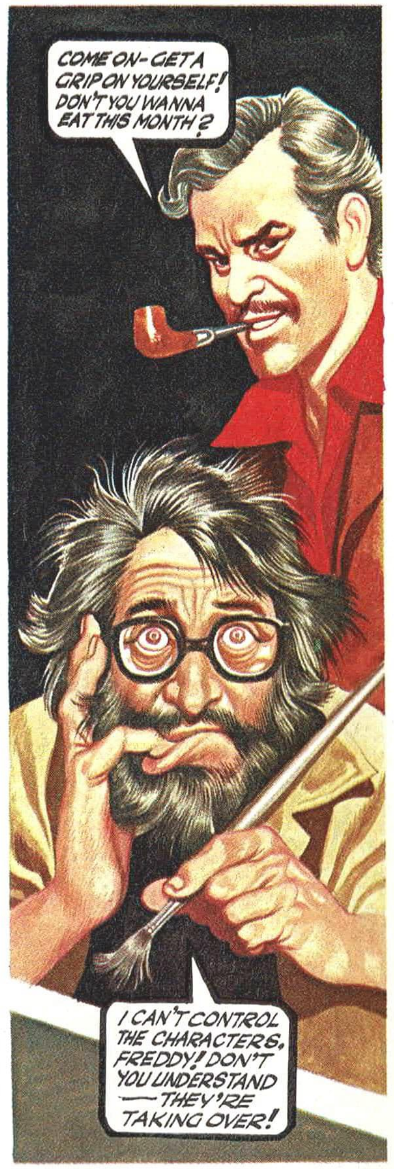

OH WICKED WANDA! TM
WANDA IS TIME TRAVELLING AGAIN! WITH THE AID OF THAT BLOT ON THE SCIENTIFIC PROFESSION, HOMER SAPIENS, SHE HAS ONCE AGAIN LAUNCHED HERSELF OUT OF THE 20TH CENTURY!
GOSH, BOO'FUL! IT'S JUST LIKE HAVIN' A ...... WOW!
JUST LIE BACK AND ENJOY IT, PUSSCAKE!
WE AGREE! IT DOES SEEM A WASTE OF TIME! BUT WHAT CAN YOU DO? SHE'S A VERY WILFUL GIRL AND SHE'S OBSESSED WITH THE IDEA OF ALTERING THE COURSE OF HISTORY!
ALL WE CAN DO IS HANG IN THERE AND HOPE SHE GETS BORED WITH IT SOON!
IF THIS IS SAPIENS' IDEA OF A JOKE – HE'LL BE SPEAKIN' IN A HIGH FALSETTO WHEN I'VE FINISHED WITH HIM!
YIKE! A PIGSTY! OF ALL PLACES!
by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON


WHAT DOST THOU MEAN – PIGSTY? THOU ART SPEAKING OF MY HOME!
YUK! I KNEW THE ENGLISH WERE THE POOR MEN OF EUROPE – BUT I DIDN'T IMAGINE THEY WERE THAT POOR!
WHAT STRANGE BEINGS ART THOU?
THAT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, SNIVELLING WORM OF A COMMON PEASANT! WHERE ARE WE?
THOU ART IN MY HOME, O NOBLE ONE OF OBVIOUS HIGH BIRTH!
I KNOW THAT, DOGFACE – BUT WHERE IS YOUR HOME?
THOU ART WITHIN A FEW LEAGUES OF RUNNYMEDE, MY LADY – AND THIS IS MERRIE ENGLAND......
...THOUGH DON'T ASK ME WHY THEY CALL IT SO — IT'S A MISERABLE HOLE!
MY COMPANION AND I REQUIRE FOOD!
ALL I HAVE IS YOURS, MY LORD...ESS! I CAN TELL THAT THOU ART OF ROYAL BLOOD – BY YE GRACIOUS WAY THAT THOU ALLOWEST ME TO GROVEL AT THY FEET!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE — I NEED SOME AIR!

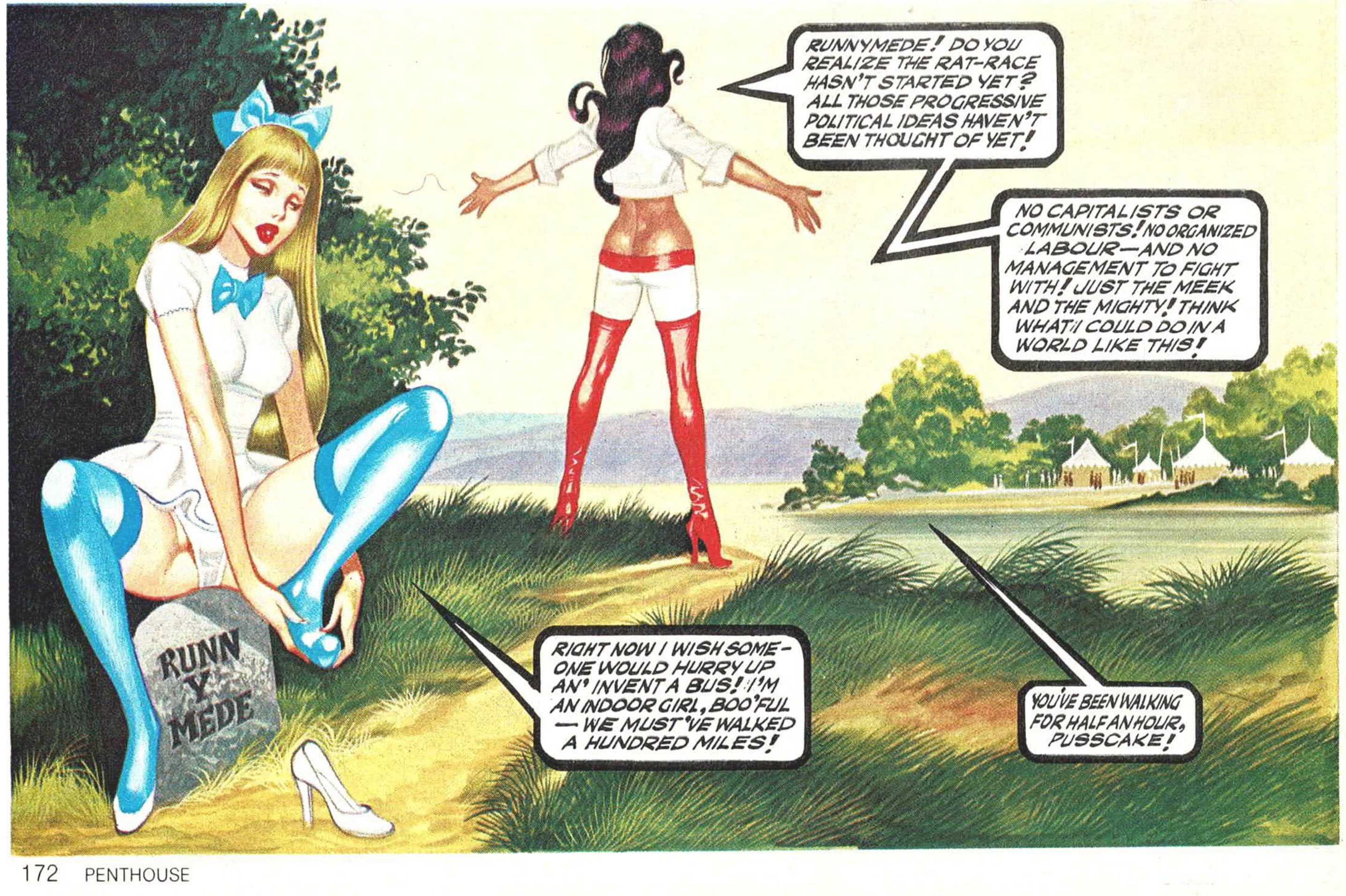

FORGIVE ME, YOUR WORSHIPS! I SHOULD HAVE REALIZED THAT CLOSE CONTACT WITH US COMMON FOLK WOULD BE TOO MUCH FOR THY DELICATE NOSTRILS!
PLEASE—CHOOSE A PIG AND I WILL KILL IT FORTHWITH!
I COULDN'T EAT ONE OF THOSE TO SAVE MY LIFE, BOO'FUL!
NO, THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY! JUST A LITTLE BREAD WILL DO—THEN YOU CAN POINT US IN THE DIRECTION OF RUNNYMEDE!
GOODBYE, O NOBLE PERSONS—AND MAY GOOD FORTUNE GO WITH YOUR HONOURS!
SQUALID THO' IT IS, I LIKE THE WAY THE PEASANTS KNOW THEIR PLACE HERE—AND ACCEPT IT!
AND MAYEST THOU FALL INTO YE FOULEST OF BOG-HOLES AND ROT THERE!
AND BACK AT THE SCHLOSS...
A SUCCESSFUL MISSION, GRUD! BANG ON TARGET! THE MOSTRESS HAS ARRIVED IN 12TH CENTURY ENGLAND—WITHIN A MILE OR TWO OF RUNNYMEDE!
YOU AND THE AYATOLLAH KHOMEINI!
MY PLACE IN HISTORY IS ASSURED! I'M THE FIRST MAN TO MAKE ACCURATE TIME TRAVEL POSSIBLE! I'VE SUCCEEDED IN PUTTING THE CLOCK BACK EIGHT HUNDRED YEARS!
FIDEL SPECIALS
WHAT TH...?
WHILE WANDA IS INDULGING HERSELF IN TRIVIALITIES—IT'S ABOUT TIME THIS STRIP ABANDONED ALL THIS ESCAPIST NONSENSE AND FACED UP TO A FEW OF THE REAL ISSUES!

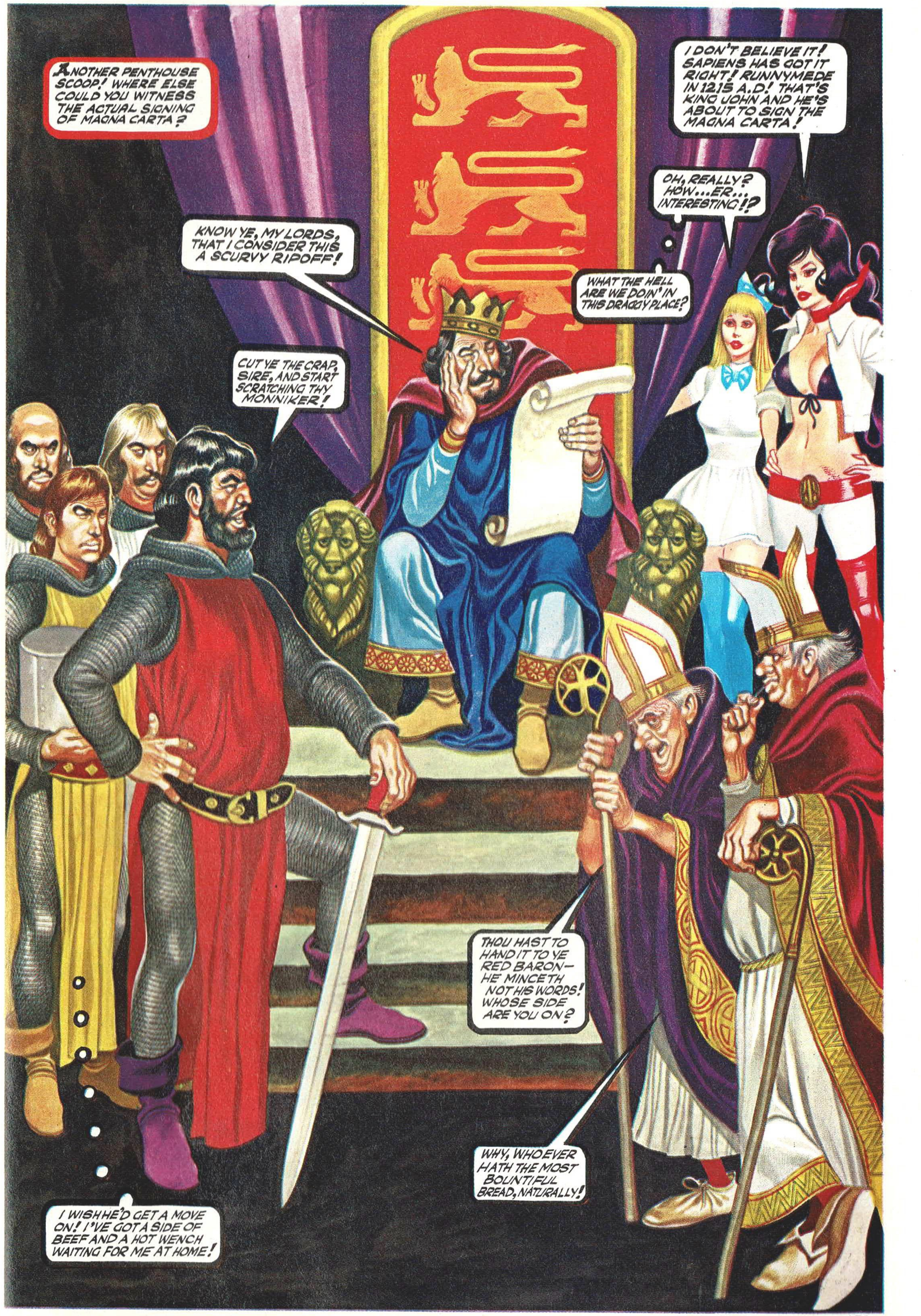

1980
WE ARE THE MEN OF DESTINY WHO WAIT QUIETLY IN THE WINGS!
WE AWAIT THE OPPORTUNITY TO ACHIEVE GREATNESS—OR HAVE GREAT-NESS THRUST UPON US!
WE AWAIT YOUR SIGNAL—YOUR CHOICE!
WE WANT NOTHING MORE THAN TO SERVE YOU!
AND TO MAKE THIS COUNTRY AND THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE TO LIVE IN!....ER....
...IN WHICH TO LIVE!
GET 'EM OUT OF HERE!

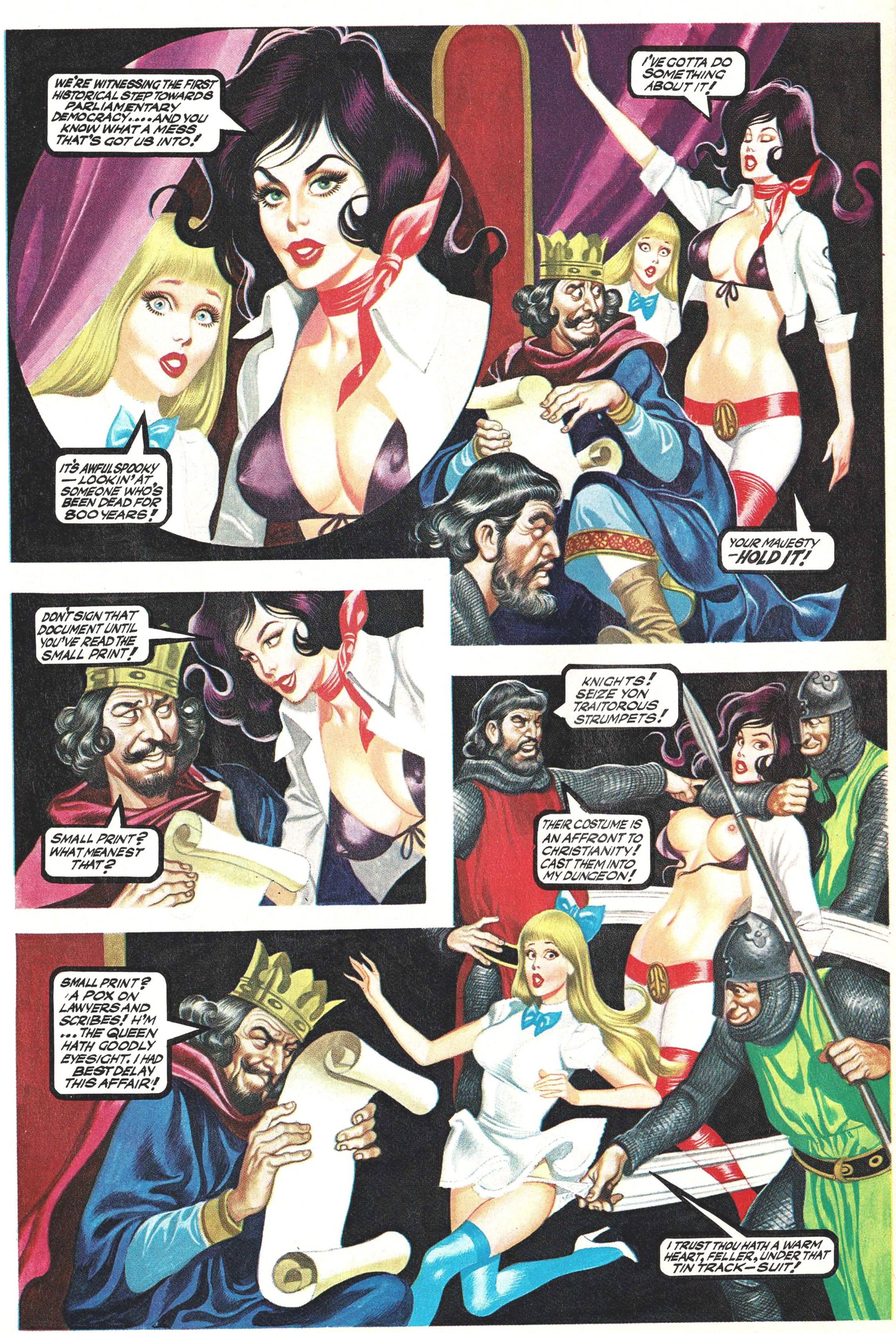
I'M WARNING YOU TWO! GET A GRIP ON THIS STRIP! I PICKED YOU BOTH OUT OF THE GUTTER AND GAVE YOU THE FIRST SQUARE MEAL YOU HAD IN YEARS!
OUR LEADER
PENTHOUSE INT.
DON'T PUSH ME TOO FAR!

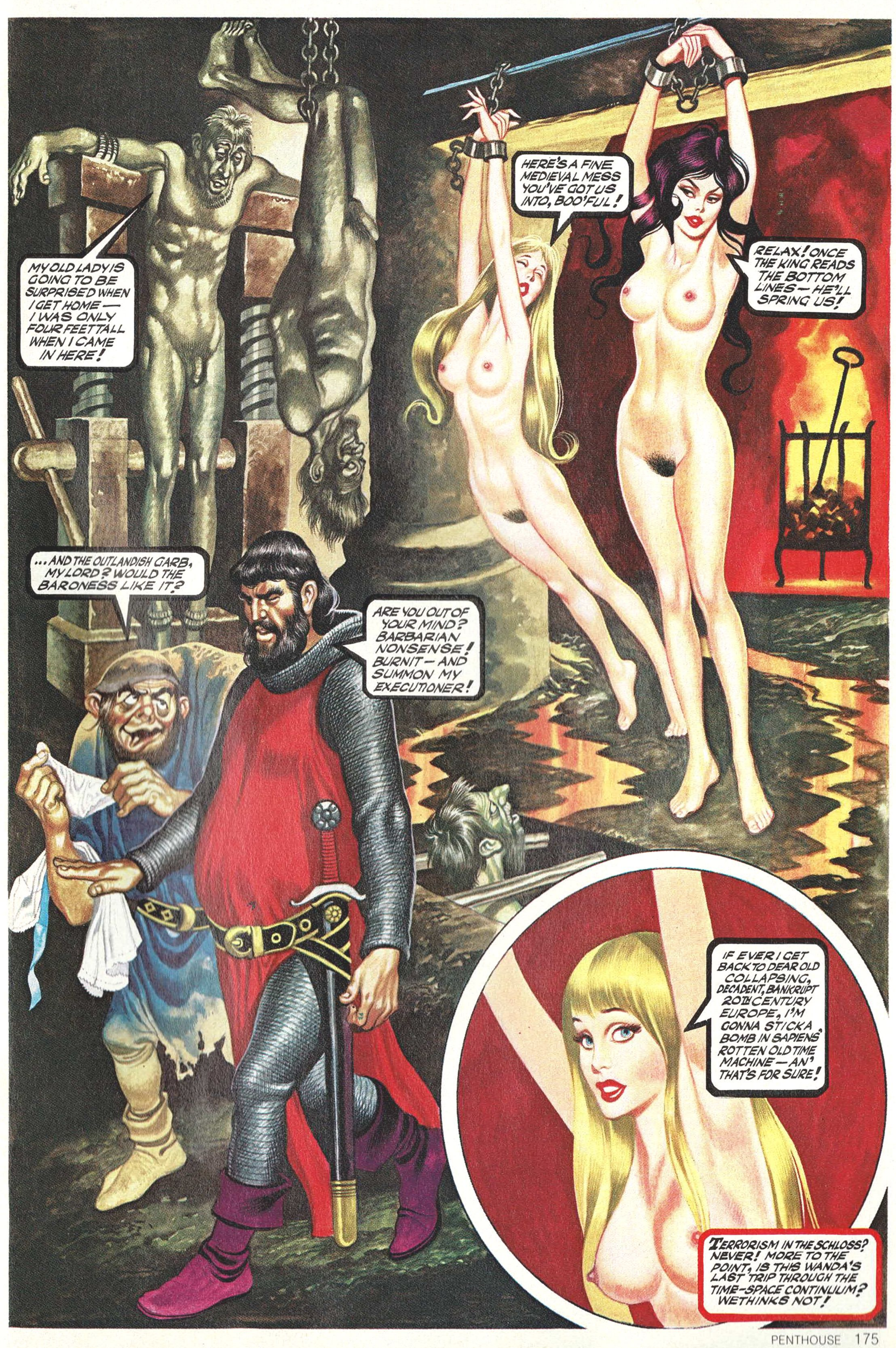

COME ON- GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF! DON'T YOU WANNA EAT THIS MONTH?
I CAN'T CONTROL THE CHARACTERS, FREDDY! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND — THEY'RE TAKING OVER!

QUICKLY, NURSE- HE'S HAVING ONE OF HIS TURNS! GIVE HIM ONE OF HIS PILLS AND LET'S GET ON WITH IT!
SOB!
SOB!
AND WHILE YOU'RE ABOUT IT— I COULD DO WITH A BIT OF THERAPY, MYSELF!


RUNNYMEDE! DO YOU REALIZE THE RAT-RACE HASN'T STARTED YET? ALL THOSE PROGRESSIVE POLITICAL IDEAS HAVEN'T BEEN THOUGHT OF YET!
NO CAPITALISTS OR COMMUNISTS! NO ORGANIZED LABOUR—AND NO MANAGEMENT TO FIGHT WITH! JUST THE MEEK AND THE MIGHTY! THINK WHAT I COULD DO IN A WORLD LIKE THIS!
RUNN Y MEDE
RIGHT NOW I WISH SOME-ONE WOULD HURRY UP AN' INVENT A BUS! I'M AN INDOOR GIRL, BOO'FUL — WE MUST'VE WALKED A HUNDRED MILES!
YOU'VE BEEN WALKING FOR HALF AN HOUR, PUSSCAKE!


ANOTHER PENTHOUSE SCOOP! WHERE ELSE COULD YOU WITNESS THE ACTUAL SIGNING OF MAGNA CARTA?
I DON'T BELIEVE IT! SAPIENS HAS GOT IT RIGHT! RUNNYMEDE IN 1215 A.D! THAT'S KING JOHN AND HE'S ABOUT TO SIGN THE MAGNA CARTA!
OH, REALLY? HOW...ER... INTERESTING!?
WHAT THE HELL ARE WE DOIN' IN THIS DRAGGY PLACE?
KNOW YE, MY LORDS, THAT I CONSIDER THIS A SCURVY RIPOFF!
CUT YE THE CRAP, SIRE, AND START SCRATCHING THY MONNIKER!
THOU HAST TO HAND IT TO YE RED BARON— HE MINCETH NOT HIS WORDS! WHOSE SIDE ARE YOU ON?
WHY, WHOEVER HATH THE MOST BOUNTIFUL BREAD, NATURALLY!
I WISH HE'D GET A MOVE ON! I'VE GOT A SIDE OF BEEF AND A HOT WENCH WAITING FOR ME AT HOME!


WE'RE WITNESSING THE FIRST HISTORICAL STEP TOWARDS PARLIAMENTARY DEMOCRACY... AND YOU KNOW WHAT A MESS THAT'S GOT US INTO!
I'VE GOTTA DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!
IT'S AWFUL SPOOKY — LOOKIN' AT SOMEONE WHO'S BEEN DEAD FOR 800 YEARS!
YOUR MAJESTY — HOLD IT!
DON'T SIGN THAT DOCUMENT UNTIL YOU'VE READ THE SMALL PRINT!
SMALL PRINT? WHAT MEANEST THAT?
KNIGHTS! SEIZE YON TRAITOROUS STRUMPETS!
THEIR COSTUME IS AN AFFRONT TO CHRISTIANITY! CAST THEM INTO MY DUNGEON!
SMALL PRINT? A POX ON LAWYERS AND SCRIBES! H'M ... THE QUEEN HATH GOODLY EYESIGHT. I HAD BEST DELAY THIS AFFAIR!
I TRUST THOU HATH A WARM HEART, FELLER, UNDER THAT TIN TRACK-SUIT!


HERE'S A FINE MEDIEVAL MESS YOU'VE GOT US INTO, BOO'FUL!
RELAX! ONCE THE KING READS THE BOTTOM LINES — HE'LL SPRING US!
MY OLD LADY IS GOING TO BE SURPRISED WHEN I GET HOME — I WAS ONLY FOUR FEET TALL WHEN I CAME IN HERE!
...AND THE OUTLANDISH GARB, MY LORD? WOULD THE BARONESS LIKE IT?
ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND? BARBARIAN NONSENSE! BURN IT — AND SUMMON MY EXECUTIONER!
IF EVER I GET BACK TO DEAR OLD COLLAPSING, DECADENT, BANKRUPT 20TH CENTURY EUROPE, I'M GONNA STICK A BOMB IN SAPIENS' ROTTEN OLD TIME MACHINE — AN' THAT'S FOR SURE!
TERRORISM IN THE SCHLOSS? NEVER! MORE TO THE POINT, IS THIS WANDA'S LAST TRIP THROUGH THE TIME-SPACE CONTINUUM? WETHINKS NOT!

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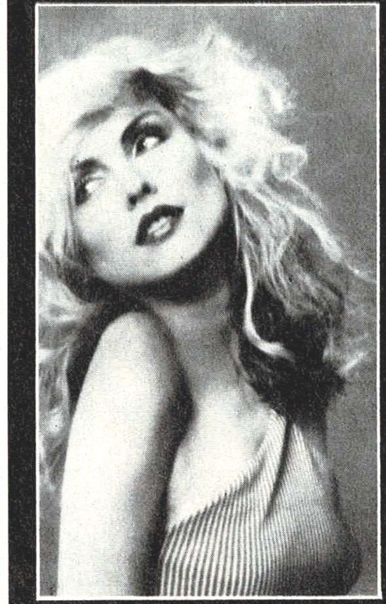
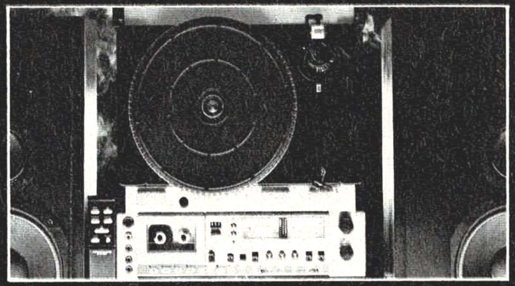
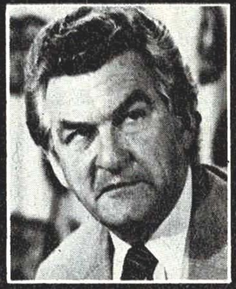

Debbie Harry


Hi Fi

Tennis


Hawke

Blondie's sassy lady — Debbie Harry, Blondie's star vocalist, has seen hard times. She worked as a waitress in the mid seventies when to be poor was to be chic. She mainlined junk and she saw many of her friends die by the needle. And then came Heart of Glass, the track which catapulted her to world fame. "Success," Debbie admits today, "is harder to handle and much more work than no success." For her, nothing succeeds like mixing sex and rock 'n' roll. "Sex is the biggest seller — sells more magazines, more clothes, more everything," she says. "Sex is it. In rock 'n' roll, it's sex and sass."

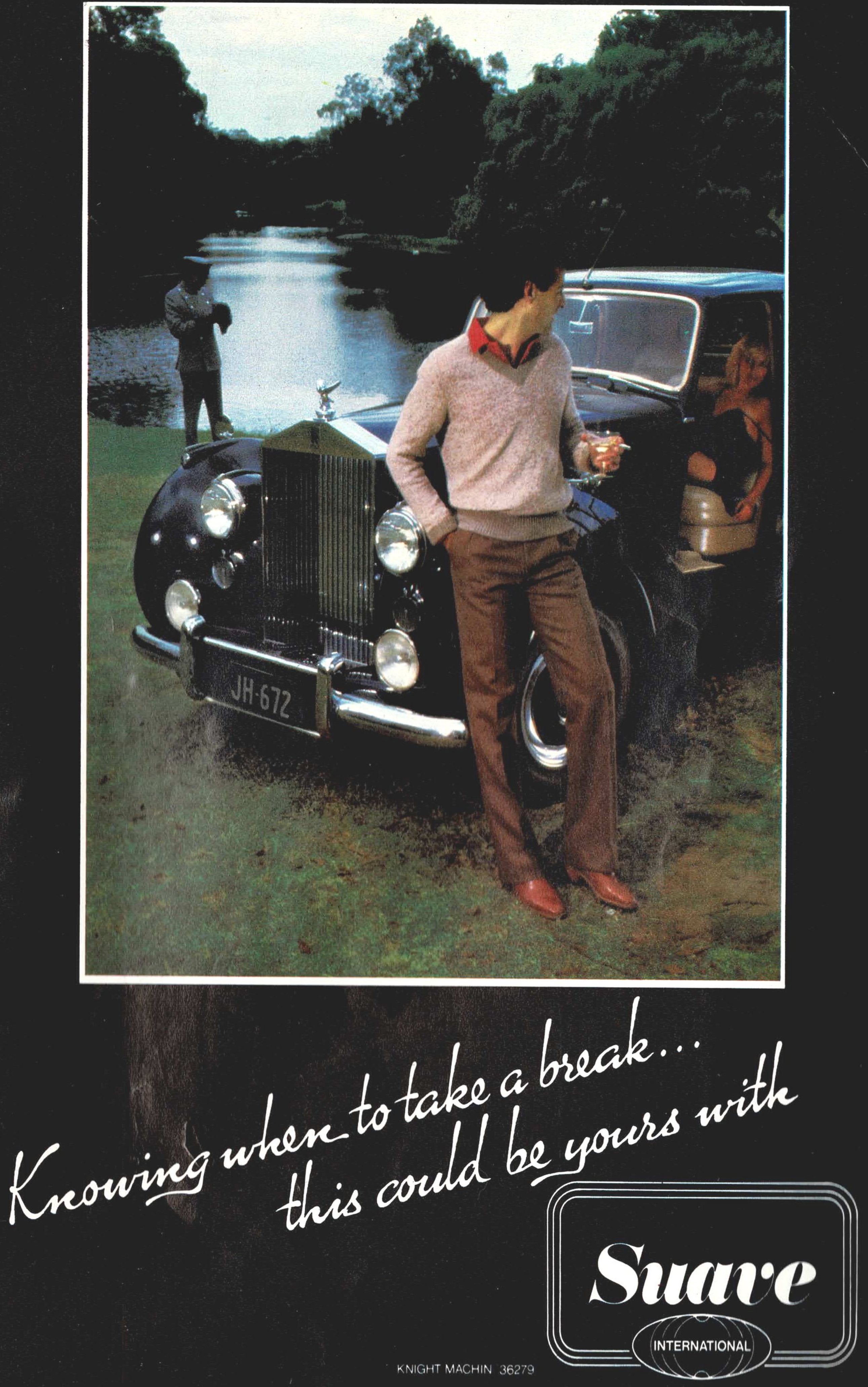
Prime Minister Hawke? — What makes Bob Hawke and 47 per cent of the Australian public believe Bob Hawke would make the best Prime Minister we've ever had? Max Teichmann studies Hawke's 10 years as the boss of the ACTU and paints a scenario for Hawke's rise to the top. But he points out the many pitfalls — including Hawke himself — which lie ahead.

The Littlest Chappell — Growing up in the Chappell family was not easy. Especially for Trevor, the youngest of the brothers. He ate, drank, slept, and breathed cricket, cricket, cricket. And just when he thought he was getting his act together and was poised to earn a Test cap, all hell broke loose in the world of cricket and the chance was missed. Phil Jarratt profiles Trevor Chappell, the unlucky one.

Manipulating the Media — 1979 saw one of the biggest shakeups of Australia's media. Rupert Murdoch made waves with his TV station purchases and his attempt to gain control of the Herald and Weekly Times brought screams of indignation about too much media control. But Maxwell Newton says the issue is not so much a case of the media manipulating us, but rather those who manipulate the media. Newton recounts some of his more celebrated clashes with Australia's media magnates and tells how politicians, bureaucrats and vested interests cynically use the press to their own ends.

Investing in Sound — A consumer guide to the best and latest hi-fi equipment. Wayne Elmer advises on what to buy and what to expect in terms of performance from outfits ranging from a few hundred dollars to thousands.

What's wrong with Australian Tennis? — This summer Australia has been given an object lesson in how not to be a force in world tennis. The golden era which began with the Hoads and Rosewalls has now closed with the virtual retirement of Newcombe. And the youngsters are nowhere to be seen. Allan Trengove profiles the remarkable Hana Mandlikova and studies the training methods which have made Czechoslovakia a leading world tennis nation.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